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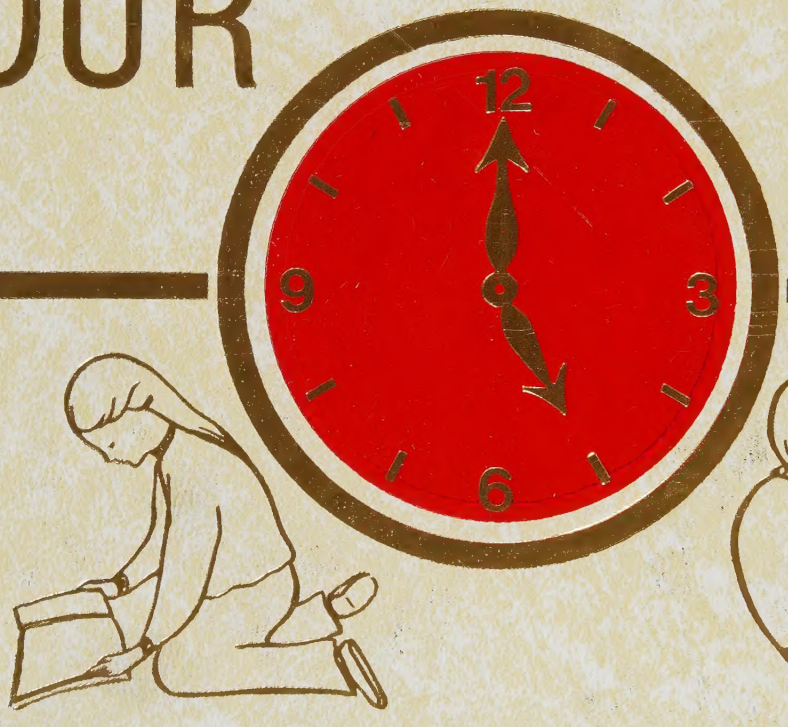

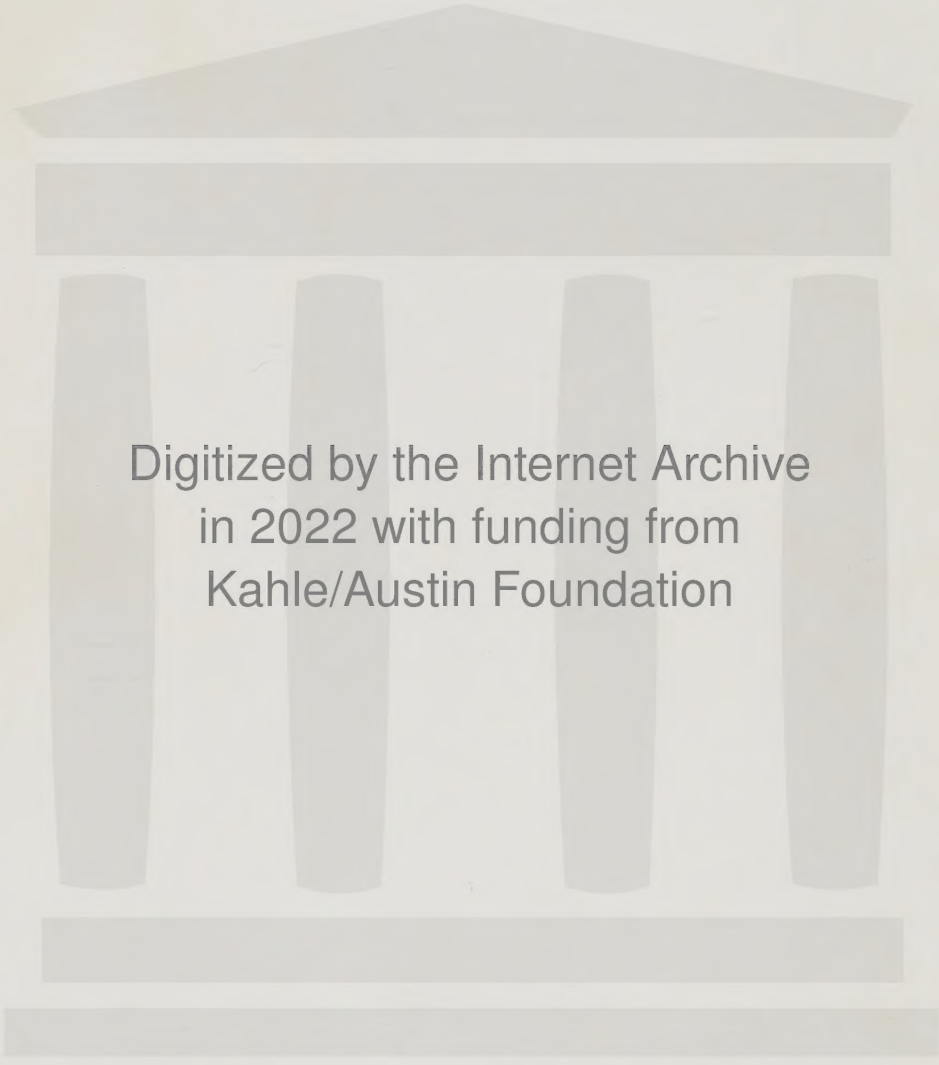

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THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

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The Plan and Purpose of

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

FORTUNATE indeed are those children whose parents have had the foresight to buy them a set of THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. It will serve them for the rest of their lives as the firm foundation on which character, personality, taste, and ideas can be built.

The constant objective of THE CHILDREN'S HOUR planners has been to create in children a *desire* to read what is good rather than what is not good.

The editors have tried their best to satisfy this desire by providing a diversity of material to attract and hold children's interest and at the same time improve their taste.

There Is Something Here for Every Kind of Child

Some children will begin with one volume, some with another, depending upon where their chief interests lie. But many a child who was not naturally a reader to begin with has been drawn into the literary volumes of this set by the variety of its appeal.

Volume I begins when the child first takes an interest in the things around him. It provides the dawning intelligence with finger-plays, action-plays, lullabies, and other educational material entertaining to babies and little children. Each succeeding volume takes the child farther through childhood and into youth by opening vistas leading to many fields—handicrafts, art, music, nature, science, poetry, biography, and history.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR is American in viewpoint and world-wide in outlook. Throughout the entire set, the emphasis is on character, uprightness, honor, and service. Each volume is distinctly aimed to build up the type of manhood and womanhood for which the good American has always striven.

The pictures have been designed by specialists in illustration for young children. The colors are not so gaudy and profuse as to confuse a child and glut his senses. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR illustrations go hand-in-hand with the stories and rhymes they illustrate. They delight children and at the same time educate their taste for the worthwhile in art. They are humorous and imaginative where humor and imagination are called for, meticulously accurate where accuracy is important.

In Appreciation

The publishers and editors wish to thank all those who have cooperated with them to make these volumes what they are. The courtesy and heartiness with which assistance has been given, the faith of so many in the success of THE CHILDREN'S HOUR and its ideals have made the task of compiling, editing, and manufacturing a pleasure. We earnestly hope that pleasure will be shared by our readers.

1

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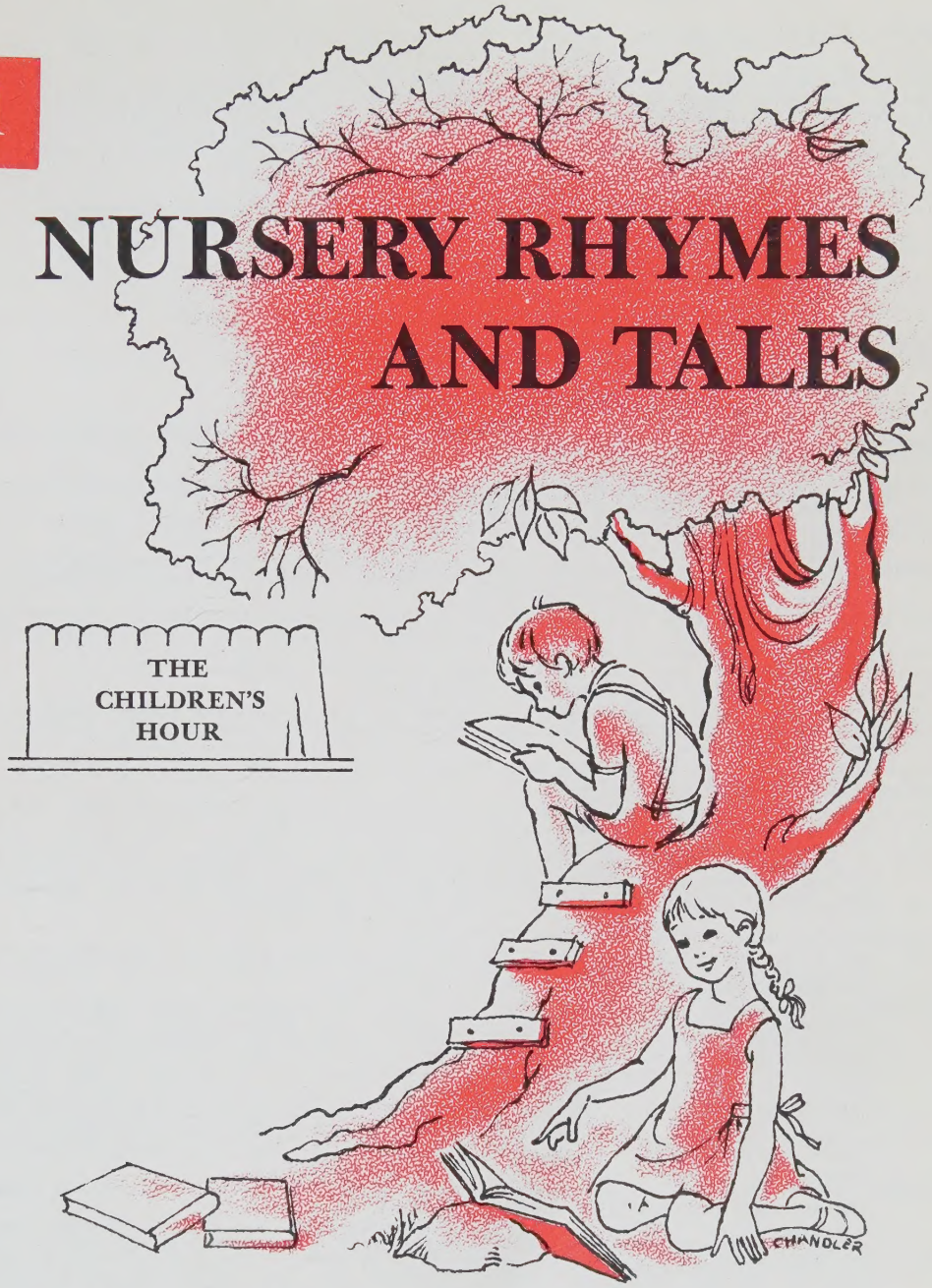

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A Word to Parents about this Volume

NURSERY RHYMES AND TALES

EVERY new mother is amazed at how early her baby is affected by sounds and rhythms, jarred by loud or sudden noises, soothed by her voice crooning lullabies. It isn't long before he responds to the motions of such baby-plays as "Pat-a-Cake" and "This Little Pig Went to Market," and delights in the strongly stressed syllables of Mother Goose and other familiar nursery rhymes. And in no time he begins to recognize his favorites by the colors and shapes of the illustrations that go with them.

When is a baby ready for these first delights of sound and color? Why does a child love to hear the little stories that repeat and repeat what he already knows by heart? When will he begin to like stories about animals and children? About wagons and busses and trains and planes? When will he try to recite the little poems you read him? What kind of poems should they be? What kind of humor will make him laugh? What kind of reading will make the transition from home to school easy and natural for him?

Too few mothers are sure about these things. But to know when a baby is ready for a particular kind of mental and emotional nourishment is as important as to know when he is ready for cereal or orange juice or meat.

We, the editors of THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, have studied this subject as carefully and as professionally as your baby's doctor has studied *his* aspect of child care. We have selected and prepared, for this volume, exactly the reading a young child's budding mind and emotions need in order to develop.

From the lullabies and rhythmic baby-games at the very beginning, through Mother Goose and the other favorites of early childhood, this volume takes the child on to the point where he may be interested in learning to read and count for himself. The section "First Steps in Reading and Counting" invites the child to try. But no child should be *forced* to try, and no child, even one who is quick at it, should be denied also having stories read to him when that is what he enjoys.

This volume, therefore, is intended primarily for the earliest "read-to-me" stage of a child's education, but it includes also some stories and poems of interest to the older child who will want to read them to a younger brother or sister. The rhymes and stories are carefully graded from babyhood to the first days at school—and they are designed to encourage the four aspects of a child's growth: physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual.

There is nothing in this volume that any child will ever have to "unlearn." On the contrary, here is the first stepping stone on the child's road to a well-balanced growing up.

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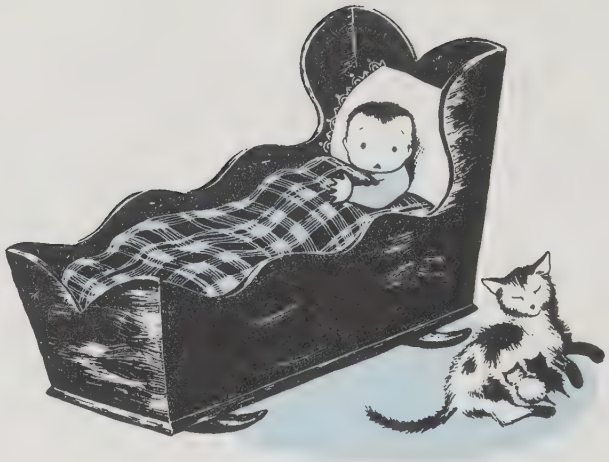
Lullabies and Sleepy-time Stories

Little Baby

By Jane Taylor



Little baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle-bed;
Shut your eyes at close of day;
Now the light is gone away.
All the clothes are tucked in tight;
Little baby dear, good night.

GOOD NIGHT

By Victor Hugo

Good night! Good night!
Far flies the light;
But still God's love
Shall flame above,
Making all bright.
Good night! Good night!

WINKY BLINKY

Winky, Blinky, niddy, nod!
Father is fishing off Cape Cod.
Winky, Blinky, sleepy eyes,
Mother is making apple-pies.

Cuddle, cuddle, the wind's in the trees;
Brother is sailing over the seas.
Niddy, noddy, up and down,
Sister is making a velvet gown.

Winky, Blinky, cannot rise;
What's the matter with baby's eyes?
Winky, Blinky, cre, cri, creep,
Baby has gone away to sleep.

Baby Sleep

By Christina Rossetti

Lie a-bed, Sleepy head,
Shut your eyes, bo-peep.

Till day break never wake–
Sleep, my baby, sleep.

LULLABY

By Christina Rossetti

Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping;
Lullaby, oh lullaby!
Stars are up, the moon is peeping;
Lullaby, oh lullaby!

While the birds are silence keeping,
Lullaby, oh lullaby!
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
Lullaby, oh lullaby!

Indian Lullaby

ROCK-A-BY, rock-a-by, little brown baby,
Safe in the green branch so high;
Shut your bright black eyes and go to sleep, baby,
While the wood-wind sings hush-a-by-by.

"Hush-a-by-hush," 'tis the voice of the forest,
"Hush-a-by-hush," the leaves seem to say:
"Hush-a-by-hush," sing the wild birds in chorus
Up in the tree-tops so far, far away.

Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, swinging so gently,
See, from the dark woods so cool and so deep,
The little gray squirrel, the timid brown rabbit
Are coming to see if papoose is asleep.

Mother will watch by her little brown baby,
Swinging aloft in the green branch so high.
No harm can come to the little brown baby,
Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, hush-a-by-by.

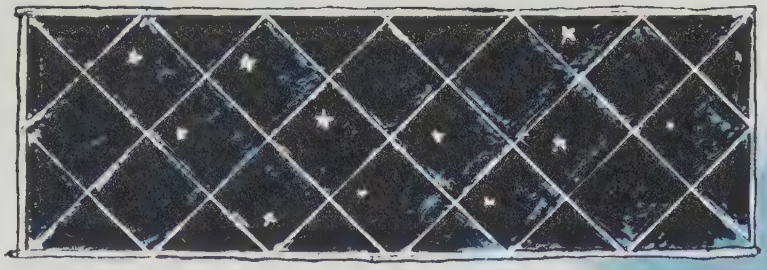
AMERICAN LULLABY

Hushabye,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleep, my baby.
When you wake
I'll give you cake
And lots of pretty horses.
One will be red,
One will be blue,
One will be the color of Mommy's shoe.
Hushabye,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleep, my baby.

A GERMAN LULLABY

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches the sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee:
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The wee stars are the lambs, I guess,
The fair moon is the shepherdess:
Sleep, baby, sleep!



Mother's Song

By Christina Rossetti

Love me; I love you;
Love me, my baby.
Sing it high, sing it low,
Sing it as it may be.

Mother's arms under you,
Her eyes above you.
Sing it high, sing it low,
Love me; I love you.

BYE, BABY, NIGHT IS COME

By Mary Mapes Dodge

Bye, baby, day is over,
Bees are drowsing in the clover,
Bye, baby, bye.
Now the sun to bed is gliding,
All the pretty flowers are hiding,
Bye, baby, bye.

Bye, baby, birds are sleeping,
One by one the stars are peeping,
Bye, baby, bye.
In the far-off sky they twinkle
While the cows come "tinkle, tinkle."
Bye, baby, bye.

I SEE A DEAR BABY

Come to the window,
My baby, with me,
And look at the stars
That shine on the sea!
There are two little stars
That play at bo-peep
With two little fish
Far down in the deep;
And two little frogs
Cry neap, neap, neap,
I see a dear baby
Who should be asleep.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod

By Eugene Field

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeard are we."
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Little Bear Takes His Nap

By Catherine Woolley

One morning when Little Bear went out to play in the woods, he found the air chilly. On the ground were patches of something wet and white that sparkled in the sun.

Just then Little Bear heard his mother calling.

"Come, Little Bear," called Mother Bear. "There is white frost on the ground. Winter is coming. Time for little bears to come in for their long winter nap."

Little Bear was scuffling in heaps of crackly red leaves. He was turning somersaults in them. The dusty leaves tickled his nose and made him sneeze. That was fun. He didn't want to take his long winter nap.

"No," said Little Bear to Mother Bear.

After a while Little Bear felt something wet on his little black nose. He looked up in surprise. Pretty white flakes were drifting and floating in the cold gray air.

"Come, Little Bear!" Mother Bear called. "The snow is falling. Winter is coming. Come in this minute for your long winter nap."

Little Bear was trying to catch the snowflakes with his paws. Every time he caught a snowflake it melted right away on his warm fur. That was funny! Little Bear didn't want to take his long winter nap.

"Pretty soon," said Little Bear to Mother Bear.

After a while Little Bear heard Mother Bear calling again.

"Good-by," Mother Bear called. "I'm going home for *my* long winter nap. You stay and play in the snow."

Little Bear stopped playing and looked around.

He watched Mother Bear go lumbering off toward home.

Little Bear didn't want to stay out in the woods alone.

Suddenly he thought how funny it would be to fool Mother Bear.

He turned softly around. He tiptoed after her, very quietly.

When Mother Bear got to the door of the bear house, Little Bear heard her talking to herself.

"I'm going in the house," said Mother Bear. "I'm going to shut the door. If Little Bear comes home he won't be able to get in. That will teach him a lesson!"

Little Bear put his paw over his mouth to keep from giggling. He was right behind Mother Bear. He slipped in the door.

Mother Bear closed the door.

"There!" said Mother Bear to herself. "Now that Little Bear can just stay out all winter!"

Mother Bear lighted the lamp. She took

down Little Bear's pajamas from a hook on the wall.

"Little Bear won't need his pajamas this winter," Mother Bear said to herself. "I'll just put them on the bed while I get my nightie." Mother Bear put her nightie on.

Little Bear reached out quietly and took his pajamas.

He put them on.

Mother Bear never noticed.

"Now," said Mother Bear, "I'll get in my warm bed. I wonder if Little Bear is cold out there."

She climbed into bed.

Little Bear climbed in very softly next to Mother Bear's back.

"What is tickling my back?" said Mother Bear. "Must be a mosquito in here!"

She flapped her paw at the mosquito.

Little Bear held his breath so he wouldn't laugh.

He wiggled closer to Mother Bear.

"There is some animal in my bed!" said Mother Bear. "I'm going to find out what!"

She reached her paw back and felt of Little Bear's ears.

Little Bear was still as a mouse.

"Hm," said Mother Bear.

She felt of Little Bear's snout.

"My goodness!" said Mother Bear.

She felt of Little Bear's little fat tummie.

And she tickled!

The giggles burst right out of Little Bear!

He doubled up his little feet and he waved his little paws and he squealed and laughed and giggled.

Mother Bear was so surprised she nearly fell out of bed

"For goodness', gracious' sake!" gasped Mother Bear. "How in the world did you get here?"

"I fooled you!" squealed Little Bear, laughing till the tears almost rolled down his cheeks.

"Dear me!" said Mother Bear.

Little Bear gave a deep sigh of joy to think he had fooled Mother Bear.

Then he yawned.

He snuggled a little closer.

He went to sleep for his long winter nap.

HOW THEY SLEEP

Some things go to sleep in such a funny way:
Little birds stand on one leg and tuck their heads away.

Chickens do the same, standing on their perch:
Little mice lie soft and still as if they were in church;

Kittens curl up close in such a funny ball;
Horses hang their sleepy heads and stand still in a stall.

Sometimes dogs stretch out, or curl up in a heap;
Cows lie down upon their sides when they would go to sleep.

But little babies dear are snugly tucked in beds,
Warm with blankets, all so soft, and pillows for their heads.

Bird and beast and babe—I wonder which of all
Dream the dearest dreams that down from dreamland fall!

The Rock-a-By Lady

By Eugene Field

THE Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street
Comes stealing, comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet.
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet
Comes stealing, comes creeping.

The Story of a Little White Teddy Bear Who Didn't Want to Go to Bed

Written and Illustrated by
Dorothy Sherrill

ONCE there was a Little White Teddy Bear. He had a funny little nose and shiny black eyes.

He lived in a big white house that had a green roof and two big red chimneys. There was a tree in front of the house and pretty flowers near the front door.

The Little White Teddy Bear's Mama lived in the house too. She wore a blue dress and a white apron.

The Little White Teddy Bear's Daddy lived in the house too. He wore a green coat and a red necktie. Sometimes the Little White Teddy Bear's Daddy wore a hat to keep his head warm. The Little White Teddy Bear had a big Sister, a girl Teddy Bear. She had a blue dress with white dots in it and a pink ribbon tied on her ear.

The Little White Teddy Bear had a big Brother too. He wore a big coat with pockets in it and a green cap.

The Little White Teddy Bear was smaller than all the other bears. He was a baby bear. He was so little that he slept in a crib with a pink blanket and a little white pillow.

And he ate his breakfast and dinner and supper at a little table of his own. He ate

nicely; he didn't spill. He ate cereal and toast and prunes. And he drank his big glass of milk all up.

Every day after his dinner the Little White Teddy Bear took a nap in his crib. And at night he went to sleep in his crib.

He was a good Little White Teddy Bear when he slept quietly in his pretty crib.

But one night when it was time to go to bed, the Little White Teddy Bear said

to his Mama, "I don't want to go to bed. I want to play."

But his Mama said, "You must go to bed so you will rest and grow up to be a big Teddy Bear."

And she put him in his crib and pulled the pink blanket up over him.

But after she had gone downstairs, the Little White Teddy Bear got out of bed. He was a bad little bear to do that.

He put on his cap and his overshoes. And he walked downstairs very quietly

so that his Mama and Daddy and Sister and Brother would not hear him. They were eating dinner in the dining room.

He went outdoors. It was dark out, but the moon was shining up in the sky. It was winter; there was snow on the ground.

The Little White Teddy Bear walked and walked and walked until he got very tired. His hands got cold too because he had forgotten to put on his mittens.

Pretty soon he thought he would like to go home and get into his warm bed,

but he forgot where his house was. He was lost. So the poor Little White Teddy Bear began to cry. He was only a baby Teddy Bear, and sometimes babies cry.

A big owl sitting up in a tree heard the Little White Teddy Bear crying. The owl said, "Hoo! Hoo! You are a bad little bear to run away from home."

The Little White Teddy Bear said to the owl, "I will go right straight back home now if you will tell me where my house is."

But the owl just said, "Hoo! Hoo! I don't know where your house is." And he flew away.

And then do you know what happened? An automobile came along the road. Its two bright headlights were turned on because it was night. They

were shining on the snow.

The Little White Teddy Bear got out of the road quickly because his Mama had told him never to stand on the road when an automobile was coming.

But the automobile stopped right beside him. And do you know who was in it?

His Mama and Daddy and Sister and Brother!

And wasn't the Little White Teddy Bear glad to see them!

And his Mama was so glad to see him

that she got right out of the car in the snow and picked the Little White Teddy Bear up and gave him a bear hug!

And she didn't spank him this time for running away because he said he would never, never do it again. And then they all drove back home in the big automobile.

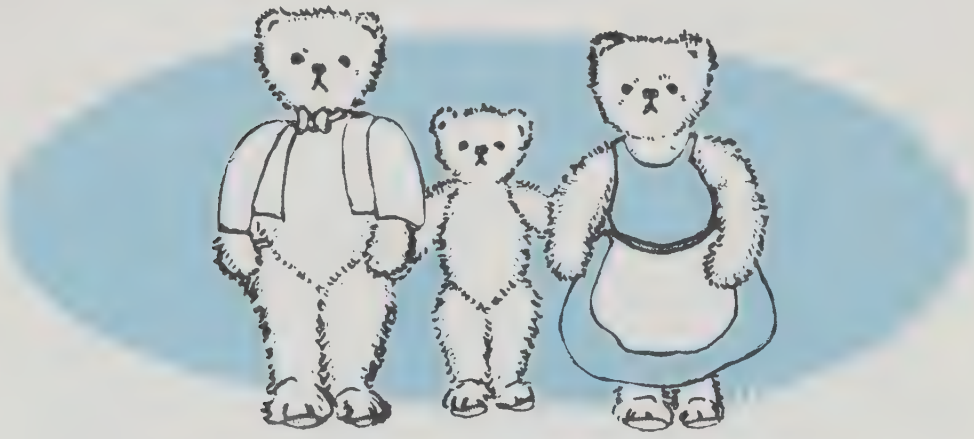
And wasn't the Little White Teddy Bear glad to see his house again!

And when they all went into the house the Little White Teddy Bear's Mama gave him a nice cup of cocoa to make him all warm. And she gave him some cookies too.

Then she put him back in his little blue crib and pulled the pink blanket up over him again and told him to go right to sleep. And he did.

And after that the Little White Teddy Bear never ran away again. He minded his Mama and his Daddy and he always went to bed nicely when they told him to.

He is a good Little White Teddy Bear now.



Susie's Sleepy Time

By Corinna Marsh

It was Susie's bedtime. But Susie didn't want to go to sleep. Too many nice things were happening.

The sun was red but not yet in bed. The winds were sighing and the birds were flying, and the little boy next door was crying.

Susie wanted to know what was going to happen next. She didn't want to go to sleep.

Susie's toys were all put away in the toy box, and her doll was already fast asleep in her little doll cradle. Susie had been to the bathroom and brushed her teeth and had a drink of water.

She had on her blue pajamas and her blue-and-white bathrobe and her slippers with the funny little white bunny faces on them.

She had given Daddy a big hug and a good-night kiss and Mummy had come into her room to tuck her into bed.

Mummy kissed her good night and said, "See, Susie, the sun is getting red; he's ready to go to bed. Slower and slower and slower he's sinking lower and lower and lower, and soon he will be asleep."

The winds had stopped sighing and the birds had stopped flying and the little boy next door had stopped crying. And all the mothers in the world were saying "HUSHshshshshshshshshsh!"

Then Mummy pulled down the window shades and Susie's room was all nice and sleepy-cool and sleepy-dark and sleepy-still.

But still Susie didn't want to go to sleep.

She could hear Tom coming down the road with the cows.

"MOO," mooed the cows as they went by. "MOO-oooooooooooooo" they mooed slower and slower and lower and lower till Susie couldn't hear them any more at all.

The evening mail plane came flying by.

"Grrrrrrrrrrr," grrrrd the plane as it flew over the house. "Grrrrrrrrrrrrrr" it grrrd, slower and slower and lower and lower and lower till Susie couldn't hear it any more at all.

A long, long, long freight train came chugging by. It came from far, far, far away. "Chuck-a-Choo, Chuck-a-Choo, Chuck-a-Choo," it chugged as it went past the station. Then it went far, far, far away down into the valley. "Chuck-a-Choo, Chuck-a-chooooooooo," it chugged slower and slower and lower and lower till Susie couldn't hear it any more at all.

The birds in the tree outside Susie's window were saying good night to each other. "Chirp-Chirp, Tweet-Tweet, Twitter-Twitter," they said, meaning, in bird language, "Good night, Pleasant dreams, Sleep tight." But soon they were saying "Chirp-chirp, Tweet-tweet, Twitter-twitter," slower and slower and lower and lower until Susie couldn't hear them any more at all because they were all fast asleep.

"HUSHshshshshshshshshsh," whispered the leaves in the trees, "HUSHshshshshshshshshsh."

Susie's eyelids were beginning to be very, very heavy. They were dropping lower and lower and lower and slowly closing, closing, closing.

Mummy was singing, "Sleep, Susie, sleep—sleep, Susie, sleep" slower and slower and lower and lower till Susie couldn't hear her any more at all—because Susie was asleep.

The Little Cat That Could Not Sleep

By Frances Margaret Fox

ONCE there was a little cat who wanted to stay awake all night. So she pretended that she could not sleep.

She was a polite, gentle cat, but she made all her friends uncomfortable because she was so restless.

She used to go walking around, and walking around, waving her tail . . .

One evening when the farmer milked his two cows and the farmer's wife came out of the house with a pail full of milk for the cat family's supper, Little Cat decided that *she would stay awake all night.*

The mother cat and all the kittens lapped and lapped the milk until it was gone. Then they went back to the barn and settled down on the hay and went to sleep, all but Little Cat.

Little Cat was getting sleepy, too, but she would not lie down. She rubbed her eyes and said, "I shall stay awake all night!"

So Little Cat walked out of the barn and up the hill to the house.

She watched the big dog lie down on the porch, put his head on his paws, close his eyes and go to sleep. But Little Cat thought, Not I! I shall stay awake all night!

Little Cat ran down the hill again and tried not to count the sheep as they walked through the farmyard gate to their shelter for the night. They all settled down and went to sleep.

"But not I," said Little Cat, "I shall stay awake all night!"

She watched the horses, and the cows, and the pigs go to sleep, but although she felt sleepier and sleepier herself, Little Cat said, "Not I. I shall stay awake all night."

But it is not much fun to stay awake all night unless you have company. By this time all the animals on the farm were sound asleep and there was no one for Little Cat to talk to.

She decided to go to the zoo and visit some of the animals there. Surely there would be some other animal from around

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the wide world who liked to stay awake all night.

On the way she saw a robin in a tree. The robin was asleep with his head under his wing. She saw two rabbits sleeping rabbit-fashion in the grass, and a squirrel sleeping in a hollow post of the roadside fence.

Pretty soon Little Cat came to the zoo. The first animal that she saw was the African wildcat. It was a beautiful animal and looked like Little Cat's mother. At first they gazed at each other. Then the wildcat yawned and closed its eyes. It tucked its head close to its body, and began breathing up, down, up, down, and then it was fast asleep.

Little Cat blinked her eyes wider open and walked away fast.

Near by in their cages, the porcupines were lying, stretched out, asleep with their noses pointing into the corners.

Little Cat walked away quickly. The raccoons in their cages were fast asleep in queer positions.

"Well! Well! that's strange," said Little Cat.

And she walked on.

Next Little Cat watched the opossums settle down for the night. They, too, slept in all sorts of positions.

One opossum curled into a ball and put his head under his hind leg.

Little Cat could hardly keep her eyes open when she saw those opossums sleeping—sleeping—

She ran all the way to the skunks' cage to keep herself awake.

All of the skunks were sleeping soundly, flattened out like fur rugs.

Little Cat shook herself and walked on as fast as she could.

Little Cat watched the tigers. They yawned terribly before they curled up and went to sleep with their heads toward their hips. Then they began breathing up, breathing down, breathing up and breathing down.

And still Little Cat was wide awake.

Little Cat visited the deer, but they were already sound asleep. Some of them were lying with their legs folded under them. Some were dreaming with their heads straight out. Others slept with necks curled back and their heads toward their hips, all

Sleeping
sleeping
sleeping . . .

Isn't anyone in this whole zoo staying up tonight? Little Cat wondered. But no one was. The hippopotamus was lying flat on its stomach with its head straight out in front, resting on the ground, fast asleep.

The monkeys were curled up, or stretched out, or lying on their stomachs or on their backs.

Their eyes were all shut tight and they all were asleep.

The camels were lying down with their four legs folded under them, sound asleep.

"Umpph!" said Little Cat, and walked away, waving her tail.

Stepping high, and still wide awake, Little Cat went to see the elephants. By this time it was after sunset and beginning to grow dark. Three young ele-

phants were lying down.

Other elephants stood with their trunks lying on the ground and they, too, were sound asleep.

They stood first on one foot, then on another foot, on one foot then on another . . . moving and swaying, and snoring.

Little Cat enjoyed watching them.

This is something like it, thought Little Cat. This is really fun. She tucked her legs under her body and cuddled down, so she could watch the show in comfort.

By this time Little Cat had forgotten that she intended to stay awake all night, because she was having such a good time.

With her bright eyes wide open, she watched the elephants swaying and moving, standing first on one foot, then on another; one foot, another foot, one foot, another foot.

One huge old elephant, with his trunk lying on the ground, began to snore louder than all the others put together.

He rocked from side to side, and from head to tail, from head to tail, while all the elephants were moving, swaying, snoring, rocking, one foot, another foot, one foot, another foot, rocking, rocking, rocking, heads, tails, heads, tails . . .

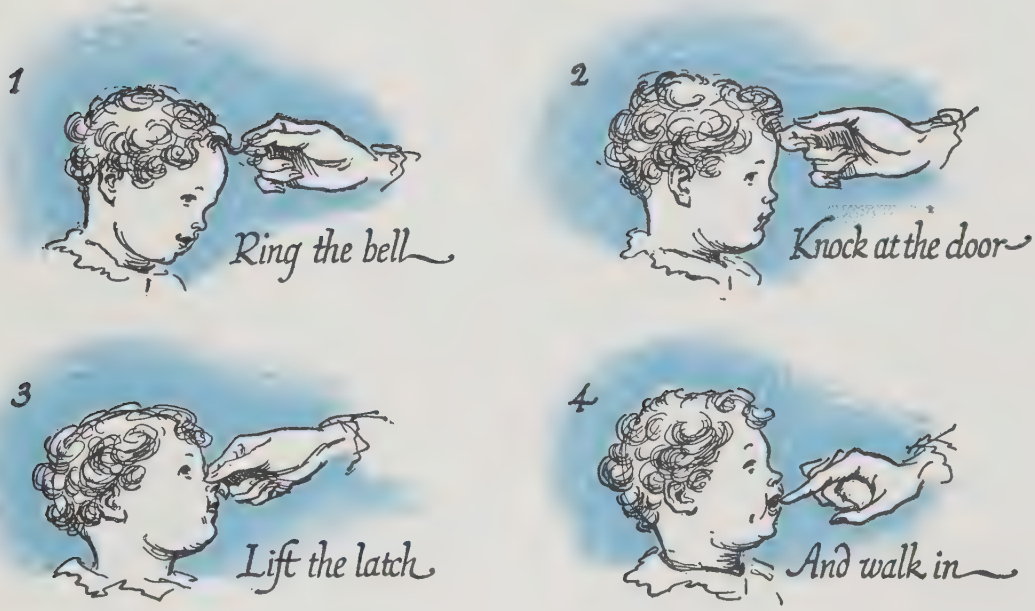
Next thing Little Cat knew she was purring and purring, and nodding her head to keep time with the elephants, swaying, rocking, snoring, one foot, heads, tails, heads, tails, while the twilight faded into darkness and the stars came out one by one—

And in another half second, Little Cat was sound asleep!

Playing Games with Baby

Baby's Face Plays

RING THE BELL



BROW BENDER

Brow bender,
Eye peeper,
Nose smeller,
Mouth eater,
Chin chopper.
Knock at the door—peep in,
Lift up the latch—walk in.

BABY'S NOSE

Ten fingers,
Ten toes,
Two eyes,
And one nose.
Baby said
When she smelled the rose,
"Oh! what a pity
I've only one nose!"

A BURROWING GAME

See the little mousie, creeping up the stair,
Looking for a warm nest—there, oh, there!

(*Mother's fingers creep up the body, and finally fumble in baby's neck.*)

Baby's Finger and Hand Plays

PAT A CAKE

(Hand Play)

PAT a cake, pat a cake, baker's man.
So I do, master, as fast as I can.
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
And then it will serve for Tommy and me.

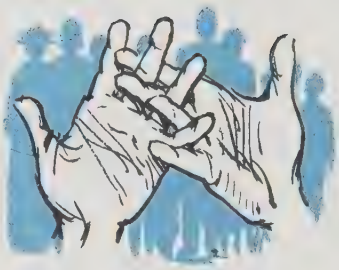
THE BEE-HIVE

HERE is the BEE-HIVE;
Where are the BEES?
Hidden away
Where nobody sees.
Here they come flying out
Each one alive—
ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

The Church

HERE is the CHURCH

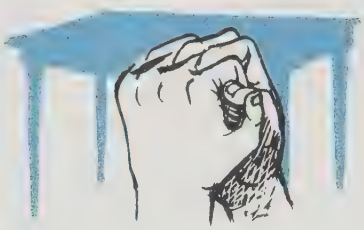
And here is the STEEPLE.



Open the DOORS
And here are the PEOPLE.

The Home

HERE are my Father's
KNIVES AND FORKS.



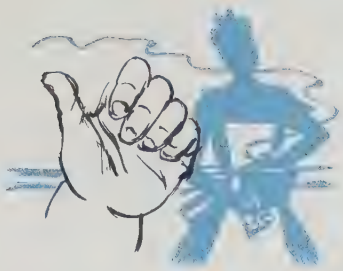
Here is my Mother's
TABLE.

Here is my Sister's LOOKING-GLASS

And here is the Baby's CRADLE.

The Family

By Emilie Poulsson



THIS is the Mother so busy at home,
Who loves her dear Children
wherever they roam.

This the Father so brave and so strong,
Who works for his Family
all the day long.

This is the Brother who'll soon be a man;
He helps his good Mother
as much as he can.

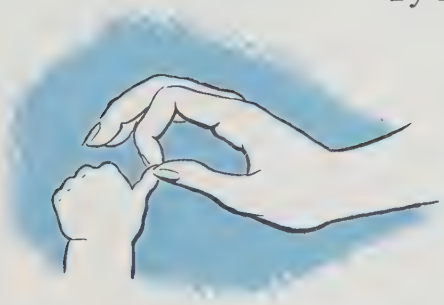
This is the Sister so gentle and mild,
Who plays that her doll
is her own little child.

This is the Baby so happy and sweet
With soft dimpled hands
and chubby pink feet.

Father and Mother and three Children dear–
See them together–one Family here.

Naming the Fingers

By Laura E. Richards



This is little Tommy Thumb,
Round and smooth as any plum.

This is busy Peter Pointer:
Surely he's a double-jointer.

This is mighty Toby Tall:
He's the biggest one of all.

This is dainty Reuben Ring:
He's too fine for anything.

And this little wee one, maybe,
Is the pretty Finger-baby.

All the five we've counted so,
Busy fingers in a row.
Every finger knows the way
How to work and how to play;
Yet together they work best,
Each one helping all the rest.

This Is the Way My Fingers Stand

(To the tune of "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush.")

THIS is the way my fingers stand,
Fingers stand, fingers stand,
This is the way my fingers stand,
So early in the morning.

This is the way I fold my hand,
Fold my hand, fold my hand,
This is the way I fold my hand,
So early in the morning.

This is the way they dance about,
Dance about, dance about,
This is the way they dance about,
So early in the morning.

This is the way they go to rest,
Go to rest, go to rest,
This is the way they go to rest,
So early in the morning.

THE LITTLE WINDOW

CROSS your left hand
With your right.
Through your fingers
See the light!

Baby's Foot Plays

SONG TO THE FIVE TOES

"Let us go to the wood," said this pig.
"What to do there?" says that pig.
"To look for my mother," says this pig.
"What to do with her?" says that pig.
"To give her a kiss," says this pig.

A FOOT PLAY

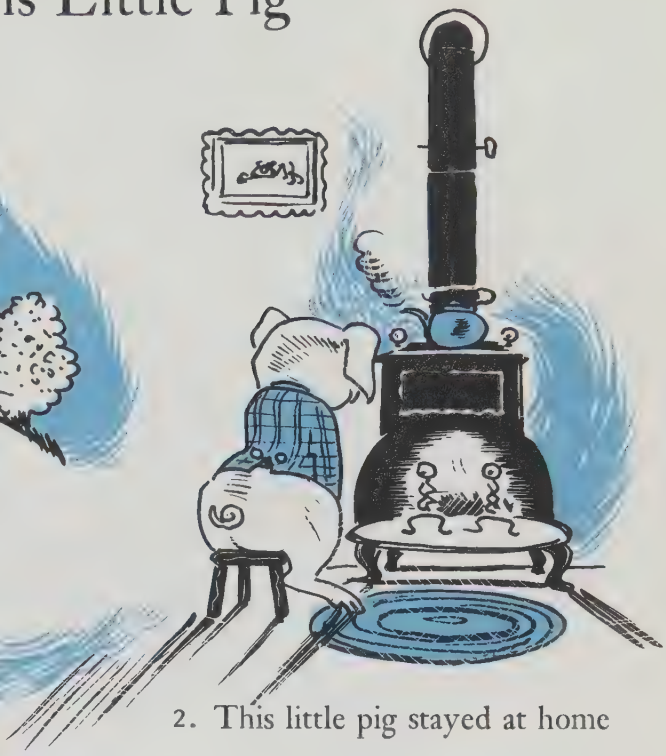
Up, down—up, down.
One foot up and one foot down,
All the way to London town.
Tra la la la la la.

A KNEE GAME

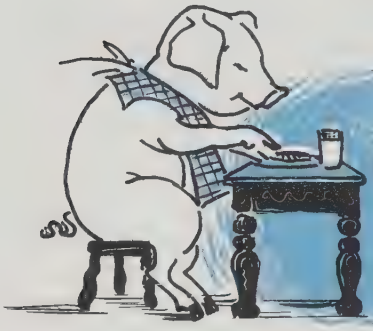
What do I see? Baby's knee.
Tickily, tickily, tic, tac, tee.
One for a penny, two for a pound;
Tickily, tickily, round and round.

This Little Pig

1. This little pig went to market

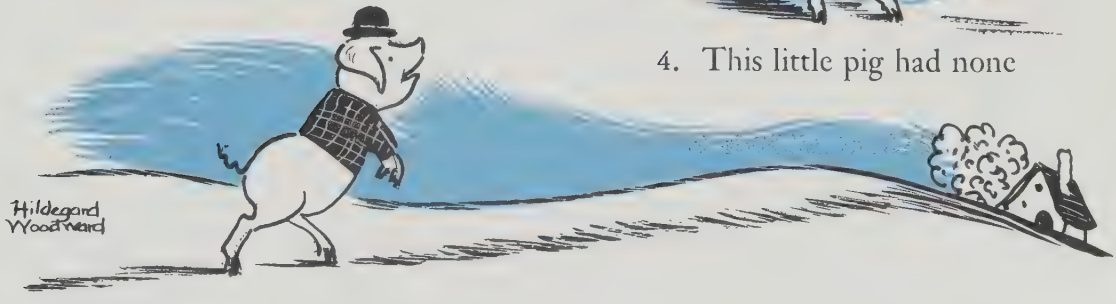


2. This little pig stayed at home



3. This little pig had roast beef

4. This little pig had none



5. And this little pig cried, "Wee, wee, wee!" all the way home

Baby's Riding Games

RIDE AWAY

RIDE away, ride away,
Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy-cat
Tied to one side;
And he shall have little dog
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride
To see his grandmother.

A FARMER WENT TROTTING

A FARMER went trotting upon his gray mare;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him, so rosy and fair;
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried *Croak!* and they all tumbled down;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees, and the farmer his crown;
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven flew laughing away;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them the same the next day;
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

TO MARKET, TO MARKET

To market, to market
To buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again,
Jiggety jig!

To market, to market
To buy a fat hog
Home again, home again,
Jiggety jog.

To market, to market,
To buy a plum bun;
Home again, home again,
My journey is done.

RIDING SONG

Baby rides on Daddy's knee,
Baby's happy as can be.
Up and down again we go—
Up-sa-daisy! Hi-de-ho!

DANCE TO YOUR DADDY

Dance to your daddy,
My little baby,
Dance to your daddy, my little lamb.
You shall have a fishy
In a little dishy
You shall have a fishy when the boat comes in.

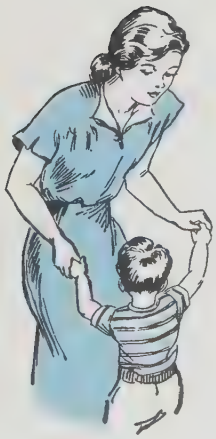
Dance, Little Baby

DANCE, little baby, dance up high!
Never mind, baby, Mother is by.
Crow and caper, caper and crow.
There, little baby, there you go!
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round.
Dance, little baby, and Mother shall sing,
With a merry, merry carol, ding ding ding!

RIDE A COCK-HORSE

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old lady on a white horse,
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

AROUND



Swing arms from side to side

Round, Baby, round!
Laugh a merry sound!
Around we go and to and fro
And back and then
Around again,
Round, Baby, round!

On last line turn baby around.

Mother Goose

Old Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

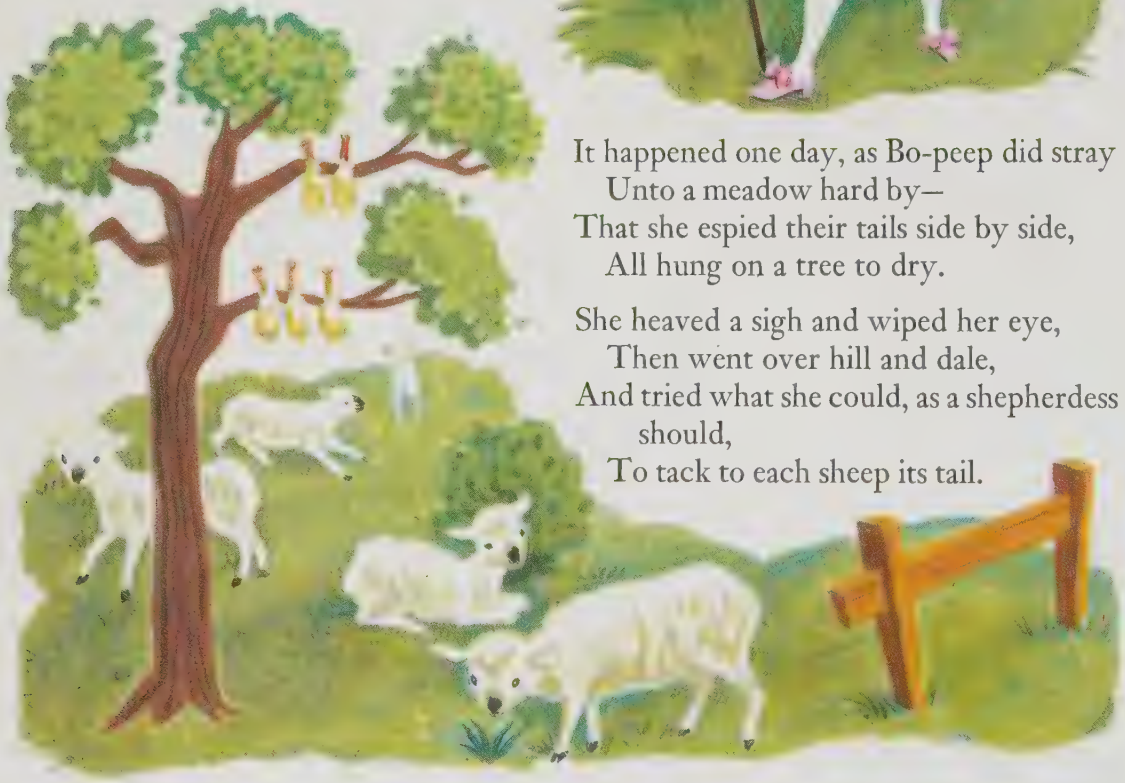
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELINORE BLAISDELL AND LAWRENCE DARROW.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still all fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them!



It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray
Unto a meadow hard by—
That she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh and wiped her eye,
Then went over hill and dale,
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
To tack to each sheep its tail.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in
the corn.

Where is the little boy minding the
sheep?
He's under the haystack, fast asleep.

A DILLER, A DOLLAR

A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down—
Hickory, dickory, dock.

THE BELLS OF LONDON

Gay go up and gay go down
To ring the bells of London town.

Oranges and lemons,
Toll the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells of Whitechapel.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Ann's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Chime the bells of Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?
Ask the bells of Stepney.

I'm sure I don't know,
Tolls the great bell at Bow.

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

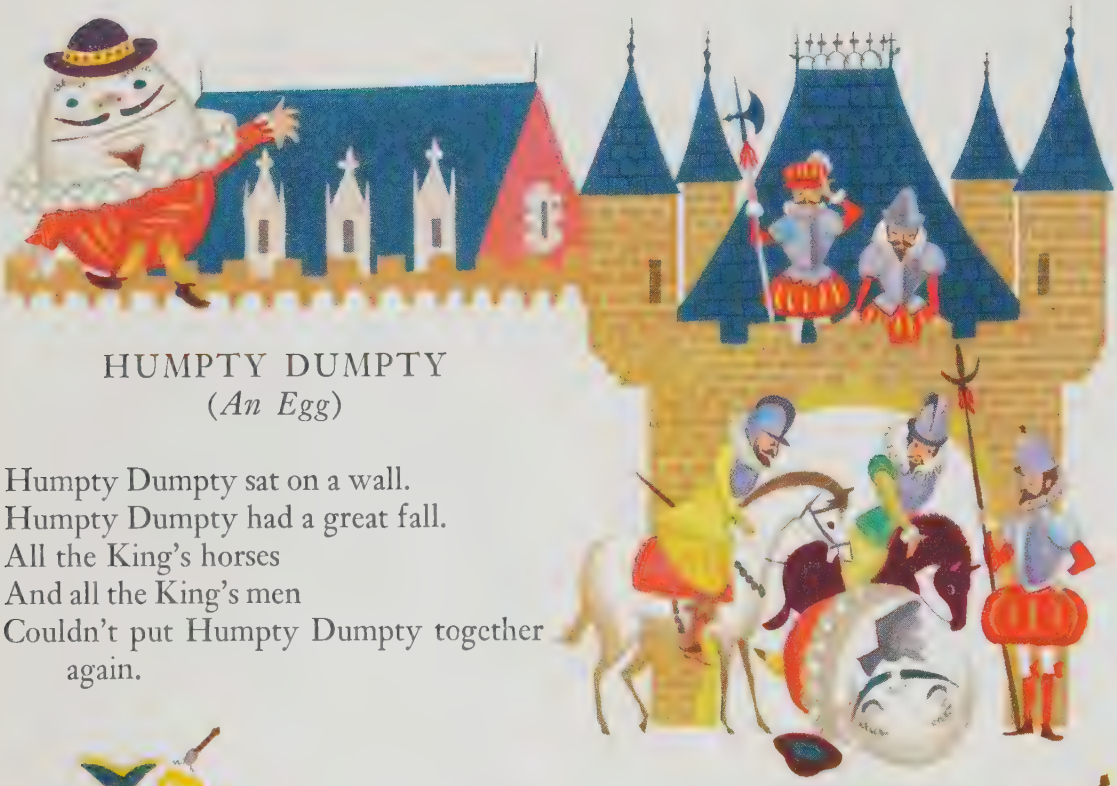
MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule.
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out,
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

And then it ran to her and laid
Its head upon her arm,
As if it said, "I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.



HUMPTY DUMPTY
(*An Egg*)

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses
And all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together
again.

THE KING OF FRANCE

The King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

LITTLE JACK HORNER

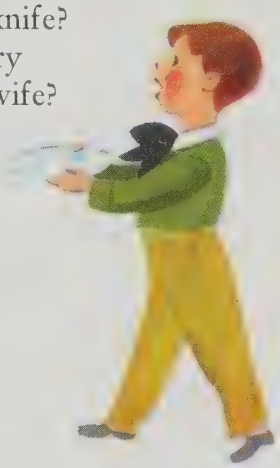
Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

HOT CROSS BUNS

Hot cross buns!
Hot cross buns!
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns!
If you have no daughters
Give them to your sons;
But if you haven't any
Of these pretty little elves
You can't do any better
Than to eat them up yourselves.

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER

Little Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper.
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How will he cut it
Without any knife?
How can he marry
Without any wife?

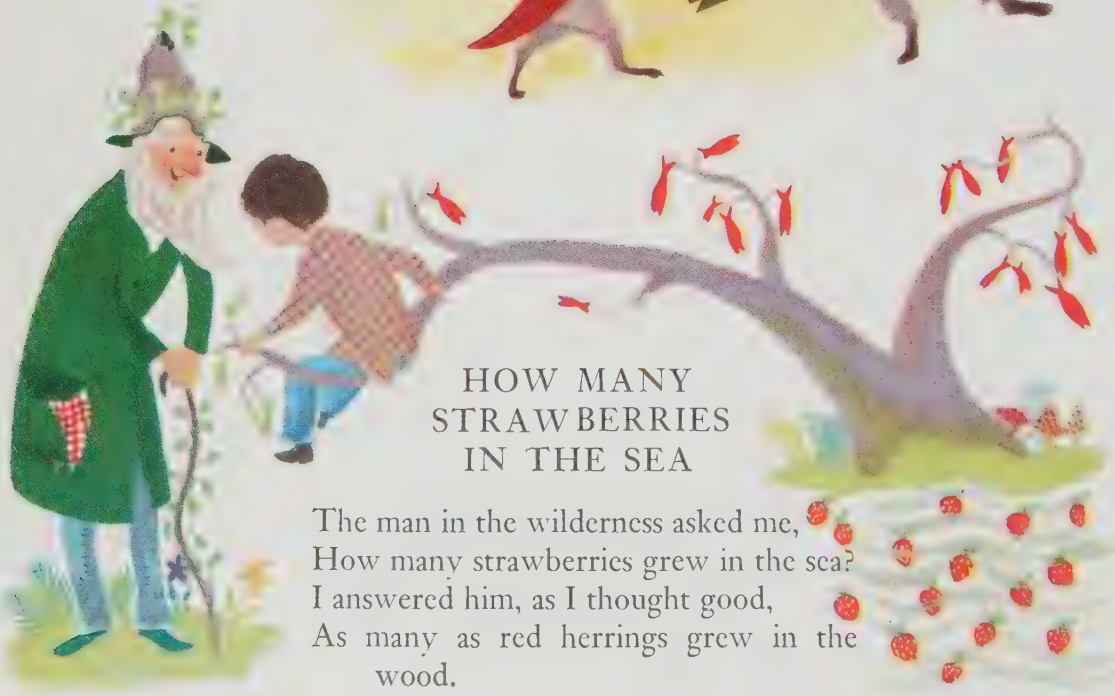


JACK, BE NIMBLE

Jack, be nimble,
Jack, be quick;
Jack, jump over
The candlestick.

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE!

Hey diddle diddle!
The cat and the fiddle!
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed
To see such sport
And the dish ran away with the spoon.



HOW MANY STRAWBERRIES IN THE SEA

The man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood.

JACK SPRAT

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so, between them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

DAME TROT AND HER CAT

Dame Trot and her cat
  Led a peaceable life
When they were not troubled
  With other folks' strife.

When Dame had her dinner
  Pussy would wait,
And was sure to receive
  A nice piece from her plate.

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got, and home did trot
As fast as he could caper;
Went to bed to mend his head,
With vinegar and brown paper.

DING, DONG, BELL

Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Stout.
What a naughty boy was that
To try to drown poor pussy cat
Who never did him any harm
And killed the mice in his father's barn.

PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her·
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE APPLE-PIE

If all the world were apple-pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts
All on a summer's day.
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And with them ran away.

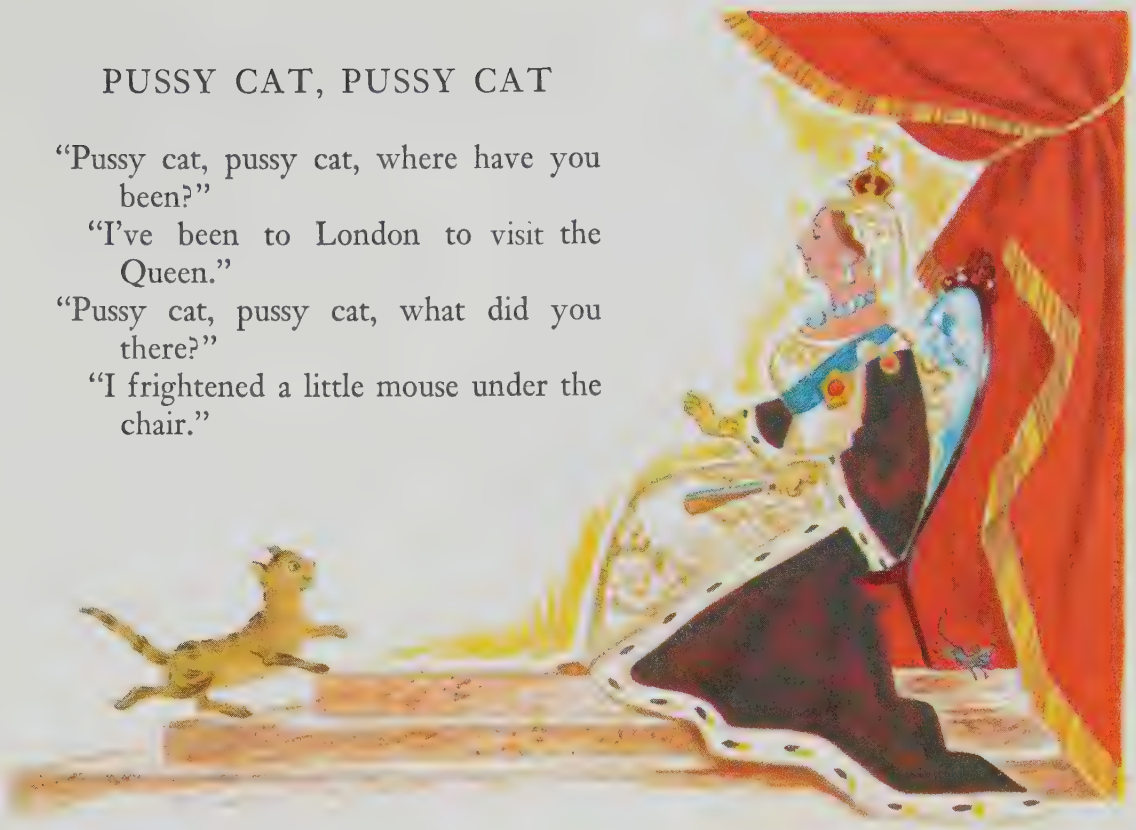
The King of Hearts called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore.
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

HARK! HARK!

Hark! Hark!
The dogs do bark!
The beggars are come to town;
Some in rags,
Some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT

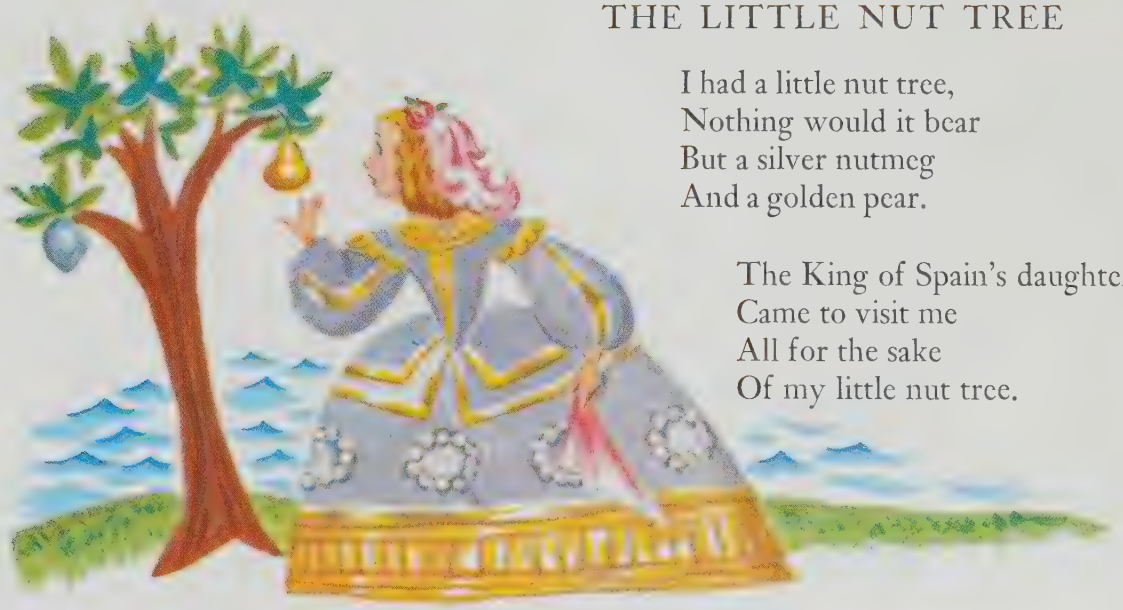
"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?"
"I've been to London to visit the Queen."
"Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?"
"I frightened a little mouse under the chair."

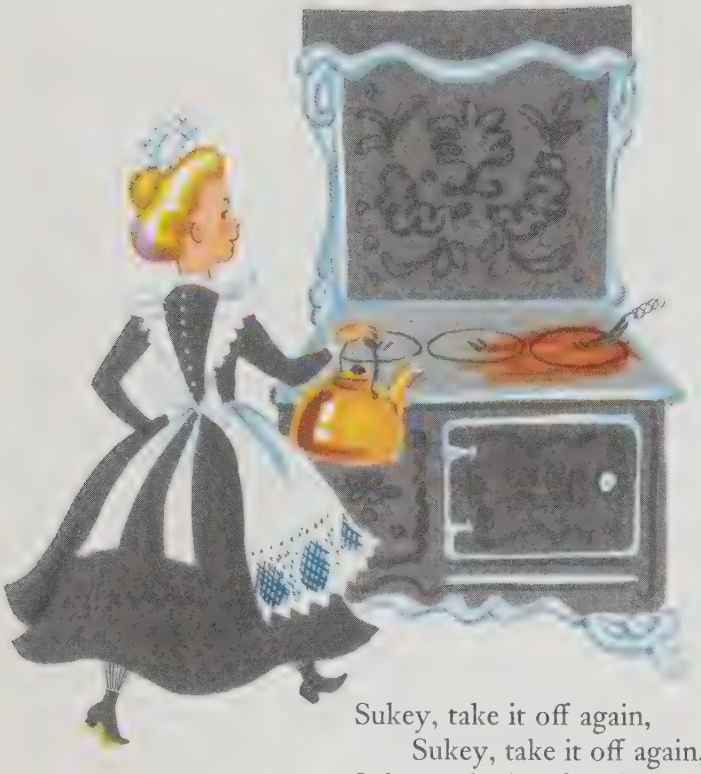


THE LITTLE NUT TREE

I had a little nut tree,
Nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg
And a golden pear.

The King of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me
All for the sake
Of my little nut tree.





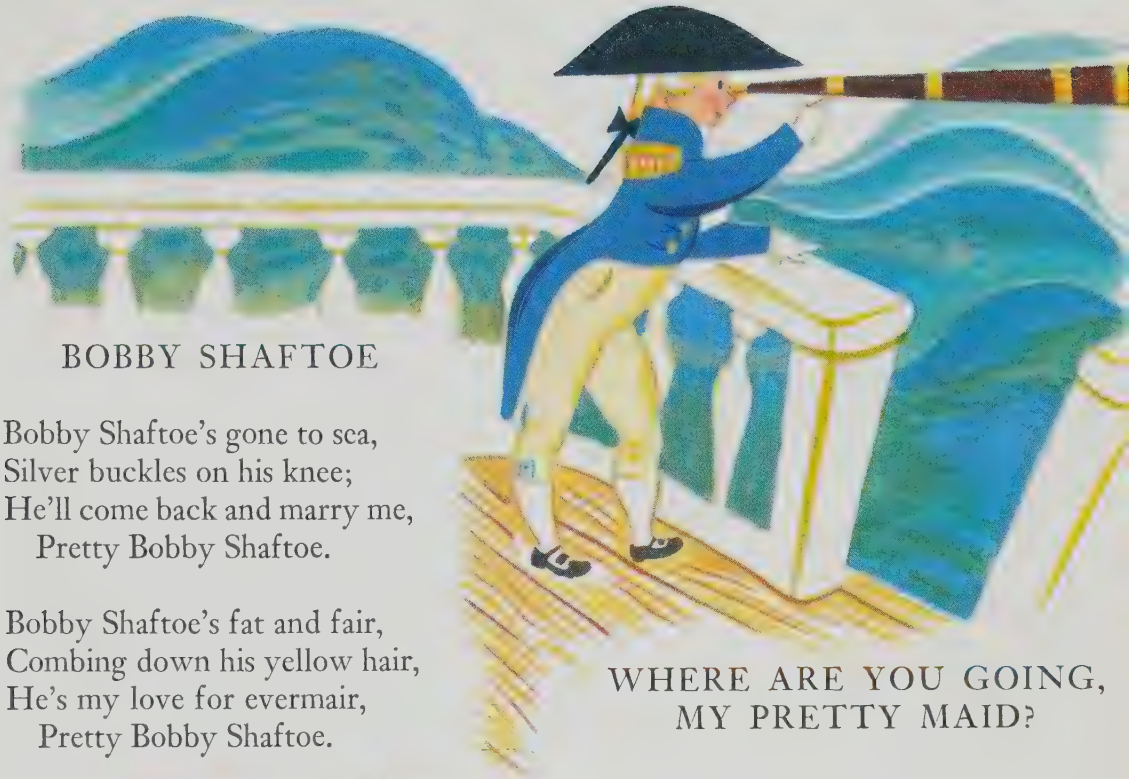
POLLY AND SUKEY

Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And let's have tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They've all gone away.

PEASE PORRIDGE

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.



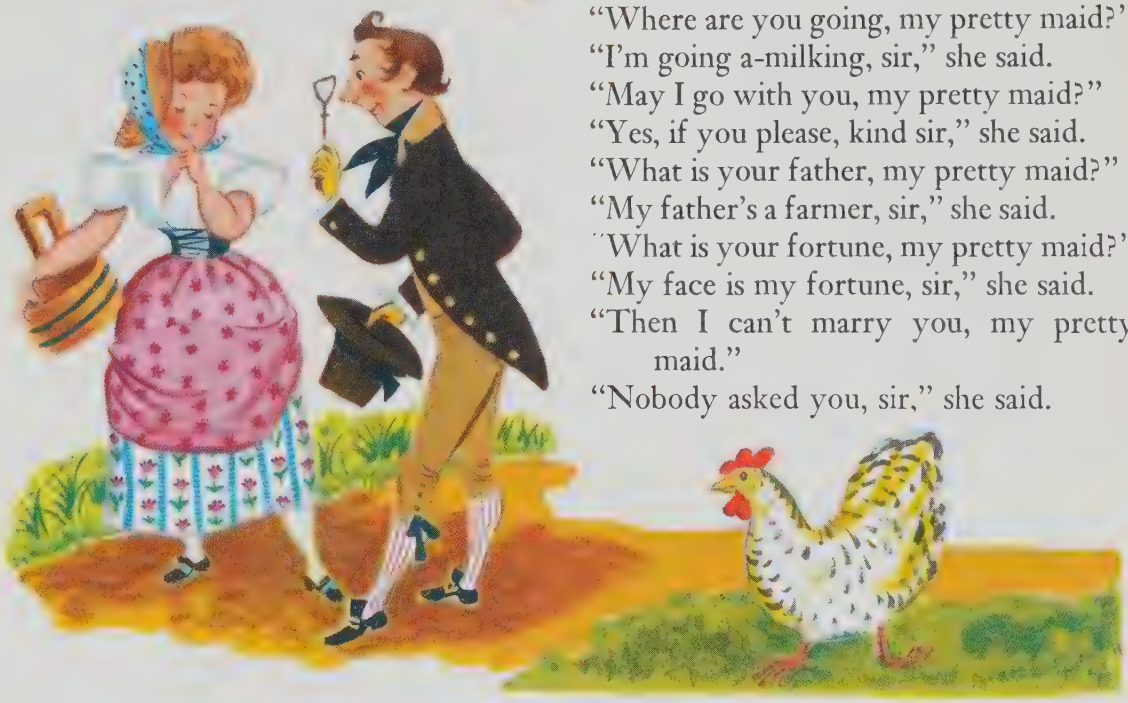
BOBBY SHAFTOE

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair,
He's my love for evermair,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.



TOM WAS A PIPER'S SON

Tom, Tom was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
And all the tune that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away."
Over the hills, and a great way off,
The wind will blow my top-knot off.

Now, Tom with his pipe made such a noise
That he well pleased both the girls and boys,
And they always stopped to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."

THERE WAS A MAN IN OUR TOWN

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again.

DOCTOR FOSTER

Doctor Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle, up to his middle,
And never went there again.

RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY

Rain, rain, go away;
Come again another day;
Little Johnny wants to play.

ONE MISTY, MOISTY MORNING

One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment,
And I began to grin,
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?

BYE, BABY BUNTING

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit-skin
To wrap his baby bunting in.

BOSSY-COW

Bossy-cow, bossy-cow, where do you lie?
In the green meadow under the sky.

Billy-horse, billy-horse, where do you lie?
Out in the stable with nobody nigh.

Birdies bright, birdies sweet, where do you lie?
Up in the tree-tops—oh, ever so high!

Baby dear, baby love, where do *you* lie?
In my warm crib, with Mother close by.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey;
There came a big spider
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

CURLY LOCKS

Curly Locks, Curly Locks,
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash the dishes
Nor yet feed the swine,
But sit on a cushion
And sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries,
Sugar and cream.

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh, it was all laden
With pretty things for thee.

There were candies in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

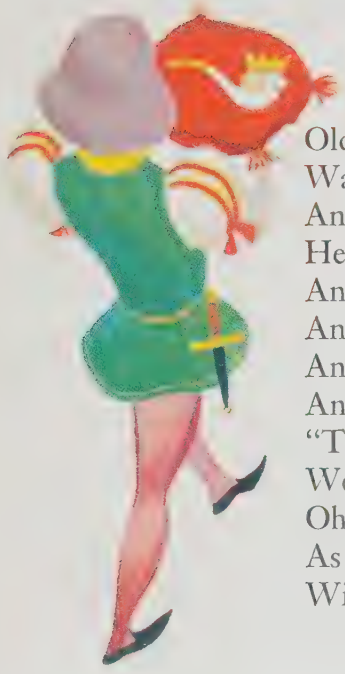
The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain cried, "Quack, quack!"

I HAD A LITTLE DOGGY

I had a little doggy who used to sit and beg;
But Doggy tumbled down the stairs and broke his little leg.
Oh! Doggy, I will nurse you, and try to make you well,
And you shall have a collar with a little silver bell.

I HAD A LITTLE PONY

I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple-gray,
I lent him to a lady
To ride a mile away;
She whipped him, she lashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.



OLD KING COLE

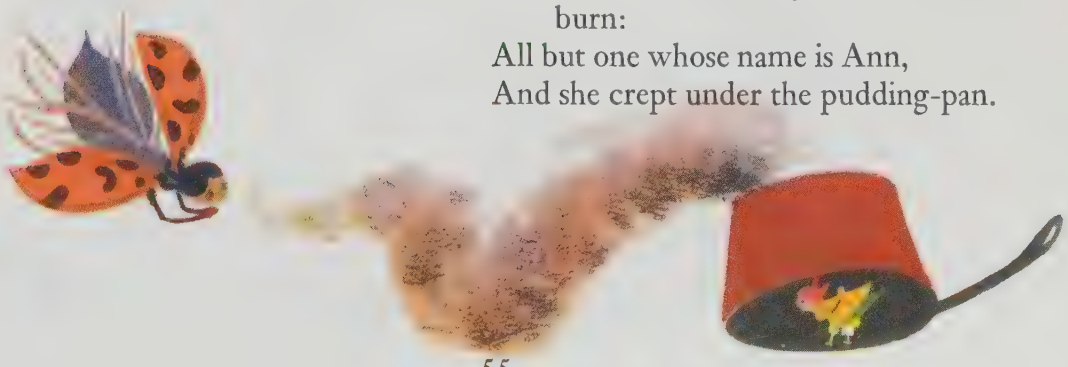
Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his fiddlers three.
And every fiddler had a fine fiddle
And a very fine fiddle had he.
"Tweedle dee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee,"
Went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes sir, yes sir,
Three bags full:
One for my master,
One for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.

LADY-BUG

Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will burn:
All but one whose name is Ann,
And she crept under the pudding-pan.



MARY, MARY

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells
And pretty maids all in a row.

SEE-SAW

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master:
She shall have but a penny a day
Because she can't work any faster.

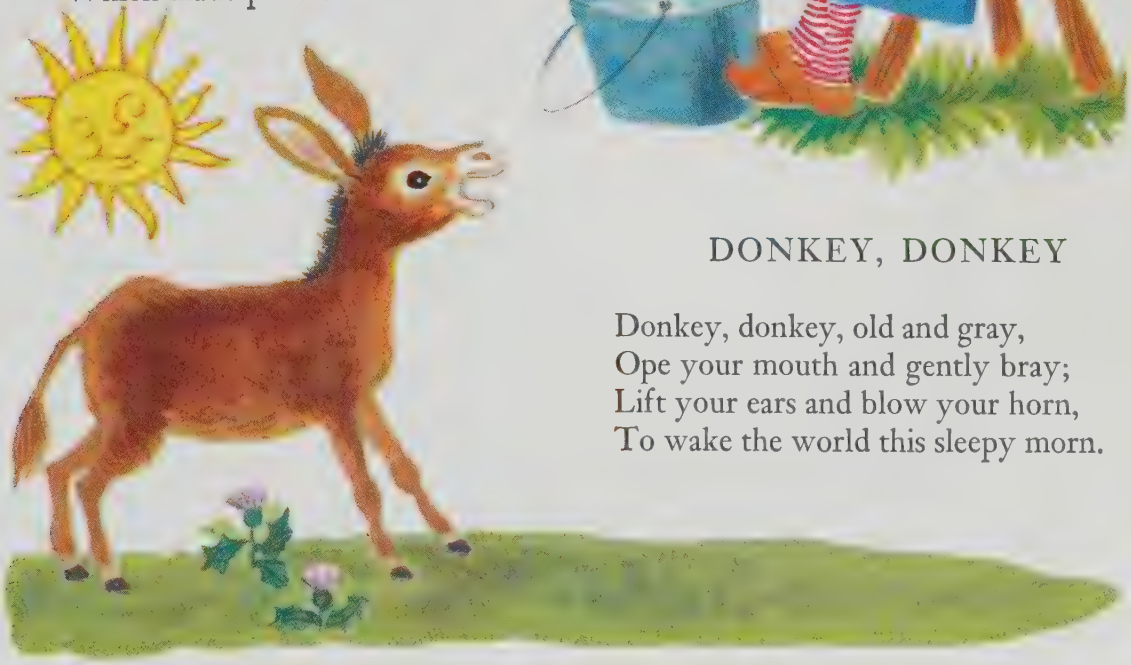
SIMPLE SIMON

Simple Simon met a pieman
  Going to the fair.
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
  "Let me taste your ware."

Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
  "Show me first your penny."
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
  "Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
  For to catch a whale,
But all the water Simon got
  Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to see
  If plums grew on a thistle.
He pricked his finger on a thorn
  Which made poor Simon whistle.



DONKEY, DONKEY

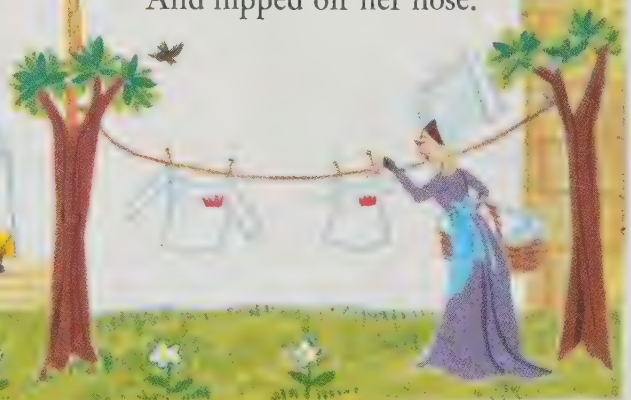
Donkey, donkey, old and gray,
Ope your mouth and gently bray;
Lift your ears and blow your horn,
To wake the world this sleepy morn.

SING A SONG OF SIX-PENCE

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds,
Baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the King?

The King was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes
When down came a blackbird
And nipped off her nose.



THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl.
If the bowl had been stronger
My song had been ıonger.

IF ALL WERE ONE

If all the seas were one sea,
What a *great* sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a *great* tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a *great* axe that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man he would be!
And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
And cut down the *great* tree,
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish splash *that* would be!

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth
Without any bread,
Then spanked them all soundly
And sent them to bed.

ONCE I SAW A LITTLE BIRD

Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop,
So I said, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"

I was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail
And far away he flew.

THE CUCKOO

The cuckoo is a merry bird,
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies

He sucks little birds' eggs,
To make his voice clear;
And when he sings "Cuckoo!"
The summer is near.

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in the barn and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs, in his night-gown,
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
"Are the children in their beds?
Now it's eight o'clock."

DEEDLE, DEEDLE, DUMPLING

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John,
He went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee
Resolved to have a battle,
For Tweedle-dum said Tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar-barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.

FOR WANT OF A NAIL

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost;
For want of the horse, the rider was lost;
For want of the rider, the battle was lost;
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost;
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.

RING-A-RING-A-ROSES

Ring-a-ring-a-roses,
A pocket full of posies;
Hush! hush! hush! hush!
We're all tumbled down.

Nursery Favorites

Mother Goose Riddles

RIDDLE ME

Riddle me,
Riddle me,
What is that?
Over your head
And under your hat?

(*Hair*)

LITTLE NANCY ETTICOAT

Little Nancy Etticoat
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

(*A Candle*)

THIRTY WHITE HORSES

Thirty white horses
On a red hill;
Now they champ,
Now they tramp,
Now they stand still.

(*Teeth and Gums*)

TWO LEGS SAT UPON THREE LEGS

Two legs sat upon three legs
With one leg in his lap.
In comes four legs
And runs away with one leg.
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs
And makes him drop one leg.

(*A Man, a Stool, a Leg of Lamb, and a Dog*)

GOING TO ST. IVES

As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives.
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

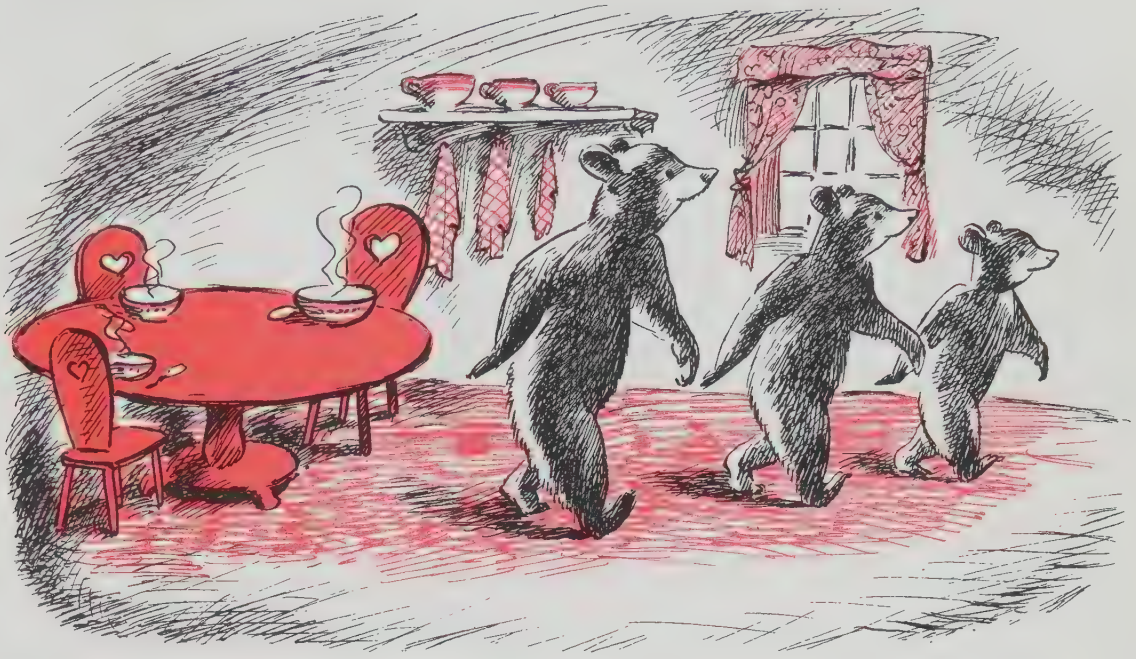
(*One*)

OLD MOTHER TWITCHETT

Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye,
And a long tail that she let fly;
And every time she went through a gap
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

(*Needle and Thread*)

The Three Bears



ONCE upon a time there were three bears—a great big bear, a middle-sized bear, and a little tiny bear. They all lived together in a house of their own right in the middle of a wood.

One day the three bears sat down to breakfast, but their porridge was so very hot that they couldn't eat it. So they decided to go out for a walk and leave the porridge on the kitchen table to cool off.

While they were away a little girl called Goldilocks came to the house in the wood. She had been picking flowers since early in the morning and was very, very tired. When she saw the little house she said to herself, "Surely the people who live here will let me rest for a while."

So she knocked on the door. But nobody came, for the bears were out walking in the wood. She knocked again, and still nobody came, so Goldilocks opened the door and walked right in.

The first things she saw were three bowls of porridge on the kitchen table. Goldilocks was very hungry, so she started to eat the great big bowl of porridge.

"This is too hot!" she said to herself, and she quickly put down the spoon.

Then she took a taste from the middle-sized bowl.

"This is too cold!" she said to herself,

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and she quickly put down the spoon.

Then she took a taste from the little tiny bowl.

"This is just right!" she said to herself, and she ate it all up.

Then Goldilocks went into the living room to rest for a while, and there she saw three chairs standing near the fireplace.

First she sat down in the great big chair.

"This is too high!" she said to herself, and she quickly got up again.

Then she sat on the middle-sized chair.

"This is too wide!" she said to herself, and she quickly got up again.

Then she sat in the little tiny chair.

"This is just right!" she said to herself, and she sat down so hard that the little tiny chair broke into a hundred pieces.

Then Goldilocks went upstairs and there she saw three beds standing in a row. First she lay on the great big bed.

"This is too hard!" she said to herself, and she quickly got up again.

Then she lay on the middle-sized bed.

"This is too soft!" she said to herself, and she quickly got up again.

Then she lay on the little tiny bed.

"This is just right!" she said to herself, and she fell fast asleep.

After a while the three bears came home from their walk in the wood. They were very hungry now and started to eat their porridge right away. The great big bear took one taste from his bowl and growled, "SOMEONE HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!"

The middle-sized bear took one taste from her bowl and said, "SOMEONE HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!"

The little tiny bear squeaked, *"Someone has been eating my porridge and has eaten it all up!"*

Then the three bears went into the living room.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" growled the great big bear.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the middle-sized bear.

"Someone has been sitting in my chair," squeaked the little tiny bear, *"and has broken it all to pieces!"*

Then the three bears went upstairs.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN SLEEPING IN MY BED!" growled the great big bear.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN SLEEPING IN MY BED!" said the middle-sized bear.

"Someone has been sleeping in my bed," squeaked the little tiny bear, *"and here she is!"*

His voice woke Goldilocks up and, when she saw the three bears, she was so frightened that she jumped out of bed and bounded down the stairs and ran home to her mother as fast as her legs would carry her. And she never went to the house of the three bears again.

K. WIESE

The House That Jack Built

THIS is the house that Jack built.

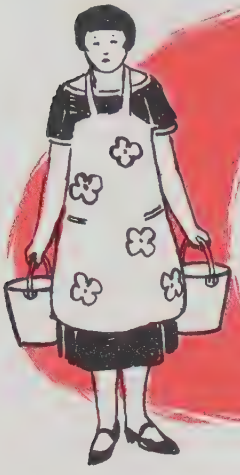
THIS is the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

THIS is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THIS is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THIS is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THIS is the cow with crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



THIS is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THIS is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THIS is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

The Gingerbread Boy

THERE were once a little old woman and a little old man who lived in a little old cottage in the woods. They were very happy together except for one thing, and that was that they had no little boy or girl of their own.

One day when the little old woman was baking gingerbread, she had an idea. Chuckling to herself, she said, "I'll make a gingerbread boy for my good husband."

So she took a piece of spicy dough, rolled it smooth with her rolling pin and cut it out in the shape of a gingerbread boy. She gave him raisins for eyes, a mouth made of a slice of citron, a chocolate jacket with currants for buttons. Then she put him in a pan and put the pan in the hot oven to bake. "Now," she thought, "I shall have a little boy of my own."

When she thought he had been in the

oven long enough to be all baked through, the little old woman opened the oven door. But before she could even touch him, out jumped the little gingerbread boy, right out of the oven skipping through the cottage door, scampering down the path to the woods as fast as his legs could carry him.

The little old woman ran after him, calling, "Stop, come back!" But the gingerbread boy just laughed and shouted:

Run, run, as fast as you can!
You can't catch me,
I'm the gingerbread man.

He was right. The little old woman could not catch him.

The little old man, working in the vegetable patch, heard his wife's cries and came running to see what was the matter. When he saw his wife trying to catch the gingerbread boy, he joined her in the chase. "Come back, come back," he called as he ran.

But the gingerbread boy just laughed and shouted:

Run, run, as fast as you can!
You can't catch me,
I'm the gingerbread man.
I've run away from the little old woman
And I can run away from you too,
I can, I can."

And he ran on into the woods. He ran and ran until he met a little rabbit. The bunny twitched his nose at the delicious smell of the gingerbread boy as he ran past, and he too took up the chase.

"Come back, come back," called the rabbit as he ran. But the gingerbread boy just laughed and shouted:

Run, run, as fast as you can!
You can't catch me,
I'm the gingerbread man.
I've run away from the little old woman
And the little old man
And I can run away from you too,
I can, I can.

The rabbit hopped along in swift high leaps, but he could not catch the gingerbread boy who kept on running deeper into the woods. There in the woods a bear cub was searching for honey. He looked up as the gingerbread boy rushed by. The spicy smell was much better than honey and the little bear's mouth watered. So he too followed after the gingerbread boy, as fast as his clumsy legs would take him. "Come back, come back," he growled.

But the gingerbread boy only laughed and shouted:

Run, run, as fast as you can,
You can't catch me,
I'm the gingerbread man.
I've run away from the little old woman
And the little old man
And the rabbit
And I can run away from you too,
I can, I can.

The bear cub loped lippety-loppety along as fast as he could, but he could not catch the gingerbread boy who kept right on going to the edge of the woods.

There he ran past a farmer who was chopping wood. He heard the ginger-

bread boy shouting and then he smelled his spicy gingerbread smell, and he too took up the chase. "Come back, come back, gingerbread boy," he called.

The gingerbread boy looked back and saw him and laughed harder than ever. Then he shouted:

Run, run, as fast as you can,
You can't catch me,
I'm the gingerbread man.
I've run away from the little old woman
And the little old man
And the rabbit
And the bear cub
And I can run away from you too,
I can, I can.

And he did. He ran faster than all of them and soon he came to a wide river, much too wide for a gingerbread boy to jump across, and he could not swim

across for he would melt in a minute. How was he to get over?

Just then a sly fox came from behind a tree. His sharp eyes shone greedily as he spied the gingerbread boy. By this time the gingerbread boy was so proud he didn't think anybody could catch him. "You can't catch me, you can't catch me," he called to the fox

But the fox did not run after him. He just said coaxingly, "I don't want to catch you, gingerbread boy. But wouldn't you like to ride across the river on my tail, high and dry, so that no one else can catch you, not the little old woman, or the little old man, or the bunny, or the bear cub, or the farmer?"

The gingerbread boy saw the river in front of him, and he looked at the woods behind him. "Well, kind fox," he said, "since your tail is far from your mouth, I'll let you take me across." So he jumped up on the fox's tail and the fox began swimming across the river.

As the water got deeper, the fox called to the gingerbread boy, "Hop on my back, or you may get wet." So the gingerbread boy hopped onto the fox's back and on they went.

A little farther out the fox said, "I'm afraid the water will cover you. You'd better jump on my shoulder."

In the middle of the river, the fox said, "Oh dear, my shoulder is sinking. Jump on my nose so I can hold you out of the water." So the gingerbread boy jumped up on the fox's nose.

Suddenly the sly fox threw back his head, and opened his mouth. In popped the gingerbread boy. *Snip, snap* went the fox's teeth—and that was the end of that gingerbread boy. But really, isn't that what gingerbread boys are made for—to be eaten up?

Little Red Riding Hood

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who lived with her father and mother in a pretty house in the country.

Her father and mother loved her very much. *Everybody* loved her because she was sweet and kind.

Once her grandmother gave her a red cape with a red hood on it. The little girl liked it so much and wore it so often that people called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day Little Red Riding Hood's mother said to her, "Your grandmother is sick in bed. I have put some cake and eggs and bread and butter and wine in a basket for her. Put on your little red cape and take the basket of good things to her."

Little Red Riding Hood kissed her mother and started off happily. She loved the walk through the woods to her grandmother's house—there were so many lovely trees and flowers and birds and friendly little rabbits and squirrels.

Little Red Riding Hood had just

stooped to pick a flower when a rough voice behind her said "Good morning, Red Riding Hood."

Little Red Riding Hood turned to see that it was a big wolf speaking to her.

"Where are you going so early in the morning, Little Red Riding Hood?" asked the wolf.

"To my grandmother's," the little girl replied. "She is sick in bed and I am taking her this basket of food from my mother to help her get better."

"And where does your grandmother live, Red Riding Hood?" asked the wolf.

"About half a mile from here, through the woods, in a little cottage covered with roses, and there is a white gate in the fence," said Little Red Riding Hood.

When he heard this the wolf licked his lips. "That little girl will taste very sweet," he thought to himself. "I'll keep her for dessert. I'll eat up the old grandmother first."

And he went on through the woods while Little Red Riding Hood stooped to pick flowers for a bouquet to take to her grandmother.

The wolf went on very quickly through the woods, and when he reached Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother's house he knocked at the door.

Rap! Rap! Rap!

"Who is there?" the grandmother said in a weak voice.

"Little Red Riding Hood," said the wolf trying to imitate the sweet high voice of the little girl.

"Lift up the latch, open the door, and walk in," said the grandmother.

The wolf opened the door and walked in. Then the Grandmother saw it wasn't Little Red Riding Hood at all but a great big wolf. And the wolf sprang at her and ate her up in one swallow.

Then he went to the bureau drawer and took out another one of the grandmother's nightgowns and nightcaps and put them on. He got into the grandmother's bed, pulling the bedclothes up to his chin.

Very soon Little Red Riding Hood reached the cottage with her flowers in one hand and her basket of bread and butter and eggs and cake and wine in the other.

She knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" asked the wolf, trying to imitate the grandmother's voice.

"It's Red Riding Hood," replied the little girl. "Mother sent you some good things to eat."

"Lift the latch and come in," said the wolf, still imitating the grandmother's voice.

As Little Red Riding Hood came in the door, smiling pleasantly, she said, "Here are some flowers I picked for you, grandmother dear." But as she came nearer to the bed, she became a little frightened.

"What big ears you have, grandmother!" she cried.

"The better to hear you with," said the wolf imitating the grandmother's voice.

Looking closer, Little Red Riding Hood said, "What big eyes you have, grandmother!"

"The better to see you with, my dear," said the wolf.

"And grandmother, what big teeth you have!" cried Red Riding Hood.

"The better to EAT you with," said the wolf. And with those words he sprang out of the bed glaring at Little Red Riding Hood.

Frightened out of her wits, Red Riding Hood ran out of the house, screaming. The wolf leapt after her.

"Help! Help!" she cried, and sure enough, help was at hand.

A woodcutter who was passing by heard the little girl's cries, and he came rushing up to the cottage. Seeing at once what was happening, he lifted his axe, and with one blow he killed the wolf.

In another second the wolf was on the ground quite dead. The woodcutter split the wolf open and out stepped the grandmother!

She and Little Red Riding Hood rushed into each other's arms with joy. They thanked the kind woodcutter heartily for saving their lives and asked him to join them in eating up all the goodies Little Red Riding Hood had brought in her basket.

They had a jolly time together and no one ever saw a wolf again in that part of the woods. The woodcutter saw to that!

Henny Penny

By Joseph Jacobs

ONE day Henny Penny was picking up some corn in the barnyard when —whack!—something fell on her head. It was only an acorn, but she thought the sky was falling down. "Goodness gracious!" she said, as she ran out of the barnyard, "I must go and tell the King."

She went along and she went along and she went along till she met Cocky Locky.

"Where are you going, Henny Penny?" asked Cocky Locky.

"Oh! I'm going to tell the King the sky is falling," said Henny Penny.

"May I come with you?" asked Cocky Locky.

"Certainly," said Henny Penny.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Ducky Lucky. "Where are you going?" asked Ducky Lucky.

"Oh! We're going to tell the King the sky is falling."

"May I come with you?" asked Ducky Lucky.

"Certainly," said Henny Penny and Cocky Locky.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Goosey Loosey. "Where are you going?" asked Goosey Loosey.

"Oh! We're going to tell the King the sky is falling."

"May I come with you?" asked Goosey Loosey.

"Certainly," said Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Turkey Lurkey. "Where are you going?" asked Turkey Lurkey.

"Oh! We're going to tell the King the sky is falling."

"May I come with you?" asked Turkey Lurkey.

"Certainly," said Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Loosey.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Foxy Woxy. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"Oh! We're going to tell the King the sky is falling."

"But this is not the way to the King," said Foxy Woxy. "I know the right way; shall I show it to you?"

"Please do," said Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Turkey Lurkey. So Foxy Woxy went with them to tell the King the sky was falling.

They went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they came to a small dark hole. Now this was the door of Foxy Woxy's cave. But Foxy Woxy never said a word about that to Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Turkey Lurkey. Instead he said, "This is the short way to the King's palace; you'll soon get there if you follow me."

So Foxy Woxy went into his cave, and he didn't go very far, but he turned around to wait for Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Turkey Lurkey.

So at last Turkey Lurkey went through the dark hole into the cave.

He hadn't got far when "Hrumph!" Foxy Woxy snapped off Turkey Lurkey's head and threw his body over his left shoulder.

Then Goosey Loosey went in, and "Hrumph!" off went her head and Goosey Loosey was thrown beside Turkey Lurkey.

Then Ducky Lucky waddled down, and "Hrumph!" snapped Foxy Woxy, and Ducky Lucky's head was off, and Ducky Lucky was thrown alongside Turkey Lurkey and Goosey Loosey.

Then Cocky Locky strutted down into the cave, and he hadn't gone far when "Snap, Hrumph!" went Foxy Woxy, and Cocky Locky was thrown alongside of Turkey Lurkey, Goosey Loosey, and Ducky Lucky.

But Foxy Woxy had made two bites at Cocky Locky, and when the first snap only hurt Cocky Locky but didn't kill him, he called out to Henny Penny. But she turned tail and ran home, so she never did tell the King the sky was falling.

Three Little Kittens

Three little kittens, they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry:
"O mother dear,
We very much fear,
That we have lost our mittens."
Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
No, you shall have no pie.
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens, they
found their mittens,
And they began to cry:
"O mother dear,
See here, see here!
See! we have found our mittens."
Put on your mittens
You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie.
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
O let us have the pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
"O mother dear,
We greatly fear,
That we have soiled our mittens."

Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens, they washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
"O mother dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens?"
Washed your mittens!

Oh, you're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by;
Hush! Hush! "Mee-ow, mee-ow.
We smell a rat close by,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat

ONCE upon a time a pig, a duck, a cat, and a little red hen with her chicks all lived together in a cozy little house. All the pig wanted to do was to roll about in the wet mud all day long. All the duck wanted to do all day was to swim about on her little pond. As for the cat, all she wanted to do all day was to lie in the warm sun licking herself with her quick pink tongue.

So all the work of the house was left to the little red hen.

One day as the little red hen was scratching about in the yard looking for a juicy bug for her dinner, she found a grain of wheat. "Why, this may bring us food for the winter," she thought.

"Who will plant this wheat?" she asked.

"Not I," grunted the pig, rolling over in his puddle.

"Not I," quacked the duck from her pond.

"Not I," purred the cat stretching herself in the sun.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did.

By and by tiny green blades sprouted through the ground. The little red hen saw them and asked, "Who will tend the field of wheat?"

"Not I," grunted the pig.

"Not I," quacked the duck.

"Not I," purred the cat licking her fur.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did. She scratched among the blades of wheat and tended them carefully. They grew and grew until they were tall, golden, and ripe.

"Who will cut the wheat?" called the little red hen.

"Not I," grunted the pig.

"Not I," quacked the duck.

"Not I," purred the cat yawning.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did. With her sharp bill she cut down all the stalks of wheat and stacked them neatly in a corner of the yard.

"Who will take the wheat to the thrasher?" asked the little red hen, who was very busy because all her little chicks were calling to her.

"Not I," grunted the pig.

"Not I," quacked the duck.

"Not I," purred the cat smoothing her whiskers.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did. She found time to carry the stack of wheat to the thrasher. Soon the grains of wheat were ready to be ground into flour.

"Who will take the wheat to the mill?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," grunted the pig.

"Not I," quacked the duck.

"Not I," purred the cat arching her back.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did. She left her little chicks at home and took the wheat to the miller. When it was made into flour, she brought it home again.

"Who will bake this flour into bread?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," grunted the pig.

"Not I," quacked the duck.

"Not I," purred the cat lazily waving her tail.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did.

In about an hour she took from the oven a crusty loaf of fine white bread.

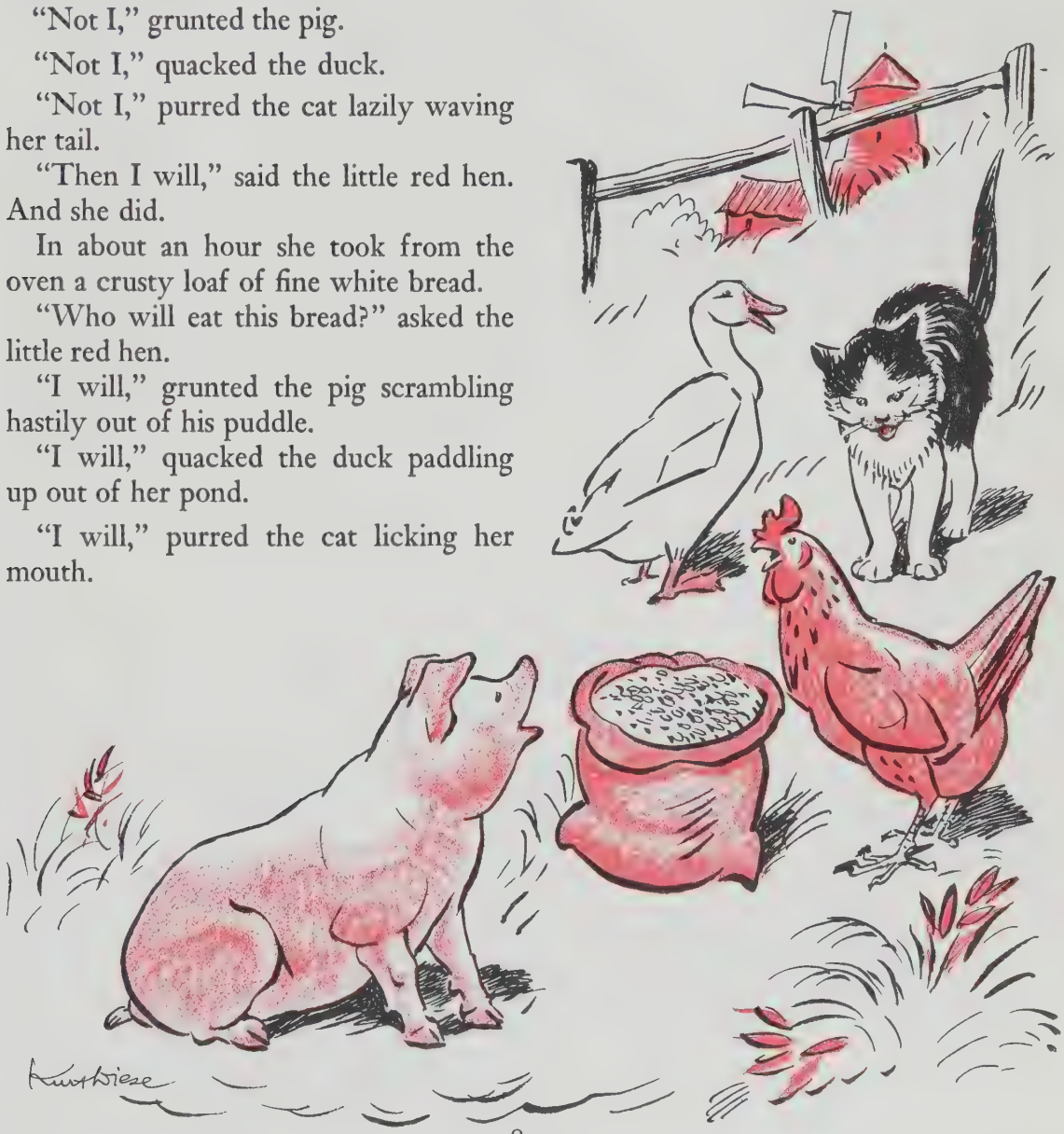
"Who will eat this bread?" asked the little red hen.

"I will," grunted the pig scrambling hastily out of his puddle.

"I will," quacked the duck paddling up out of her pond.

"I will," purred the cat licking her mouth.

"Oh, no you won't! *I* will!" said the little red hen. And she called all her little chicks together and they ate up the loaf to the very last crumb.



The Three Billy Goats Gruff

A SCANDINAVIAN FOLK TALE

THERE were once three Billy Goats and the name of all the three was "Gruff." They were all bent on going up a hillside to make themselves fat.

On the way was a bridge they had to cross; and under the bridge lived a big ugly Troll, with eyes as round as saucers and a nose like a poker.

The youngest Billy Goat Gruff was the first to cross the bridge.

"TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP!" went the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"Oh! it is only I, the littlest Billy Goat Gruff; and I'm going up the hill to make myself fat," said the smallest Billy Goat, in a tiny voice.

"Now, I'm coming to gobble you up," said the Troll.

"Oh, no! please don't take me. I'm too little," said the Billy Goat. "Wait till the second Billy Goat Gruff comes; he's much bigger than I am."

"Very well then; be off with you," said the Troll.

A little while later, the second Billy Goat Gruff came to cross the bridge.

"TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP!" went the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"Oh! it's the second Billy Goat Gruff, and I'm going up the hill to make myself fat," said the Billy Goat, who had a middling voice.

"Now, I'm coming to gobble you up," said the Troll.

"Oh, no! don't gobble me up. Wait a little till the next Billy Goat Gruff comes; he's much bigger than I am."

"All right! be off with you," said the Troll.

Just then the biggest Billy Goat Gruff came to the bridge.

"TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP!" went the bridge, for the biggest Billy Goat was so heavy that the bridge almost broke under him.

"WHO'S THAT tramping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"It's I! THE BIGGEST BILLY GOAT GRUFF," said the big Billy Goat, who had a loud, loud voice.

"Now, I'm coming to gobble you up," roared the Troll.

But the biggest Billy Goat said:

Well, come along! I've got two spears,
I'll poke your eyeballs out of your ears;
I've got, besides, two curling-stones,
And I'll crush you to bits, body and bones.

He flew at the Troll and poked his eyes out with his horns. He crushed him to bits, body and bones, and after that he went up the hill. There all three of the Billy Goats got so fat they were scarcely able to walk home; and if they haven't grown thin, why they're still fat; and so—

"SNIP, SNAP, SNOUT,
This tale's told out."

My Shadow

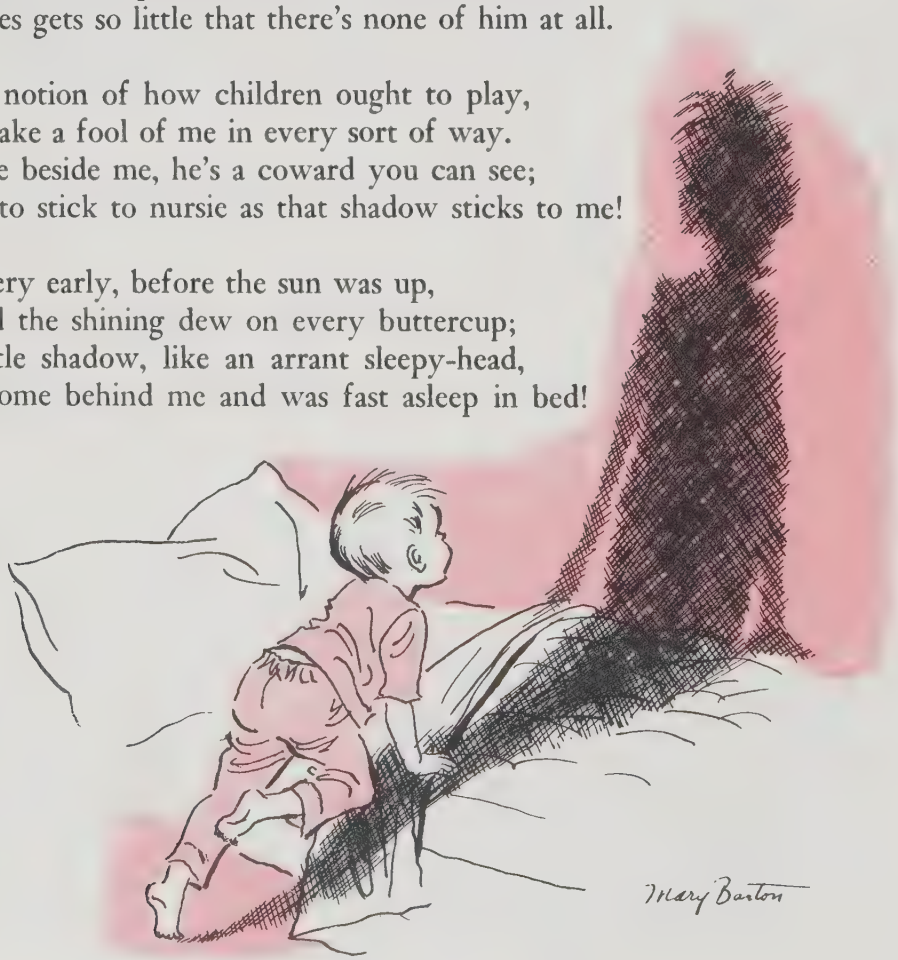
By Robert Louis Stevenson

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed!



The Three Little Pigs

THERE was once a mother pig who had three little pigs, but as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out to seek their fortune.

The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him, "Please, man, give me that straw to build a house."

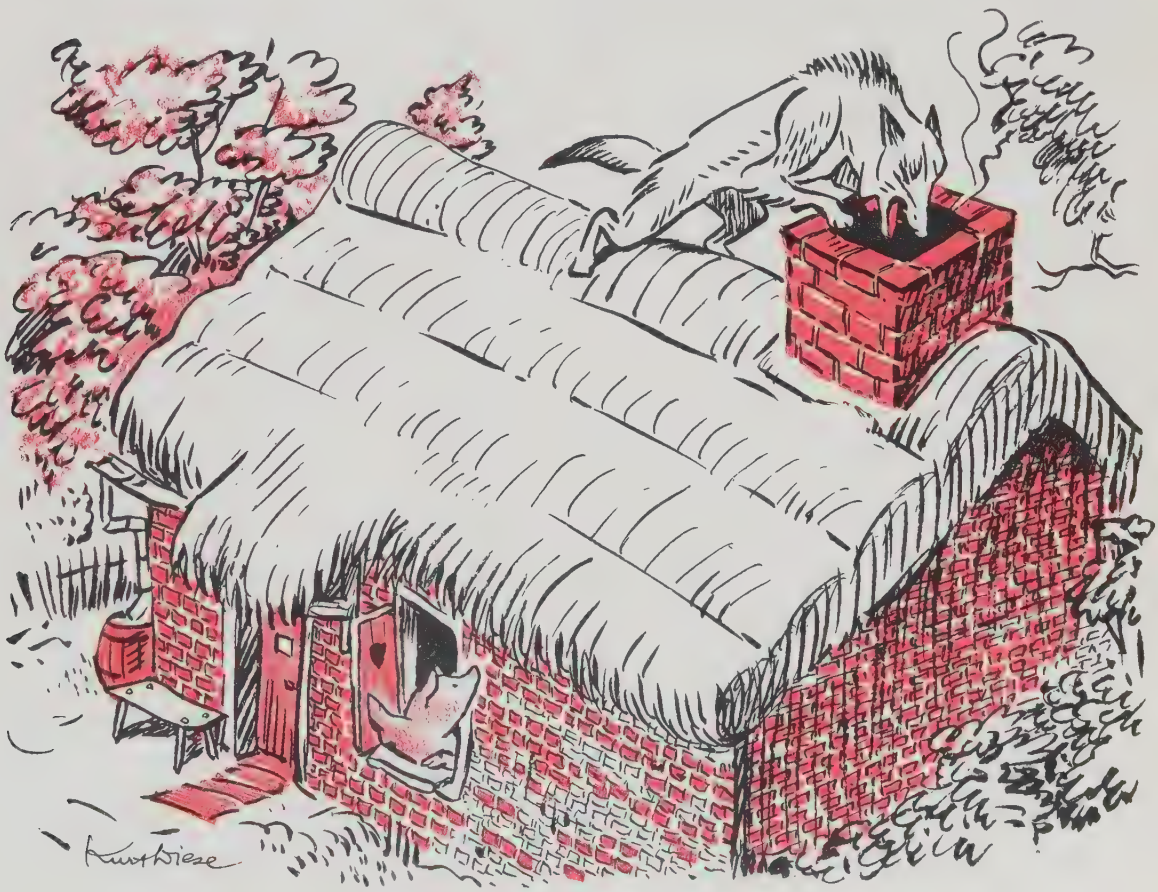
The man did, and the little pig built a house with it.

Presently along came a wolf, and knocked at the door, and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

To which the little pig answered, "No, no, by the hair of my chinny chin chin."

The wolf then answered to that, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in, and ate up the little pig.



The second little pig met a man with a bundle of twigs, and said, "Please, man, give me those twigs to build a house."

The man did, and the pig built his house. Then along came the wolf, and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and at last he blew the house down, and ate the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and said, "Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house."

The man gave him the bricks, and he built his house with them. Then the wolf came, as he did to the other little pigs, and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

Well, he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed; but he could not get the house down. When he found that with all his huffing and puffing he could not blow the house down, he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

"Where?" asked the little pig.

"Oh, in Mr. Smith's field, and if you will be ready tomorrow morning when I call for you, we can go together, and get some for dinner."

"Very well," said the little pig, "I shall be ready. What time do you mean to go?"

"At six o'clock."

Well, the little pig got up at five and got the turnips before the wolf came (which he did about six) and said, "Little pig, are you ready?"

The little pig said, "Ready! I have been there and come back again, and got a nice potful for dinner."

The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would be up to the little pig somehow or other, so he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple tree."

"Where?" asked the pig.

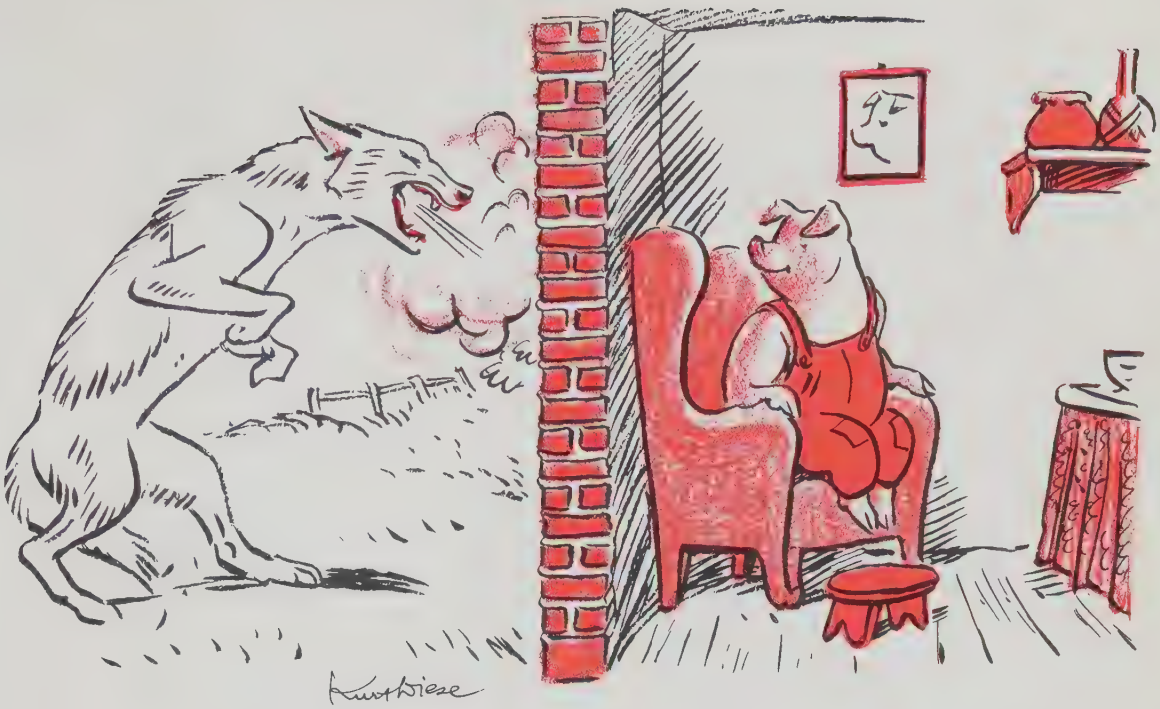
"Down at Merry-garden," replied the wolf, "and if you will not deceive me I will come for you at five o'clock tomorrow and get some apples."

Well, the little pig bustled up the next morning at four o'clock, and went off for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came. But he had farther to go, and had to climb the tree, so just as he was scrambling down from it, he saw the wolf coming, and, as you may suppose, that frightened him very much. When the wolf came up he said, "Little pig, are you here before me? Are they nice apples?"

"Yes, very," said the little pig. "I will throw you down one."

And he tnrew it so far that, while the wolf was gone to pick it up, the little pig jumped down and ran home.

Next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig, "Little pig, there is to be a fair this afternoon. Will you go?"



"Oh, yes," said the pig. "What time will you be ready?"

"At three," said the wolf. So the little pig went off before the time, as usual, and got to the fair, and bought a butter-churn, which he was taking home when he saw the wolf coming. Then he could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide, and by so doing he turned it around, and it rolled down the hill with him inside.

This frightened the wolf so much that he ran home without going to the fair. He went to the little pig's house, and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him.

Then the little pig said, "Hah, I frightened you then. I had been to the fair and bought a butter-churn, and when I saw you I got into it and rolled down the hill."

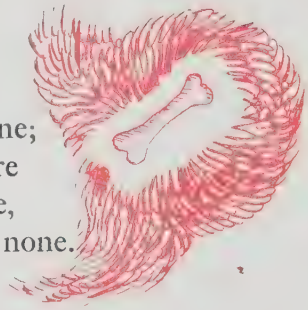
Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared he *would* eat up the little pig, and that he would get down the chimney after him.

When the little pig saw what he was about, he hung a pot full of water in the fireplace and made up a blazing fire, and, just as the wolf was coming down the chimney, the little pig took off the cover of the pot, and in fell the wolf!

The little pig put the cover of the pot on again at once, boiled the wolf up in the pot, ate him for supper, and lived happily ever afterward.

Old Mother Hubbard

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.



She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She went to the butcher's
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the seamstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

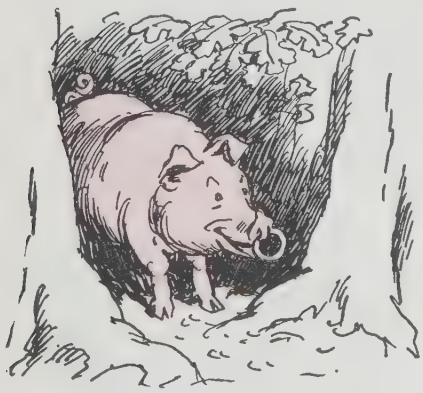
The dame made a curtsey,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant."
The dog said, "Bow, wow."

Marguerite Gayer

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

By Edward Lear

THE Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful pussy you are,
You are,
You are—
What a beautiful pussy you are!"



Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose—
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon—
They danced by the light of the moon.

The Old Woman and Her Pig

By Joseph Jacobs

An old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence.

"What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I know; I will go to market, and buy a little pig."

As she was coming home, she came to a stile; but the piggy wouldn't go over the stile.

She went a little farther, and she met a dog. So she said to him: "Dog! dog! bite pig; piggy won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the dog wouldn't.

She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said: "Stick! stick! beat dog! dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the stick wouldn't.

She went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said: "Fire! fire! burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the fire wouldn't.

She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said: "Water! water! quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the water wouldn't.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said: "Ox! ox! drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the ox wouldn't.

So she went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said: "Butcher, butcher! kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the butcher wouldn't.

She went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said: "Rope! rope! hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night!"

But the rope wouldn't.

She went a little farther, and she met a rat. So she said: "Rat! rat! gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the rat wouldn't.

She went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said: "Cat! cat! kill rat; rat won't gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the cat said to her: "If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat."

So away went the old woman to the cow.

But the cow said to her: "If you will go to yonder hay-stack, and fetch me a handful of hay, I'll give you the milk."

So away went the old woman to the hay-stack; and she brought the hay to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay she gave the old woman the milk; and away she went with it to the cat.

As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk, the cat began to kill the rat; the rat began to gnaw the rope; the rope began to hang the butcher; the butcher began to kill the ox; the ox began to drink the water; the water began to quench the fire; the fire began to burn the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the pig; the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile. . . .

And so the old woman got home that night.

The Tale of Peter Rabbit

By Beatrix Potter

ONCE upon a time there were four little rabbits, and their names were—Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter.

They lived with their mother in a sand-bank, underneath the root of a very big fir tree.

"Now, my dears," said Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden; your father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor. Now run along and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

Then Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who

were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries.

But Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight to Mr. McGregor's garden and squeezed under the gate!

First he ate some lettuce and some French beans, and then he ate some radishes. Then, feeling rather sick, he went about trying to see if he could find some parsley.

But round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor! Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop, thief!"

Peter was most dreadfully frightened. He rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe among the potatoes.

After losing them he ran on four legs and went faster, so that he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears, but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows who flew to him in great excitement and implored him to exert himself.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him, and rushed into the tool shed and jumped into a can. It would have been beautiful to hide in if it had not had so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Presently Peter sneezed—"Kerty-schoo!" Mr. McGregor was after him in no time and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter.

He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity—lippity—not very fast, and looking all around.

He found a door in a wall, but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood.

Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water cans.

A large cat was staring at some goldfish; she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her. He had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back toward the tool shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe—scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes. But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheelbarrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned toward Peter, and beyond him was the gate!

Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow, and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket

and the shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big tree.

He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole and shut his eyes.

His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight!

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.

His mother put him to bed, and made some camomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter!

"One tablespoonful to be taken at bed-time."

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

Animal Friends

The Bear Who Wanted to Be a Bird

By Adele and Cateau de Leeuw

THERE was once a little black bear who wanted to be a bird. He wished it so hard, and thought about it so much, that finally he decided he *was* one.

Going through the forest one day he saw some birds high up in a tree. "Hello," he said. "I'm a bird, too."

The birds laughed at him. "*You're* not a bird," they said. "Birds have beaks."

The little black bear scurried through the forest until he found a thin piece of wood that had a point. He tied it to his muzzle and hurried back to the tree where the birds sat. "See," he cried, looking up, "I have a beak!"

"Just the same," they said, "you're not a bird. Birds have feathers."

So the little black bear ran as fast as he could out of the forest and found a chicken yard. There were lots of feathers lying on the ground. He picked them up and went back to the forest. There he sat down on some pine needles and stuck the feathers all over his head and his shoulders and down his front legs. Then he went to the tree where the birds sat and cried happily, "I have feathers, too. See, I'm a bird."

But the birds only laughed at him. "You're not a bird," they said. "Don't you know that birds sing?"

The little black bear felt sad, but not for long. He remembered that deep in the forest was a house where a singing teacher lived. He went there and knocked on the door. "Please teach me to sing," he begged. "I *must* learn to sing."

"It's most unusual," said the singing teacher, "but I will try. I have a wonderful system. Come in. Open your mouth. Now follow me—*do, re, mi, re, do . . . do, re, mi, re, do.*"

The little black bear practiced and practiced and practiced for a whole week, and then, feeling that he was very good indeed, he hurried back to the tree where the birds were.

"Listen," he cried. "I can sing, too." And he opened his mouth very wide, and

in a deep voice sang, "*Do, re, mi, re, do . . . do, re, mi, re, do.*"

The birds laughed harder than ever. "You're not a bird," they told him. "Birds fly."

The little black bear said, "I can fly, too." He lifted first one foot, all covered with feathers, and then the other, and then hopped up and down, lifting both together. But he did not fly.

"I must get higher off the ground," he said. "Watch me." So he went to a big rock near by and climbed up on it, and looked over the edge. The ground seemed very far away. "But," he thought, "maybe if I take a running start, and don't look down, it will be all right." So he backed off, closed his eyes, ran as fast as he could to the edge of the rock, lifted his feet, flapped them—and fell, with a loud smack, on his little behind on the ground.

He opened his eyes, and felt the tears coming. It hurt where he had fallen. His beak had slipped off; feathers were lying all over the ground.

The little birds laughed and laughed, high up in the tree, and then they all flew away together.

"You're not a bird," they called, and it floated back to him on the wind. "You're not a bird, you're a bear."

He picked himself up and walked slowly through the forest. He felt very bad, and everything ached.

He rubbed his muzzle, and was glad that the clumsy beak wasn't tied to it any more. He picked the rest of the feathers off himself, and his fur felt soft and furry. He found a bush with some beautiful red berries on it. They looked good, and he went over and stripped some off and ate them. They were delicious—much, much nicer than the worms that birds had to eat—and he ran his tongue around his black muzzle and pulled off another bunch.

After a while he met another bear, just about his size, coming toward him in the forest. "Hello," said the other bear.

"Wuf, wuf," said the little black bear. And he thought, "I like the sound of that. It's much better than having to sing *do, re, mi, re, do* in a deep voice."

"Come and see what *I've* found," his new friend said.

He led him to a big tree and climbed it. "Follow me," he said, and the little black bear did. Up in the first crotch was a bee's nest and a big comb of honey.

"Oh," said the little black bear, "what a wonderful find!" He dipped his paw in the honeycomb and licked it. Then he dipped it in and licked it again.

"I'm *glad* I'm a bear," he said. "Who would want to be a bird, anyhow?"

Timid Timothy

THE KITTEN WHO LEARNED TO BE BRAVE

By Gweneira Williams

ONCE there was a little kitten named Timothy. He was black all over except for his four white paws and a little white bib under his chin. And he had two sets of black whiskers that stuck out fiercely from his face.

He looked like a big brave bold kitten. *But he wasn't.*

He was afraid of the rain on the roof. He was afraid of footsteps on the stairs. He was afraid of little mice. HE WAS AFRAID OF DOGS. So everyone called him Fraidycat. Everyone except his mother.

One day his mother said, "Timothy, you must learn to be a big brave bold kitten. We shall go to the zoo."

"Why?" asked Timothy, trembling.

"So I can teach you not to be afraid of other animals," said his mother, licking the fur the wrong way over his eye.

So they went to the zoo.

"Look at the lion," said his mother. "He won't hurt you. He's our cousin."

But Timothy shook with fright when the lion roared. "He's g-g-g-got big whiskers," he said. "B-b-bigger than mine!"

"Look at the bear," said his mother. "He's nice. He won't hurt you."

But Timothy shook with fright when the bear stood up on his hind legs. "He's g-g-g-got big claws," he said. "B-b-bigger than mine!"

"Look at the elephant," said his mother. "He's big but he's afraid of kittens."

But Timothy shook with fright when the elephant waved his trunk. "He's g-g-g-got a big nose," he said. "B-b-bigger than mine."

"Look at the rabbit," said his mother. "He's just a little bunny. He *can't* hurt you."

But Timothy shook with fright when the rabbit thumped his foot. "He's g-g-g-got big ears," he said. "B-b-bigger than mine!"

And Timothy ran all the way home.

His mother was very sad. "You must learn to be a big brave bold kitten," she said, blinking her big round eyes.

Timothy began to cry. "H-h-h-how?" he asked.

His mother said, "When you're afraid of anything, shoot out your whiskers . . . Hump your back and make your fur stand up on end. . . . Wave your tail . . . And say, loud as you can, 'P-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-t!' Like that. See?"

Timothy stood up. He shot out his whiskers. He humped his back and made his fur stand up on end. "P-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-t!" he said as loud as he could.

"That's fine," said his mother, licking the fur the wrong way over his eye. "Now go out and see how it works."

Timothy ran out of the house. He didn't meet a lion. He didn't meet a bear.

He didn't meet an elephant. He didn't even see a rabbit.

But after a while he came to a toy shop.

"Perhaps," he said to himself, "I can find something to be afraid of in here."

He walked right in. The shop was full of toy animals. But Timothy thought they were real. So he shot out his whiskers and humped his back. He made his fur stand on end and began to wave his tail. Trembling all over, he went up to a stuffed lion and said in a whisper, "P-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-t!"

He expected the lion to roar. But the lion didn't say anything.

So Timothy, trembling just a little, went up to a toy teddy bear and said a little louder, "P-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-t!"

He expected the teddy bear to stand up on his hind legs. But the bear sat still.

So Timothy, hardly trembling at all, went up to a toy elephant and said much louder, "P-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-t!"

He expected the elephant to wave his big trunk. But the elephant sat still.

So Timothy, not scared one bit, walked up to a cotton flannel bunny rabbit with pink ears and said as loud as he could, "P-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-t!"

He expected the rabbit to thump his foot. But the rabbit sat still and didn't do anything.

So Timothy strutted out of the toy shop and started to go home.

"I'm a big brave bold kitten," he said to himself, "and I'm not afraid of anything, anything, ANYTHING! P-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-T!"

Just then he met a dog. A real live dog. It wasn't a big dog. It wasn't even a middle-sized dog. It was just a little baby dog. But Timothy was frightened just the same. He was so scared he shook like a rattle.

Then he remembered what his mother had told him. So he shot out his whiskers, humped his back, and made his fur stand right up on end. He waved his tail and

said "P-s-s-s-s-s-t!" as loud as he could.

But he was so frightened he couldn't move.

The dog didn't run away. He walked right up to Timothy and sniffed at him. All over. His eyes got red. He began to growl. Timothy's whiskers almost fell off. Timothy shut his eyes tight and called for his mother, "M-i-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-o-w!"

The dog suddenly stood still. He looked scared to death. His eyes stopped being red. His tail went down between his legs. And then he turned and ran away as fast as he could.

Timothy was very surprised. "I scared a DOG!" he said.

He stuck out his chest. He waved his tail. And he strutted along home to tell his mother. He met her on the path by the next-door neighbor's garden.

"I'm a big, brave, bold kitten," he told her. "I scared a lion, and a bear, and an elephant, and a rabbit, and a DOG! I'm not afraid of ANYTHING!"

"That's fine," said his mother. "But . . ."

Then she stood still. Very still. They heard a humming noise. Like a top. Or maybe a small lion. It was very near. "B-z-z-z-z-z-z-z."

Timothy's mother picked him up by the scruff of his neck and ran home as fast as she could. When she put Timothy down, he was very angry. "Why did you run?" he asked in a big voice. "If it was a lion, I could have scared him. If it was a bear, I could have scared him. If it was an elephant, I could have scared him. Even if it was a dog, I could have scared him!"

"It wasn't a lion," said his mother. "It wasn't a bear. Nor an elephant. No indeed, or I would have let you scare them. It was BEES! THOUSANDS OF BEES!"

"Why didn't you let me scare them?" said Timothy.

"Because," said his mother, licking the fur the wrong way over his eye, "even if you are my big brave bold Timothy, you must learn not to go around LOOKING for trouble."

The Story of a Little Gray Mouse

By Dorothy Sherrill

ONCE upon a time there was a little gray mouse.

He lived with his mother and father and nine brothers and sisters in a funny little house in an attic. The house was really an old hatbox with a hat on top of it and a chimney sticking out of the hat.

One day the mother mouse said to the little mice, "Children, now that you are all growing up and aren't tiny baby mice any longer, this hatbox is getting very crowded. The time has come for you to go out into the world and find homes of your own."

And the father mouse, who had been reading his newspaper while the mother mouse was talking, put it down now and said to them, "Your mother is right. You are almost grown-up and must go find homes of your own. Good-by, be good little mice." And he patted them on their little gray heads.

So the children packed their toys and a clean necktie and a piece of cheese in a handkerchief, and they said good-by in their squeaky little voices. They promised to be good mice; and off they scampered to find homes of their own.

Now the little mouse that we are telling this story about ran outdoors with the others. But when he got outside he just couldn't decide where he wanted to live.

He walked very slowly down the road carrying his handkerchief bundle over his shoulder.

By and by he came to a pond that had lots of beautiful water-lilies in it. He sat down beside the pond to rest. And a big grandfather frog, who was perched on a log, said to him, "Gur-runk, gur-runk!" which is the way a frog says, "Where are you going, little mouse?"

When the little mouse told him that he was looking for a place to live, the old frog was very polite.

"Come here and live with me on this nice big brown log," he said.

"Thank you, I will," said the little mouse. And he jumped quickly from the shore to the log. But when he got on the log he didn't like it at all. It wobbled every time he moved, and it was very, very wet.

So the little mouse said politely to the old frog, "Thank you, but I don't really think logs are very good places for mice to live, although they may be lovely for frogs." And he jumped quickly back on to dry land and scampered down the road.

The little mouse ran and ran until he came under a big tree and heard a bird say, "Chirp, chirp, chirpee!" which is the way a bird says, "Where are you going, little mouse?"

When the little mouse told the bird that he was looking for a place to live, the

bird said politely, "Won't you come and live with me in my tree?"

"Thank you, I'd like to," said the little mouse. And he climbed up the tree.

But when the little mouse got into the tree, and night came and the wind blew and the tree rocked, he didn't like it at all. He wished he were back in his quiet home in the attic.

"Thank you," the little mouse whispered very softly so as not to wake up the bird who was sleeping soundly. "Nests in trees may be very nice for birds," he said, "but they're not very nice for me!" So he climbed down the tree and ran away.

He slept under a big stone that night. And in the morning, after eating some cheese for breakfast, he began to walk along the road again. Pretty soon he came

to a sign that read, "This Way to the City."

"Goody!" he said out loud in his squeaky little voice. "I'll go to the city. Maybe I will find a place to live there." So he walked very fast until he came to the big buildings of the city. They looked awfully big to him. "Gracious me!" he squeaked. "Wouldn't it be terrible if they toppled over on me!"

And he began to feel very little and lonely.

Just then he saw a cellar doorway. It was open and the cellar looked nice and warm and safe inside. "I think I'll go in there and build a nest," said the little mouse. So he went in and closed the door behind him.

It was very nice in the cellar and the little mouse was pleased with it. He hunted around for some old rags and wood shavings and began to build a nest in a warm dark corner.

He was so very busy building his nest that he didn't see a pussy cat that came crawling toward him out of the coal bin.

The little mouse went right on building, and kitty came nearer and nearer. Until what do you think happened? Pussy stepped on a piece of coal that rolled over and made a noise! And the mouse heard it! He looked around and saw the cat's big green eyes glaring at him.

The mouse jumped straight up in the air! Kitty jumped too, but missed him. "Mercy!" squeaked the little mouse, "I won't stay here!"

"Yes you will!" Pussy cried.

"No I won't!" squeaked the mouse, running to the door and slipping safely out through a hole under it.

Of course, the kitty was too big to go through the hole.

So the little mouse got away and ran as fast as ever he could down the street.

He ran right out of the city, past the

big tree where the bird lived, past the pond where the frog was. He ran and ran until he came to the house that had the attic where his mother and father lived.

He was so happy to see it again that he said, "Why did I try to go so far away from home to find a place to live? I can build myself a fine nest in a corner of that big attic right near my mother and father!"

And what do you think he saw when he got there? His nine brothers and sisters —who hadn't been able to find any other place they liked for a home either—all building nests in different parts of the attic!

Those little mice were so glad to be together again that they all took hands and danced round and round in a circle with their father and mother in the middle. And after their dance they had a fine picnic on bread and cheese. And they never left their home again.

The Shy Little Horse

By Margaret Wise Brown

ONCE upon a time in a barnyard there was a shy little horse. Every time he heard anyone coming, he ran away. Not so the donkey, not so the pig.

The old gray donkey rolled his eyes and lowered his head, put forward his ears, and then trotted over to see who the visitor was. And the old fat pig, if she wasn't eating, wallowed over to the side of her pen and grunted at the visitor. But the little horse was shy. He galloped away and his mother galloped with him to the far end of the field.

Then one day a visitor came to the barnyard. The visitor was a tall man with a mustache.

The donkey saw him coming and ran to the fence and stuck forward his long ears and rolled his big brown jack-rabbit eyes. But the visitor didn't pay any attention to the donkey. The old pig blinked at him, and the chickens scratched about as though there were only chickens in the barnyard. But the visitor didn't even see the old pig and the chickens. The visitor was looking at the shy little horse.

And that shy little horse just lowered his head and kicked up his heels and galloped away.

Now this visitor had come just to see the shy little horse. But every time the man got near him, the little horse kicked up his heels and away he flew across the field. And his mother galloped with him and stayed by his side.

But the tall man with the mustache knew a lot about shy little horses. So he just went and leaned against the fence and whistled away to himself and didn't look at the shy little horse any more.

Now that funny little horse saw the man do this and he heard him whistling.

The shy little horse lowered his head and nibbled the green grass. The man didn't move and kept on whistling. The shy little horse kicked up his heels and ran farther down the field and nibbled some more grass and peeked at the man. The man didn't move and kept on whistling. Then the shy little horse nibbled some grass nearer to the man. The man didn't move and kept on whistling. What a funny man, thought the shy little horse. Why doesn't he chase me and try to get

me in a corner and put a halter over my head? The man didn't move and kept on whistling.

By this time the little horse was so curious he was nearly popping inside. He had never seen a man like this before. All the other men had chased him into a corner and caught him and put a halter over his head. He was quite near to the man now, and he stood there ready to leap away and gallop to the far ends of the field. The man didn't move and kept on whistling. The shy little horse nosed nearer and nearer. The whistling tickled his ears in a way he liked. And he liked the man to stand so still he could get a good look at him.

Then the man moved just a tiny little bit. He uncurled his fingers, and on the palm of his hand were two square lumps of sugar. The shy little horse's mother stepped nearer to the man, almost right up to him. The man didn't move and kept on whistling. This was a wonderful thing. The old mother horse stepped right up to the man and buried her nose in his hand and took one lump of sugar and stepped back and chewed it. Then she stepped up and took the other lump of sugar. The man didn't move and kept on whistling. Then after a while he walked out of the field the way he had come and went away.

The next day he came back, and he stood there whistling and he gave the mother horse another lump of sugar. The third day when he came, he walked right over to the mother horse and put a halter over her head and gave her a lump of sugar. Then he led her out of the field, and the shy little horse followed after, close to his mother's side. The man led the mother horse and the shy little horse right down the road where the little horse had never been before.

Way down the road they went, until they came to a small dirt road. The man turned up the dirt road, and the shy little horse's brand new hooves didn't make clicking noises any more on the dirt, they

just made soft little thuds. They went up the dirt road to a long white house with a big white stable with green doors and windows.

And out from the house came a shy little boy and looked at the shy little horse.

For the tall man with the mustache was the father of the shy little boy, and he had bought the shy little horse for the little boy's very own. The little boy's mother came out of the house and said what a beautiful young horse it was. And the little boy said, "Some day I will ride him."

It wasn't so long before the shy little boy had taught the shy little horse to eat sugar out of his own hand. And the shy little horse and the shy little boy grew up together, and it wasn't long—maybe a year or two, for there was plenty of time—before the little boy had grown old enough to ride the shy little horse and the shy little horse had grown large enough to carry the little boy on his back.

They rode all over the country, the boy and his horse, and after a while they weren't even shy any more. They jumped fences and galloped across the green grassy fields.

Peppi and the Custard

By Rhea Wells

PEPPI was a duck. Mud puddles were Peppi's chief joy in life. Whenever it rained, he would go splashing around in all the puddles he could find. It was so much fun to jump into them and see the water go flying up as his big yellow feet came plunk down on it. Peppi always went barefooted, because, if he wore shoes, he couldn't wade in the puddles.

When there had been no rain for a long time, Peppi would wait by the fountain until someone came for water. Usually some water would be spilled on the ground. Then Peppi would prance around in the puddle and pretend it was a real rain puddle. This was one of the games which he liked best.

Sometimes Peppi would take long walks in the fields outside of the walls. If he went too far, his feet would grow very tired, and then he always thought of the puddles by the fountain and wished he had one with him. He would watch the boys working in the fields and think how much nicer it was not to wear shoes. These boys wore shoes. Boys had funny feet, too, with five toes on them.

One afternoon Peppi took a very long walk. He met a little field mouse who played hide-and-seek with him in a potato field. They had such a good time that Peppi forgot to turn back until nearly dark. The shortest way home led through a dry, stubbly field. Peppi hurried along,

although it hurt to step on the sharp stubble.

When he got home, his feet were terribly tired and he wanted his supper. But as he reached the kitchen door, he was much disappointed to find that the duck family had already eaten and gone to sleep.

While he stood there, hungry and thinking how his feet ached, he saw something. Sitting on the ground beside the kitchen door was a big yellow custard which the cook had put there to cool. Peppi came nearer. How nice it looked. "It must be very soft," thought Peppi. "Next to a nice mud puddle, a custard would be the finest thing in the world to rest one's feet in."

Peppi hesitated for just a second. Then he stepped into the pan. It felt so soft and comfortable. It was warm and smelled of vanilla and nutmeg. Peppi took a taste of the custard. It was very good. One taste was not enough, it was so good. He kept on eating and eating. When he was quite full, the cook came to the door to see how her custard was. She was much surprised to see a little yellow duck standing in the middle of it. "Go away, go away!" she screamed. "You are a naughty little duck and you have spoiled my custard!" the cook was very angry. "For that you get no supper!"

Peppi climbed out of the pan of custard and waddled across the courtyard. He crept under the lilac bushes and went to sleep without his supper but very full of yellow custard.

HOW TO GET BREAKFAST

Said the first little chick,
With a queer little squirm,
"I wish I could find
A fat little worm."

Said the next little chick,
With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little bug."

Said the third little chick,
With a shrill little squeal,
"I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chick,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A little green leaf."

"See here," clucked their mother,
From the near garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast
Just come here and scratch."

Watch Me!

By Inez Hogan

ONCE there was a little black bear who liked to show off.

He could roll and tumble and turn somersaults. And he would always say, "Watch ME! see what I can do."

His little sister watched him and tried to do the same things.

The mother bear watched too. One day she called her cubs to her and said, "It's about time you learned to climb a tree, come with me."

Blacky and his little sister followed Mother Bear. She led them to a tree. First she gave Blacky a boost to start him up. Blacky held on with his claws. Mother Bear gave him another boost and up he went, hugging the tree trunk.

Then Mother Bear pushed little sister. But she was afraid and began to squeal.

"Watch ME!" shouted Blacky.

"Watch ME! Watch me!
I'm climbing a TREE!"

He looked down to see if they were watching and he lost his hold and fell "Bump!" right on top of Mother Bear.

"Try again," said Mother Bear, "and this time watch what you're doing and

don't try to show off."

At last both cubs learned to climb. Blacky was so pleased with himself that he stopped playing roll and tumble and spent all his time climbing.

"I'm climbing," said Blacky. "Watch me, I'll show you how to climb."

"You'll show ME how to climb!" said the squirrel. "I can climb better than you can.

At first he climbed only little trees, but one day Blacky looked around for the tallest tree he could find and he said to his little sister:

"Watch ME! Watch me!
I'll climb a BIG TREE."

When he was half way up Blacky stopped to rest and he shouted:

"Look at ME! Look at ME!
Half way up in the TREE."

And someone was looking at him.

It was a little gray squirrel sitting on a branch.

"What are you doing up here?" asked Blacky.

"I live in the tree," said the squirrel. "What are *you* doing up here?"

"I'll race you to the top of the tree."

"Let's go," said Blacky.

The squirrel leaped from branch to branch.

"I can do that," said Blacky. "Watch me!"

But there was no one to watch because the squirrel was out of sight in the top-most branches of the tree.

Blacky tried to leap like the squirrel but when he let go of the tree trunk he found himself going down instead of up. And he would have landed with a bump on the ground if he hadn't got caught in the fork of the tree.

"Ow-ow-oo," screamed the bear cub and he pulled his nose out of the raccoon's hole and scampered up the tree again.

This time he didn't stop climbing until he reached the top of the tree. Then he shouted:

"Look at ME!
Look at ME!
In the TOP
Of the TREE."

And a tiny little bird *was* looking at him.

"What are you doing up here?" asked Blacky.

"I live in the treetop," said the bird.

"You're so tiny," said Blacky. "What kind of a bird are you?"

"I'm a chick-a-dee," said the little bird.

"Can you climb, Chick-a-dee?" said the little black bear.

"No," said the chick-a-dee, "but I can fly."

"Well," said Blacky, "you just

"Watch ME! Watch me!
Watch me, chick-a-dee."

Blacky climbed out on the limb where the tiny bird was perched.

The chick-a-dee hopped out to the tip of the branch.

"You'd better not come out here," said the tiny bird. "You're too big, the branch will break. Now you watch what I can do."

And the tiny bird twirled 'round and 'round on a twig way out at the end of the branch.

"I can do that too," said Blacky.

"Watch ME, Chick-a-dee,
Now you watch ME."

Blacky crawled further out on the branch and tried to twirl but—the branch broke—the chick-a-dee flew up and the little black bear went hurtling down.

Down—down—down—turning somersaults in the air—Crash! through the branches—Crash! Bang! BUMP! on the ground.

Blacky couldn't even scream—all the wind was knocked out of him.

But Mother Bear heard the thump and came running, with little sister close behind. She nosed around her cub and licked him and rolled him over.

Little Sister began to cry.

And then Blacky's breath came back and he began to cry too.

Then Mother Bear walked away to the cave where they lived. Little sister followed and Blacky came limping along. He was a very sore little cub and he had a big bump on his head.

And after that the little black bear didn't show off so much—at least he didn't try to leap like a squirrel or do chick-a-dee tricks in the top of a tree.

There Was Tammie

By Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan

"Who is ready to go on a picnic?" Mother called, one fine morning.

It was exactly the sort of day for a surprise—a pleasant surprise, like a picnic.

"I am."

"I am."

"Bow-wow."

"I am."

Sally, Peter, Tammie and Little George all ran to Mother, who was waiting beside their car.

Mother lifted little George onto the front seat.

"George and I will ride here," she said.

"And Fussy, too?" he asked.

"And Fussy, too," Mother agreed.

"Sally and Peter, you hop in the back. But watch out for the chocolate cake on the seat." So Sally and Peter climbed into the back seat most carefully and sat one on either side of the cake.

"Now," said Mother, "have we forgotten anything? Chocolate cake, big umbrella, red striped cushion and my new book. Picnic basket, Thermos bottle, old fringed rug and Fussy. Little George, Sally, Peter—"

"And Tammie," shouted all the children together.

"Oh, no!" Mother objected. "I do not see how we can possibly fit Tammie in, too. We will have to leave him at home this time. You stay home, like a good dog, Tammie."

So, a little sadly, they all drove off for the picnic and left poor Tammie standing alone.

They had turned at the gate and started down the street when little George's hat blew off.

Mother stopped the car and waited while Peter climbed out and ran back to get it.

Sitting beside the hat and looking very pleased with himself—

there was Tammie!

Peter picked up the hat and ordered, *quite* firmly, "Go home, Tammie, old boy."

Tammie started home. Every few steps

he turned around and *looked* at Peter.

Peter walked slowly back to the car, put little George's hat on his head again and climbed in beside the chocolate cake.

They drove on to the grocery store. Mother stopped the car across the street. She wanted to buy some animal crackers for little George. "We will save some of them for Tammie," she promised as she started away to the store.

"I will save a whole elephant for Tammie," called little George.

When Mother came out with the crackers—there, wagging his tail and looking hopefully up at her, THERE WAS TAMMIE!

Mother shook her finger at him and spoke very firmly. "You can*not* come with us. GO HOME, TAMMIE!"

Tammie turned toward home.

Mother drove on to the gas station on the next corner.

After the service man had filled the tank of their automobile with gasoline and put air in the back tires, he came around to Mother.

"Is this your dog, Lady?" he asked. "He was on the step of your car." The man held out his arms and—THERE WAS TAMMIE!

"Yes, thank you," Mother answered. "That is our Tammas. He is a very bad dog."

Being a Scotch dog, his real name is Tammas but Mother only calls him so when she is *very* stern.

The gas station man put Tammas down and Mother said, *very* sternly, "GO HOME, TAMMAS!"

The poor little fellow turned toward home—l-o-o-k-i-n-g back at every step.

Mother, Sally, Peter and Little George drove out into the country. So many of the things that they passed made the children think of Tammie.

They passed a sparkling brook. Tammie would have loved to splash there with those three ducks who were marching down for a swim.

They passed Tammie's special dog friends, Michael and Patsy, trotting back from having fun. Tammie liked to go places, too.

They passed three saucy squirrels sitting by the roadside, their cheeks round with nuts. Tammie would have chased them quickly up a tree.

They passed a boy on a bicycle, with two dogs running gayly along beside him. Tammie would have barked at them, if only he had been there.

And Tammie would have barked, too, at all the honking horns on the automobiles that passed by—if only *he* had come on the picnic instead of the chocolate cake!

Tammie loved to bark at honking horns.

They turned down a little lane where it was very quiet until

HONK! HONK!

sounded behind them.

Then

HONK! HONK!

HONK! HONK!

nearer and louder.

HONK! HONK!

The car passed them.

A large man was driving it and sitting beside him, looking at them out of the window—

THERE WAS TAMMIE!

The large man was Mr. Beam, their next-door neighbor.

"I guess that you forgot your Tammie," he said. "I found him back at the gas station. We have had a chase to catch you."

Tammas looked at Mother.

Mother looked at Tammas.

"Well," said Mother. "Here he is!"

"Well," said Mother again—"Thank you, Mr. Beam. Jump in Tammie"—So

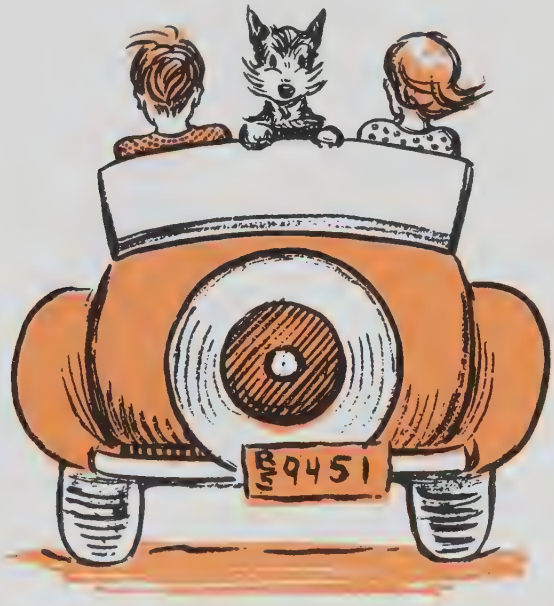
Happily, they drove on for the picnic.

The chocolate cake was on the floor and tucked in between Sally and Peter on the seat—

THERE

WAS

TAMMIE!



Why Jimmy Skunk Wears Stripes

By Thornton W. Burgess

JIMMY SKUNK, as everybody knows, wears a striped suit, a suit of black and white. There was a time, long, long ago, when all the Skunk family wore black. Very handsome their coats were, too, a beautiful glossy black. They were very, very proud of them, and took the greatest care of them, brushing them carefully ever so many times a day.

There was a Jimmy Skunk then, just as there is now, and he was head of all the Skunk family. Now, this Jimmy Skunk was very proud, and thought himself very much of a gentleman. He was very independent, and cared for no one. Like a great many other independent people, he did not always consider the rights of others. Indeed, it was hinted in the wood and on the Green Meadows that not all of Jimmy Skunk's doings would bear the light of day. It was openly said that he was altogether too fond of prowling about at night, but no one could prove that he was responsible for mischief done in the night, for no one saw him. You see his coat was so black that in the darkness of the night it was not visible at all.

Now, about this time of which I am telling you, Mrs. Ruffed Grouse made a nest at the foot of the Great Pine, and in it she laid fifteen beautiful buff eggs. Mrs. Grouse was very happy, very happy indeed, and all the little meadow folks who knew of her happiness were happy, too, for they all loved shy, demure, little Mrs. Grouse. Every morning when Peter Rabbit trotted down the Lone Little Path through the wood past the Great Pine he would stop for a few minutes to chat with Mrs. Grouse. Happy Jack Squirrel would bring her the news every afternoon. The Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind would run up a dozen times a day to see how she was getting along.

One morning Peter Rabbit, coming down the Lone Little Path for his usual morning call, found a terrible state of affairs. Poor little Mrs. Grouse was heartbroken. All about the foot of the Great Pine lay the empty shells of her beauti-

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ful eggs. They had been broken and scattered this way and that.

"How did it happen?" asked Peter Rabbit.

"I don't know," sobbed poor little Mrs. Grouse. "In the night when I was fast asleep something pounced upon me. I managed to get away and fly up in the top of the Great Pine. In the morning I found all my eggs broken, just as you see them here."

Peter Rabbit looked the ground over very carefully. He hunted around behind the Great Pine, he looked under the bushes, he studied the ground with a very wise air. Then he hopped off down the Lone Little Path to the Green Meadows. He stopped at the house of Johnny Chuck.

"What makes your eyes so big and round?" asked Johnny Chuck. Peter Rabbit came very close so as to whisper in Johnny Chuck's ear, and told him all that he had seen. Together they went to Jimmy Skunk's house. Jimmy Skunk was in bed. He was very sleepy and very cross when he came to the door. Peter Rabbit told him what he had seen.

"Too bad! Too bad!" said Jimmy Skunk, and yawned sleepily.

"Won't you join us in trying to find out who did it?" asked Johnny Chuck.

Jimmy Skunk said he would be delighted to come, but that he had some other business that morning and he would join them in the afternoon. Peter Rabbit and Johnny Chuck went on. Pretty soon they met the Merry Little Breezes and told them the dreadful story.

"What shall we do?" asked Johnny Chuck.

"We'll hurry over and tell Old Dame Nature," cried the Merry Little Breezes, "and ask her what to do."

So away flew the Merry Little Breezes to Old Dame Nature and told her all the dreadful story. Old Dame Nature listened very attentively. Then she sent the Merry Little Breezes to all the little meadow folks to tell everyone to be at the Great Pine that afternoon. Now, whatever Old Dame Nature commanded, all the little meadow folks were obliged to do. They did not dare to disobey her.

Promptly at 4 o'clock that afternoon all the little meadow folks were gathered around the foot of the Great Pine. Brokenhearted little Mrs. Ruffed Grouse sat beside her empty nest, with all the broken shells about her.

Reddy Fox, Peter Rabbit, Johnny Chuck, Billy Mink, Little Joe Otter, Jerry Muskrat, Hooty the Owl, Bobby Coon, Sammy Jay, Blacky the Crow, Grandfather Frog, Mr. Toad, Spotty the Turtle, the Merry Little Breezes, all were

there. Last of all came Jimmy Skunk. Very handsome he looked in his shining black coat, and very sorry he appeared that such a dreadful thing should have happened. He told Mrs. Grouse how badly he felt, and he loudly demanded that the culprit should be run down without delay and severely punished.

Old Dame Nature has the most smiling face in the world, but this time it was very, very grave indeed. First she asked little Mrs. Grouse to tell her story all over again that all might hear. Then each in turn was asked to tell where he had been the night before. Johnny Chuck, Happy Jack Squirrel, Striped Chipmunk, Sammy Jay, and Blacky the Crow had gone to bed when Mr. Sun went down behind the Purple Hills. Jerry Muskrat, Billy Mink, Little Joe Otter, Grandfather Frog, and Spotty the Turtle had been down in Farmer Brown's cornfield. Hooty the Owl had been hunting in the lower end of the Green Meadows. Peter Rabbit had been down in the Berry Patch. Mr. Toad had been under the big piece of bark which he called a house. Old Dame Nature called on Jimmy Skunk last of all. Jimmy protested that he had been very, very tired and had gone to bed very early indeed, and had slept the whole night through.

Then Old Dame Nature asked Peter Rabbit what he had found among the shells that morning.

Peter Rabbit hopped out and laid three long black hairs before Old Dame Nature. "These," said Peter Rabbit, "are what I found among the egg shells."

Then Old Dame Nature called Johnny Chuck, "Tell us, Johnny Chuck," said she, "what you saw when you called at Jimmy Skunk's house this morning."

"I saw Jimmy Skunk," said Johnny Chuck, "and Jimmy seemed very, very sleepy. It seemed to me that his whiskers were yellow."

"That will do," said Old Dame Nature, and she called Old Mother West Wind.

"What time did you come down on the Green Meadows this morning?" asked Old Dame Nature.

"Just at the break of day," said Old Mother West Wind, "as Mr. Sun was coming up from behind the Purple Hills."

"And whom did you see so early in the morning?" asked old Dame Nature.

"I saw Bobby Coon going home from old Farmer Brown's cornfield," said Old Mother West Wind. "I saw Hooty the Owl coming back from the lower end of the Green Meadows. I saw Peter Rabbit down in the Berry Patch. Last of all, I saw something like a black shadow coming down the Lone Little Path toward the house of Jimmy Skunk."

Everyone was looking very hard at Jimmy Skunk. Jimmy began to look very unhappy and very uneasy.

"Who wears a black coat?" asked Dame Nature.

"Jimmy Skunk!" shouted all the little meadow folks.

"What might make whiskers yellow?" asked Old Dame Nature.

No one seemed to know at first. Then Peter Rabbit spoke up. "It might be the yolk of an egg," said Peter Rabbit.

"Who are likely to be sleepy on a bright sunny morning?" asked Old Dame Nature.

"People who have been out all night," said Johnny Chuck, who himself always goes to bed with the sun.

"Jimmy Skunk," said Old Dame Nature, and her voice was very stern, very stern indeed, and her face was very grave. "Jimmy Skunk, I accuse you of having broken and eaten the eggs of Mrs. Grouse. What have you to say for yourself?"

Jimmy Skunk hung his head. He hadn't a word to say. He just wanted to sneak away by himself.

"Jimmy Skunk," said Old Dame Nature, "because your handsome black coat, of which you are so proud, has made it possible for you to move about in the night without being seen, and because we can no longer trust you upon your honor, henceforth you and your descendants shall wear a striped coat which is the sign that you cannot be trusted. Your coat hereafter shall be black and white, that will always be visible."

And this is why to this day Jimmy Skunk wears a striped suit of black and white.

The Barnyard

By Maud Burnham

When the farmer's day is done,
In the barnyard every one,
Beast and bird, politely say,
"Thank you for my food today."

The cow says "Moo!"
The pigeon "Coo!"
The sheep says "Baa!"
The lamb says "Maa!"
The hen: "Cluck! Cluck!"
"Quack! Quack!" the duck.
The dog: "Bow Wow!"

The cat: "Meow!"
The horse says "Neigh!
I love sweet hay!"
The pig near by
Grunts in his sty.

When the barn is locked up tight,
Then the Farmer says, "Good night!"
Thanks his animals, every one,
For the day's work now is done.

The Cat Who Thought He Was a Mouse

By Miriam Norton

MICKEY began life in quite the usual way. He was a tiny gray kitten with white whiskers and a few black stripes on his chest. He had no name, of course, when he was born, and he was born as all cats are, with his eyes closed.

By the time Mickey's eyes were open, his strange story had begun. He was lost from his parents and brothers, he had found a new family far away, and he had been named Mickey. His new home was a nest of dried grasses and leaves in a vacant lot. His foster family was a mouse family—the Miggses.

Mother Miggs had not wanted to take in the tiny kitten that stumbled blindly into their nest, but the Miggs sisters and their brother Lester had insisted. Father Miggs gave Mickey his name later on.

"We will bring him up to be a good mouse," Father said. "Mickey is a good mouse's name. He need never find out he is really a cat. You'll see, he'll be a credit to the family."

And so Mickey, the kitten, grew up thinking he was another mouse just like his foster parents and family. His first few weeks with the Miggses he learned to eat all kinds of seeds and insects, to drink rainwater from puddles, and to sleep in a cosy pile of brother and sister mice. Later in the summer he roamed around the neighborhood, lunching at garbage pails and on scraps that fell along back alleys. Father Miggs showed him his first tomcat, at a safe distance, and warned him of the dangers of all cats, dogs, and people.

"And the worst thing of all," Mother Miggs said, "is a mousetrap. You'll have

to learn about mousetraps when we move indoors." The house they chose to move into was rather rickety.

"Large pantries in these old houses, you know," said Father.

"And lots of space between walls and holes in the woodwork," said Mother.

After they arrived, Mother Miggs, the sisters, Lester, and Mickey stayed huddled together in a corner of the cellar under some old rags while Father made a tour of inspection. He came back with joyful news.

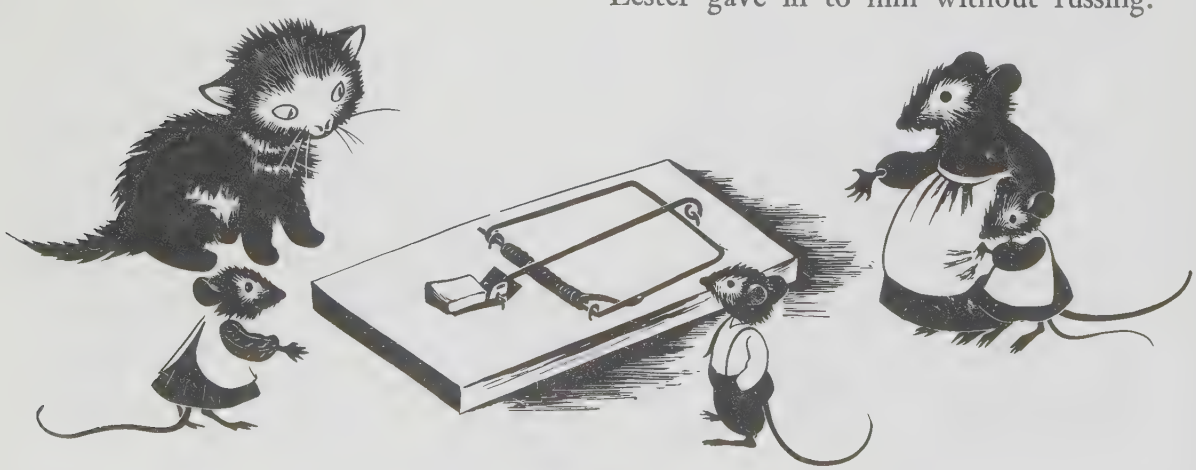
He had found two other mouse families for company, and instead of only one or two pantries there were four! The house was really four apartments, each with its own kitchen and pantry. Only one of the apartments had a cat! And that apartment, on the ground floor, also had two young children. There were cheese crumbs in three of the pantries. And in a wastebasket on the ground floor Father Miggs had already found a partly eaten piece of candy.

Traps were set only in the two upper apartments, he added with glee.

For several days after settling down in their new home, the sisters, Lester and Mickey didn't get around much. When they did leave their nest—in the ceiling beams just over the furnace, for warmth—they trailed Mother Miggs cautiously through the walls and came out only in the Safe Apartment on the second floor. This apartment had neither cat nor traps, but it didn't have much in the way of cheese bits either. The people who lived in it seemed to eat nothing but soy beans and salads and kept their floors very well swept, too. But it was fun to tumble around among shoes in the closet and scuffle in the crackling wastepaper baskets.

"I think," said Mother Miggs at last, "today I'll show you a set mousetrap and give you your first lesson in stealing bait."

Mickey turned out to be rather clumsy at this, so he was forbidden to do any bait-stealing and had to depend on sharing what Lester found. But as he was growing bigger and bigger all the time, Lester gave in to him without fussing.



Lester and the sisters by this time realized that their foster brother was really a cat, but knew Mickey was different from other cats and as long as he himself never discovered his catness, they would all be safe and happy.

And so Mickey Miggs grew, becoming a better mouse all the time and enjoying his life. He loved cheese, bacon, and cake crumbs. He developed a flair for potato skins and led the sisters and Lester straight to them every time.

"A nutritious and uncatlike food," said Mother Miggs to Father Miggs, approvingly. "Mickey is doing well."

"He'll be a credit to us yet," said Father, pleased.

Mickey was also of great help in fooling the cat on the first floor. He practiced up on meowing (usually, of course, he squeaked) and became what he thought was amazingly clever at *imitating* a cat. He would hide in a dark corner and then "Meow, meow!" he'd cry.

Hazel, the cat, would poke around, leaving the pantry shelves unguarded while she looked for the other cat. That gave Lester and his sisters a chance to make a raid on the leftovers.

Poor Hazel was completely baffled. She knew she heard another cat. She smelled another cat. And sometimes she even caught sight of a cat's eyes glittering yellow in a corner. But no cat ever came out to meet her. How could she know that Mickey didn't know he was a cat at all and that he feared Hazel as much as the mousiest mouse would!

One sunny morning, as Mickey lazily played in a warm clutter of wastebasket scraps on the ground floor, a frightening thing happened.

A voice said, "Maybe we dropped it in the basket."

Next, a small hand plunged into the

wastebasket, ruffled the papers near Mickey, and then *touched* him.

"*Ee-eeeeeeek!*" Mickey squeaked shrilly and leaped wildly out onto the floor. He ran in terror from the danger of human beings, dashing along the walls of the room looking for a mousehole—oh, where was that hole?

The two children, Peggy and Paul, expecting a mouse, were astounded to see a half-grown kitten scrambling around, squeaking and scuttling for all the world like a mouse.

Mickey found his hole and disappeared, leaving Peggy and Paul open-mouthed as they looked unbelievingly at the small hole he had gone through.

"It was a kitten," said Peggy.

"It sounded like a mouse," said Paul.

"And acted like a mouse," said Peggy.

"It was an awfully cute little kitten, too," said Paul.

"Do you suppose we could tame it?" asked Peggy.

That night, as Mickey came out of his hole into the children's bedroom, he nearly tripped over something lying right there in front of him. He sniffed at it curiously. It was a dish, and in the dish was something to drink.

"What is it?" asked Mickey.

Lester didn't know, but timidly drank a little. "No good," he said.

Mickey tried it, tried some more, then some more and some more and more and *more*—until it was all gone.

"Mmmmmmmm!" he said. "What wonderful stuff!"

"It's probably poison and you'll get sick," said Lester disgustedly.

But it wasn't poison, and Mickey felt a lovely feeling in his stomach from drinking it.

What was it? Milk, of course. And every night that week, Mickey found a saucer of milk outside that particular hole. He eagerly lapped up every drop.

"He drank it, he drank it!" cried Peggy and Paul happily each morning.

They began to set out a saucerful in the daytime too.

At first Mickey would drink the milk only when he was sure the children were out playing. Soon he grew bold enough to lap at it quickly when they were just out of their room for short times. Then, one afternoon, as he was enjoying the milk, he happened to look up.

There in the doorway stood the children, quietly watching him.

Mickey froze in fright.

He crouched, ready to spring away in case they should come closer, yet in a position to drink more milk. Quickly he finished the saucerful, watching the children carefully. They never moved. The minute the last drop was gone, he darted away through his hole.

This was Mickey's first experience of friendliness with the children. And slowly, after many more such times, he began to trust them.

He began to allow them to come nearer, and nearer, and nearer still.

Then one day he found himself scooped up and held in Peggy's arms.

"You darling little kitten," she said softly. "Don't be afraid of us. We won't hurt you. We love cats."

Mickey found that he wasn't scared. He felt fine. He felt cosy and at home in Peggy's arms. He loved it.

From the inside of his ribs he felt a queer sound well up. It rumbled up his back and all through him. It was Mickey's first purr.

Later Peggy and Paul took Mickey to a shiny glass on the wall and held him close in front of it.

"Look," said Paul, "that's *you!*"

Mickey, who had never seen a mirror, saw a cat staring at him, a gray cat with black stripes across its chest.

He tried to jump out of Paul's arms. Then he saw *Paul* in the mirror, holding the gray cat, and he saw that the gray cat was trying to jump, just as he, Mickey Miggs, was trying to jump.

"What is happening?" wondered trembling Mickey. "Who is in Paul's arms?"

Mickey began to cry in fear and bewilderment. And his cry, instead of being a squeak, was a meow. He cried louder.

Mickey heard himself *caterwaul.*

"You're a cat, not a mouse!" said Peggy.

Finally Mickey began to understand that he was not a mouse like Lester and the sisters, but a cat like Hazel.

He stayed with Peggy and Paul that night, trying not to be afraid of his own cat-self. He still didn't quite believe it all, however, and next morning he crept back through his old hole, to Mother Miggs.

"Am I really a cat?" he cried.

"Yes," said Mother Miggs sadly. And she told him the whole story of his adoption and upbringing as a mouse.

"We loved you and wanted you to love us," she explained. "It was the only safe and fair way to bring you up."

After talking with Mother Miggs, Mickey decided to be a cat in all ways.

He now lives with Peggy and Paul, who also love him, and who can give him lots of good milk, and who aren't afraid of his purr or his meow.

Mickey can't really forget his upbringing, however. He takes an old toy rubber mouse of Peggy's to bed with him. He often visits the Miggses in the cellar nest, where he nibbles cheese tidbits and squeaks about old times.

And, of course, he sees to it that Hazel no longer prowls in the pantry at night.

"Oh, I'm so fat and stuffed from eating so much in Hazel's pantry," Father Miggs often says happily to Mother Miggs. "I always said our Mickey would be a credit to the family, and he is!"

The Horse Who Lived Upstairs

By Phyllis McGinley

THERE was once a horse named Joey who was discontented.

He was discontented because he didn't live in a red barn with a weathervane on top, and he didn't live in a green meadow where he could run about and kick up his heels.

Instead, he lived upstairs in a big brick building in New York.

Joey worked for Mr. Polaski who sold fruits and vegetables to city people.

Joey pulled the vegetable wagon through the city streets.

And in New York there isn't room for barns or meadows.

So every night when Joey came home, he stepped out from the shafts of the wagon, and into an elevator, and up he went to his stall on the fourth floor of the big brick building. It was a fine stall and Joey was very comfortable there. He had plenty of oats to eat and plenty of fresh straw to lie on.

He even had a window to look out of.

But still Joey was discontented.

"How I long to sip fresh water from a babbling brook!" he often exclaimed.

And then he would sniff discontentedly at the old bathtub near the elevator which served him as a watering trough.

It wasn't that he had to work hard. Mr. Polaski was kind to him and brought him home at five o'clock every day.

In the winter Joey had a blanket to wear on his back to keep him warm.

And in the summertime Mr. Polaski got him a hat to wear on his head to keep him cool.

And every day he had many interesting adventures. Sometimes he met a Policeman who gave him sugar.

Sometimes ladies patted him on the nose and fed him carrots.

He was introduced to the high-bred horses who drew the hansom cabs along the Plaza.

He saw the children playing in the playgrounds and the parks.

But it made no difference to Joey. "This is no life for a horse," he used to say to the Percheron who lived in the next stall to him. "We city horses don't know what real living is. I want to move to the country and sleep in a red barn with a weathervane on top, and kick up my heels in a green meadow."

So how happy he was when one day Mr. Polaski said to him, "Joey, I think I could sell more vegetables if I drove a truck. I will miss you, Joey, but you will like it on the farm where I am going to send you."

The next morning a big motor van rolled up. Joey got inside, and away he went to the country. Of course he said good-by to the Percheron. "Good-by,

Joey," called his friend. "I hope you will be contented on the farm."

When Joey reached the country, sure enough, there was the barn with its weathervane, and there was the meadow.

"This is the life!" cried Joey to himself. But poor Joey!

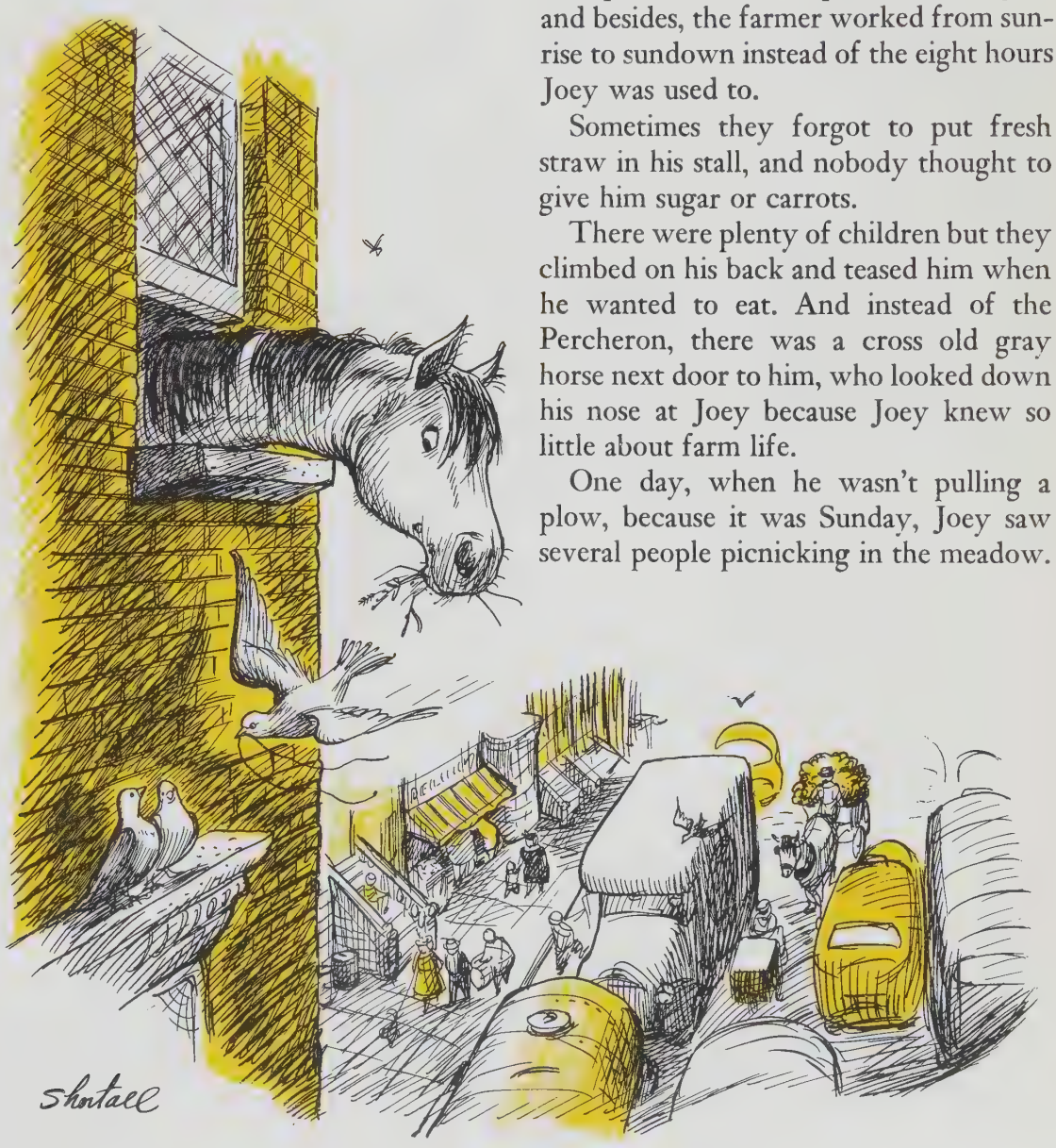
The barn was cold in winter and hot in summer. He didn't have a blanket and he didn't have a hat. And he had very little time to kick up his heels in the green meadow, for all day long he pulled a plow through the earth.

A plow is harder to pull than a wagon, and besides, the farmer worked from sunrise to sundown instead of the eight hours Joey was used to.

Sometimes they forgot to put fresh straw in his stall, and nobody thought to give him sugar or carrots.

There were plenty of children but they climbed on his back and teased him when he wanted to eat. And instead of the Percheron, there was a cross old gray horse next door to him, who looked down his nose at Joey because Joey knew so little about farm life.

One day, when he wasn't pulling a plow, because it was Sunday, Joey saw several people picnicking in the meadow.



He decided to join them, for they looked as if they came from the City, and he thought they might have a lump of sugar in one of their pockets.

When he reached the spot they had gone for a walk, so he ate up their lunch.

When they came back, they were very angry and Joey was shut up in his stall for the rest of the day. He didn't even have a window to look out of.

He was lonely for his friends, the Policeman, and the ladies who patted him on the nose.

He was lonely for the high-bred horses, and all the interesting sights of the City.

"I don't think I belong in the country after all," sighed Joey. "I am now more discontented than ever."

Next day he heard the honk of a horn. He looked from the door of the barn, and whom should he see but Mr. Polaski, getting out of the truck!

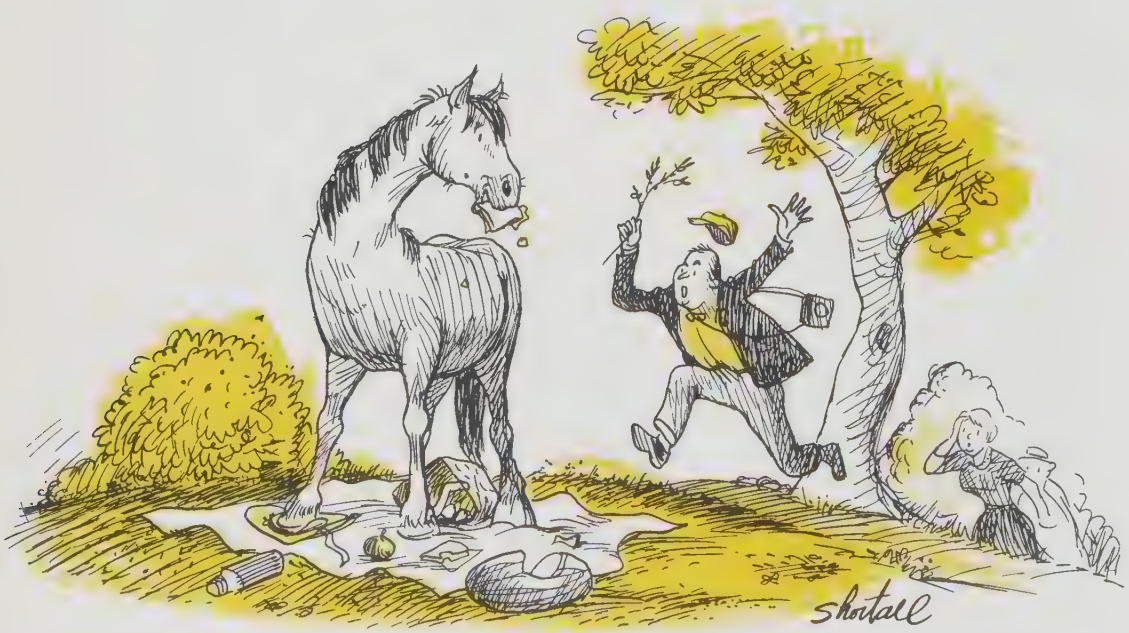
"I have come for Joey," Mr. Polaski told the farmer. "I cannot get any more tires for my truck, so I think I will sell fruit and vegetables from my wagon again."

My goodness, but Joey was happy!

He went back to the City with Mr. Polaski and got into the elevator and up he went to the fourth floor of the big brick building. There was his stall, and there was the window for him to look out of.

And there was the friendly Percheron.

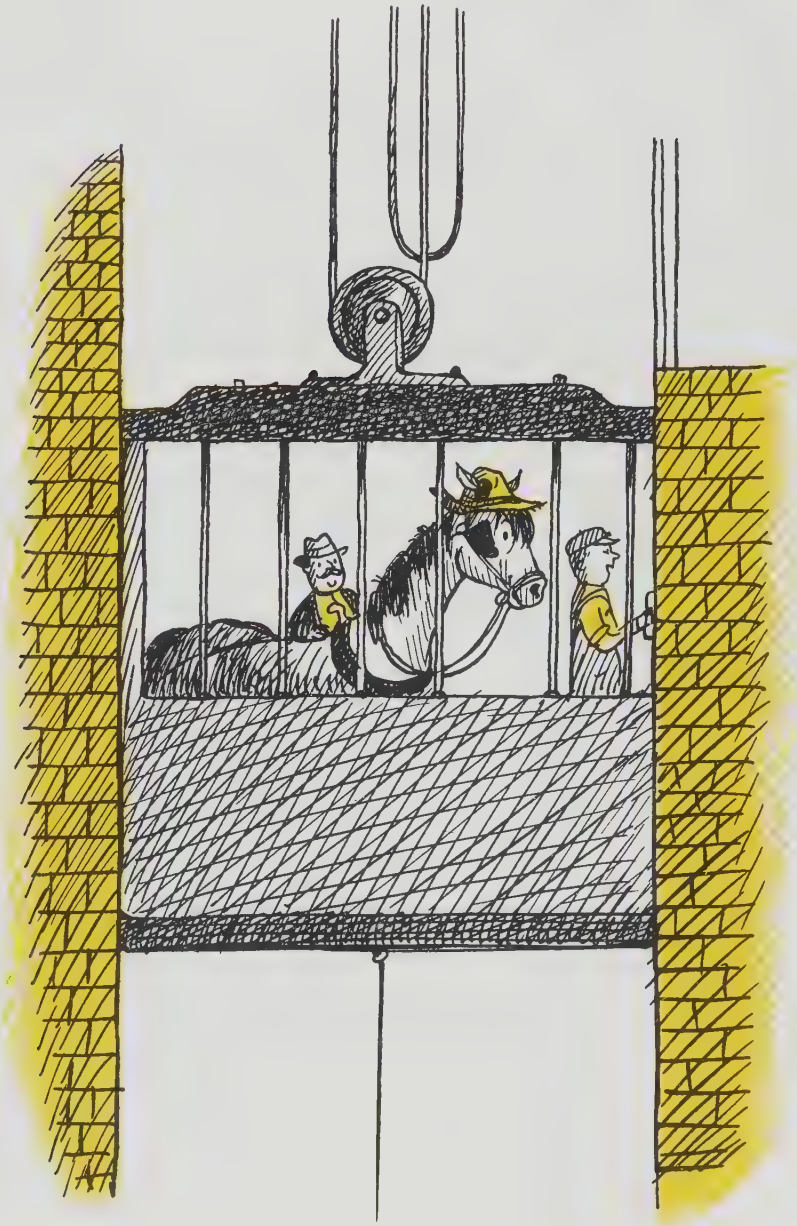
"Welcome back, Joey," exclaimed the Percheron. "I have missed you. The Policeman has missed you. The lady customers have missed you, and so have the children in the playgrounds and the parks.



Tell me, how did you like the country?"

"The country is all right for country animals," Joey said, "but I guess I am just a City horse at heart."

And he was never discontented again



My Scottie

By Corinna Marsh

My Scottie is my special pet—
He's black as black can be,
And I am just as fond of him
As he is fond of me.

Whenever I'm inside the house
My Scottie stays there too;
And when I'm out he always wants
To do just what I do.

And more than anything, I guess,
Except perhaps his bone,
He likes it when the two of us
Go out to play alone.

One lovely sunny summer day
My mother said we could
Go out and have a picnic
In the wood if we were good.

My Scottie barked and jumped for joy.
And what he seemed to say
Was "Let's just go together, Pal;
Just you and me today."

So Mother packed a lunch for us
With picnic things to eat
Like sandwiches and eggs and fruit
And cookies—what a treat!

And Mother, who is wonderful,
Had thoughts of Scottie too;
She'd put some puppy-biscuits in,
The kind he likes to chew.

But when we'd had enough of play
And opened up our lunch,
Would Scottie eat his puppy-food?
No! Not a single munch!

I begged him and I scolded him,
I pointed to his food;
I ate one sandwich greedily—
It made me feel quite rude.

But Scottie only shook his head
And looked so sad that I
Had all that I could do not just
To break right down and cry.

He wouldn't touch his puppy-food,
So what was I to do?
I let him share my sandwiches,
My fruit and cookies too.

And then I had to swallow hard
And share his food with him—
Although it tasted awfully dry
And kind of gray and grim.

But oh, the look in Scottie's eyes!
How happy he was then!
He licked my hand and kissed my face
And we were pals again.

And, do you know, although I don't
Know just exactly why,
Not only was my Scottie glad
But, somehow, so was I!

Marguerite Gayer

Johnny Chuck Finds the Best Thing in the World

By Thornton W. Burgess

Old Mother West Wind had stopped to talk with the Slender Fir Tree.

"I've just come across the Green Meadows," said Old Mother West Wind, "and there I saw the Best Thing in the World."

Striped Chipmunk was sitting under the Slender Fir Tree, and he couldn't help hearing what Old Mother West Wind said. "The Best Thing in the World—now what can that be?" thought Striped Chipmunk. "Why, it must be heaps and heaps of nuts and acorns! I'll go and find it."

So Striped Chipmunk started down the Lone Little Path through the wood as fast as he could run. Pretty soon he met Peter Rabbit.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, Striped Chipmunk?" asked Peter Rabbit.

"Down in the Green Meadows to find the Best Thing in the World," replied Striped Chipmunk, and ran faster.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Peter Rabbit, "why, that must be a great pile of carrots and cabbage! I think I'll go and find it."

So Peter Rabbit started down the Lone Little Path through the wood as fast as he could go after Striped Chipmunk.

As they passed the great hollow tree Bobby Coon put his head out. "Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Bobby Coon.

"Down in the Green Meadows to find the Best Thing in the World!" shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit, and both began to run faster.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Bobby Coon to himself; "why, that must be a whole field of sweet milky corn. I think I'll go and find it."

So Bobby Coon climbed down out of the great hollow tree and started down the Lone Little Path through the wood as fast as he could go after Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit, for there is nothing that Bobby Coon likes to eat so well as sweet milky corn.

At the edge of the wood they met Jimmy Skunk.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Jimmy Skunk.

"Down in the Green Meadows to find the Best Thing in the World!" shouted Striped Chipmunk, and Peter Rabbit, and

From *Old Mother West Wind,* by Thornton W. Burgess; used by permission of the author and the publishers, Little, Brown & Company.

Bobby Coon. Then they all tried to run faster.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Jimmy Skunk. "Why, that must be packs and packs of beetles!" And for once in his life Jimmy Skunk began to hurry down the Lone Little Path after Striped Chipmunk, and Peter Rabbit, and Bobby Coon.

They were all running so fast that they didn't see Reddy Fox until he jumped out of the long grass and asked:

"Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"To find the Best Thing in the World!" shouted Striped Chipmunk, and Peter Rabbit, and Bobby Coon, and Jimmy Skunk, and each did his best to run faster.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Reddy Fox to himself, "why, that must be a whole pen full of tender young chickens, and I must have them."

So away went Reddy Fox as fast as he could run down the Lone Little Path after Striped Chipmunk, Peter Rabbit, Bobby Coon, and Jimmy Skunk.

By-and-by they all came to the house of Johnny Chuck.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Johnny Chuck.

"To find the Best Thing in the World," shouted Striped Chipmunk, and Peter Rabbit, and Bobby Coon, and Jimmy Skunk, and Reddy Fox.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Johnny Chuck. "Why, I don't know of anything better than my own little home, and the warm sunshine, and the beautiful blue sky."

So Johnny Chuck stayed at home and played all day among the flowers with the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind, and was as happy as could be.

But all day long Striped Chipmunk, and Peter Rabbit, and Reddy Fox, and Bobby Coon, and Jimmy Skunk, ran this way and ran that way over the Green Meadows trying to find the Best Thing in the World. The sun was very, very warm, and they ran so far and ran so fast that they were very, very hot and tired, and still they hadn't found the Best

Thing in the World.

When the long day was over they started up the Lone Little Path past Johnny Chuck's house to their own homes. They didn't hurry now, for they were so very, very tired! And they were cross—oh, so cross!

Striped Chipmunk hadn't found so much as the leaf of a cabbage. Bobby Coon hadn't found the tiniest bit of sweet milky corn. Jimmy Skunk hadn't seen a single beetle. Reddy Fox hadn't heard so much as the peep of a chicken. And all were hungry as hungry could be.

Half way up the Lone Little Path they met Old Mother West Wind going to her home behind the hill. "Did you find the Best Thing in the World?" asked Old Mother West Wind.

"No!" shouted Striped Chipmunk, and Peter Rabbit, and Bobby Coon, and Jimmy Skunk, and Reddy Fox, all together.

"Johnny Chuck has it," said Old Mother West Wind. "It is being happy with the things you have, and not wanting things which some one else has. And it is called Con-tent-ment."

How Spot Found a Home

By Lucy Sprague Mitchell

ONCE there was a cat. She was a black and white and yellow cat and the boys on the street called her Spot. For she was a poor cat with no home but the street. When she wanted to sleep, she had to hunt for a dark empty cellar. When she wanted to eat, she had to hunt for a garbage can. So poor Spot was very thin and very unhappy. And much of the time she prowled and yowled and howled.

Now one day Spot was prowling along the fence in the alley. She wanted to find a home. She was saying to herself:

"Meow, meow!
I've no place to eat,
I've no place to sleep,
I've only the street!
Meow, meow, meow!"

Then suddenly she smelled something. Sniff! went her pink little nose. Spot knew it was smoke she smelled. The smoke came out of the chimney of a house. "Where there is smoke there is fire," thought Spot, "and where there is fire, it is warm to lie." So she jumped down from the fence and on her little padded feet ran softly to the door. There she saw an empty milk bottle. "Where there are milk bottles, there is milk," thought Spot, "and where there is milk, it is good to drink." So she slipped in through the door.

Inside was a warm, warm kitchen. Spot trotted softly to the front of the stove and there she curled up. She was very happy, so she closed her eyes and began to sing:

"Purrrr, purrrr,
Curling up warm
To a ball of fur,
I close my eyes
And purr and purr.
Purrrr, purrrr,
Purrrr, purrrr."

Bang! went the kitchen door. Spot opened one sleepy eye. In front of her

Taken from *Here and Now Story Book* by Lucy Sprague Mitchell, published and copyright by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.

stood a cross, cross woman. The cross, cross woman scowled. She picked up poor Spot and threw her out of the door, screaming:

"Scat, scat!
You old street cat!
Scat, scat!
And never come back!"

With a bound Spot jumped back to the fence.

"Meow, meow!
I've no place to eat,
I've no place to sleep,
I've only the street.
Meow, meow, meow!"

So she trotted along the fence. In a little while sniff! went her little pink nose again. She smelled more smoke. She

stopped by a house with two chimneys. The smoke came out of both chimneys! "Where there are two fires there must be room for me," thought Spot. She jumped off the fence and pattered to the door. By the door there were two empty milk bottles. "Where there is so much milk there will be some for me," thought Spot. But the door was shut tight. Spot ran to the window. It was open! In skipped Spot. There was another warm, warm kitchen and there was another stove. Spot trotted softly to the stove and curled up happy and warm. She closed her eyes and softly sang:

"Purrrr, purrrr,
Curling up warm
To a ball of fur,
I close my eyes
And purr and purr.
Purrrr, purrrr,
Purrrr, purrrr."

"Sssssspt!" hissed something close by. Spot leapt to her feet. "Sssssspt!" she answered back. For there in front of her stood an enormous black cat. His back was humped, his hair stood on end, and his eyes gleamed and his teeth showed white.

"Sssssspt! leave my rug!
Sssssspt! leave my fire!
Sssssspt! leave my milk!
Sssssspt! leave my home!"

Spot gave one great jump out of the window and another great jump to the top of the fence. For Spot was little and thin and the great black cat was strong and big. And he didn't want Spot in his home.

Poor Spot trotted along the fence, thinking:

"Meow, meow!
I've no place to eat,
I've no place to sleep,
I've only the street!
Meow, meow, meow!"

In a little while she smelled smoke again. Sniff! went her little pink nose. This time she stopped by a house with three chimneys. The smoke came out of all the chimneys! "Where there are three fires there *must* be room for me," thought Spot. So she jumped off the fence and pattered to the door. By the door were three empty milk bottles! "Where there is so much milk there must be children," thought Spot and then she began to feel happy. But the door was shut tight. She trotted to the window. The window was tight too! Then she saw some stairs. Up the stairs she trotted. There she found another door and in she slipped. She heard a very pleasant sound.

"I crickle, I crackle,
I flicker, I flare,
I jump from nothing right into the air."

There on the hearth burned an open fire with a warm, warm rug in front of it. On the rug was a little table and on the table were two little mugs of milk. Spot curled up on the rug under the table and began to sing:

"Purrrr, purrrr,
Curling up warm
To a ball of fur,
I close my eyes
And purr and purr.
Purrrr, purrrr,
Purrrr, purrrr."

Pat, pat, pat, pat, pat, pat, pat, pat! Spot heard some little feet coming. A little boy in a nightgown ran into the room. "Look," he called, "at the pretty spotted cat under our table!" Then pat, pat, pat, pat, pat! And a little girl in a nightgown ran into the room. "See," she called, "the pussy has come to take supper with us!" Then the little boy, quick as a wink, put a saucer on the floor and poured some of his milk into it and the little girl, quick as a wink, poured some of hers in too.

In and out, in and out, in and out, went Spot's pink tongue lapping up the milk. Then she sat up and washed her face very carefully. Then she curled up and closed her eyes and began to sing. That was her way of saying "Thank you, little boy and little girl! I'm so glad I've found a home!"

"Purrrr, purrrr,
Purrrr, purrrr,
Purrrr, purrrr, purrrr."

The Story of a Little White Dog

By Dorothy Sherrill

ONCE upon a time there was a little white dog.

He had shaggy white hair.

He had shiny brown eyes.

He had a funny floppy tail like a dish mop.

He lived in a big white house with a little boy named Peter and a little girl named Polly.

Every sunshiny day the little white dog played with Peter and Polly in the garden outside the house.

On rainy days he played with them in their playroom or on the big front porch.

When he got tired of playing he would

curl up for a nap on his own special cushion in a corner of the porch.

When he got hungry he would eat out of his own special dish that was right next to his cushion. He ate cereal and small pieces of meat and puppy biscuit. Then a nice juicy bone for dessert.

He was a very happy little dog. His shiny brown eyes always looked as if they were laughing. His dish-mop tail wagged and wagged. When he barked, it was a woof-y, happy bark.

He was happy even when Peter and Polly had to go to morning kindergarten. Because then he would run races with butterflies in the garden. Or he would chase grasshoppers. Or he would go out back of the house and watch the fluffy yellow chickens in the chicken yard.

At first he thought the chickens were butterflies because they were yellow. He tried to get them to run races with him. But they hopped away and hid in the chicken house.

Then he thought maybe they were a new kind of grasshopper. He started to chase them. But Peter and Polly came home from kindergarten in time to see him. And they told him he must never, never chase chickens.

So after that he walked slowly when he was near the chickens. And if he barked he did it softly so as not to frighten them.

One day something exciting happened. The little white dog heard Peter and Polly's father say, "A fox tried to get into the chicken house last night. We'll have to buy a watch dog."

Peter said, "Our dog could be a watch dog. He is brave as a lion."

That made the little dog feel very proud. He wagged his tail waggle—waggle—waggle. He barked a big brave bark, "WOOF!"

But their father said, "Oh, he's too little. He wouldn't be any good."

That made the little dog feel unhappy. But he cheered up when he thought how nice it would be to have another dog to play with while Peter and Polly were in kindergarten.

So the little dog sat on the front porch all morning. And every time a car came along the road, he would wag his tail and bark. And he would think, "Here comes my new playmate."

At last a car stopped. Peter and Polly's father got out—with a big black dog.

The little white dog was so excited that he wiggled and waggled all over as he ran to meet them.

But do you know what that big black dog did? He just looked down at the little dog and said in dog language, "Get out of my way, you little nuisance! I'm going to be boss here!"

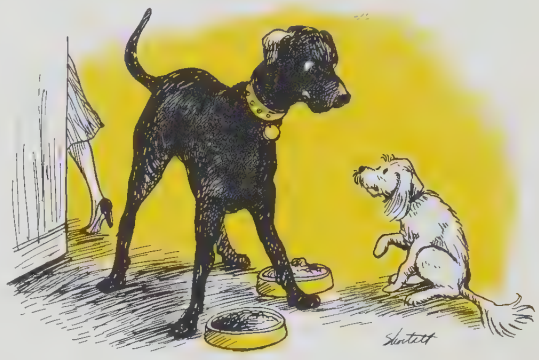
After that the little white dog wasn't happy any more.

The big dog was very mean to him. Not when Peter and Polly were there, of course. He pretended to be friendly then. But the rest of the time he was awful.

He wouldn't play.

He took naps on the little dog's cushion, because he liked it better than his own.

Worst of all, he was so greedy that he gobbled down his own food and half of the little dog's food too. And he dug up all the little dog's best bones!



The big dog grew bigger and fatter.

The little dog grew littler and thinner. His dish-mop tail stopped waggle-waggling. His bark wasn't a woof-y, happy bark now.

Peter and Polly put more and more good food in his supper dish. But most of the time the little dog didn't dare eat it because the big dog growled at him, "Leave some for me, or you know what I'll do when I get you alone!"

So the big dog would eat and eat. Then he would take a nap. Then he would walk proudly out to guard the chicken house.

But one night something different happened.

Peter and Polly had given the dogs an extra special supper. The big dog gobbled his down. Then, the minute the children went back into the house, he pushed the little dog away and gobbled all that supper, too.

Every bit of it—except for one small bone!

Then the big dog stretched out for a nap—with his feet on the little dog's cushion, and the rest of him on his own.

The little dog took the one small bone and gnawed and gnawed on it.

He heard Peter and Polly go to bed upstairs.

He saw the stars begin to shine.

And still the big dog slept.

The little dog tried to sleep, too. But he couldn't because he was hungry.

It got later and later.

And then do you know what happened?

There was a sound out in the chicken house! A chicken squawked!

Quick as a flash the little dog ran down the porch steps. He flew faster than a butterfly or a grasshopper straight to the chicken yard.

He barked so loudly that he sounded almost like a lion!

Peter and Polly heard the barking. They came running downstairs and outdoors. So did their father and mother.

They all saw the lazy black dog just beginning to wake up on his own and the little dog's cushions.

They saw the old thief fox running away as if a whole pack of lions were chasing him.

And they saw the little dog come proudly out of the chicken yard.

My, how they praised that little dog! They took him into the kitchen and fed him a wonderful supper. They wouldn't even let the greedy, lazy, big dog in. He stood on the other side of the screen door, growling.

And next day they took the big dog back to the kennel where they had bought him.

And the little white dog was the watch dog. But he didn't have to do much watching because he had scared the old fox away so that he never came back.

And ever after that the little white dog had his own food and his own special cushion. And his shiny brown eyes laughed, and his dish-mop tail waggled. And his bark was a woof-y, happy one.

Going Places

The Train That Would Not Stay on the Track

By Caroline D. Emerson

ONCE upon a time there was a train that was tired of staying on the track.

"Why must I run on a track all the days of my life?" asked the train.

"You had much better stay where you are," said the track. "I was laid for you to run on and you were made to run on me. Everything is better off in this world if it stays where it belongs."

But the train would not listen.

"I'm not going to stay here," he said and he jumped off the track and began to run along the road.

"Keep off!" cried the automobiles. "This road was made for us. Keep off! Keep off!"

"No such thing!" said the train, "there's plenty of room on the road for me."

He ran on down the road. He stopped at the houses for people and trunks and he stopped at the post office for the mail bags. He ran out to the barns for the milk. Everyone was delighted. It was much easier than to carry everything down to the station. But the train took so long that he never got to the end of his trip!

People waited for their trunks and they never came. The letters in the mail bags were so old that no one troubled to read them. The milk was sour and was no good to any one. People stopped putting their things on to the train and began to send them by automobile instead.

"There now," said the automobiles, "no one is using you any more. You should have stayed on your track as we told you to. The road is no place for you."

But the train refused to go back to his track. One day he saw a horse running across the fields.

"Why should I stay on a road?" asked the train. "That looks like fun."

He left the road and started off across the fields.

"You mustn't come here!" cried the horse, "this is my field. Keep off! Keep off!"

"No such thing," answered the train, "there's plenty of room in this field for me."

Bump, bump, bump went the train across the field until he came to a brook.

"How do I get over this?" asked the train.

"Jump," said the horse.

"I never jumped in my life," said the train, "I always have bridges laid down for me."

"Bridges?" laughed the horse. "You'd better go back where you belong. The track is the place for you."

But the train paid no attention to him for just then he heard an airplane up in the air.

Taken from *A Merry-Go-Round of Modern Tales* by Caroline D. Emerson, published and copyright by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.

"That looks like fun," said the train. "*Why* should I stay on the ground? I'm going to fly."

"Silly," said the horse, "you, who can't even jump a brook!"

The train tried to fly. He tried with his front wheels. He tried with his back wheels. He tried with *all* his wheels. He tried until he was tired.

"Well," said the train, "there appears to be something wrong. I can't fly. People won't ride on me when I bump across the fields and they won't send trunks and mail by me when I run on the road. They say I'm too slow. I don't seem to be good for anything! I might as well stay right here and let my fires go out. No one would miss me!"

The train felt lonely and discouraged. He felt he was no longer of any use in the world. Then an idea flashed through his steam pipes.

"I might go back to my tracks," he thought. "I wonder if they're still there?"

He crept across the field and down the road to the station. There lay the tracks right where he had left them, stretching off in both directions. They looked so safe and smooth! The train gave a great puff of happiness as he climbed back on.

"It's been lonely without you," said the tracks. "We were afraid we'd rust away with no one running over us."

At the station there were many people waiting and a pile of trunks and mail bags.

"This is just where I belong," whistled the train, cheerfully. And from that time on the little train could be seen every day running happily down the tracks, as smooth as could be.

A Garage for Gabriel

By Catherine Woolley

THERE was once a little car whose name was Gabriel.

Now poor Gabriel had no garage. He lived outdoors in a lot where they sold used cars. He wore a sign that said, "FOR SALE–CHEAP."

There were dents in his fenders. His paint was rusty. His doors sagged.

Every day Gabriel watched the shiny new cars roll by. But they never even looked at Gabriel.

"Oh," thought Gabriel, "how I should like to go whizzing right along. How I wish I were new and shiny!"

"But, specially," he thought sadly, "how I, wish I could have a garage!"

Well, one day two ladies came along.

They said to the man who sold cars, "Have you a small car?"

He pointed to Gabriel.

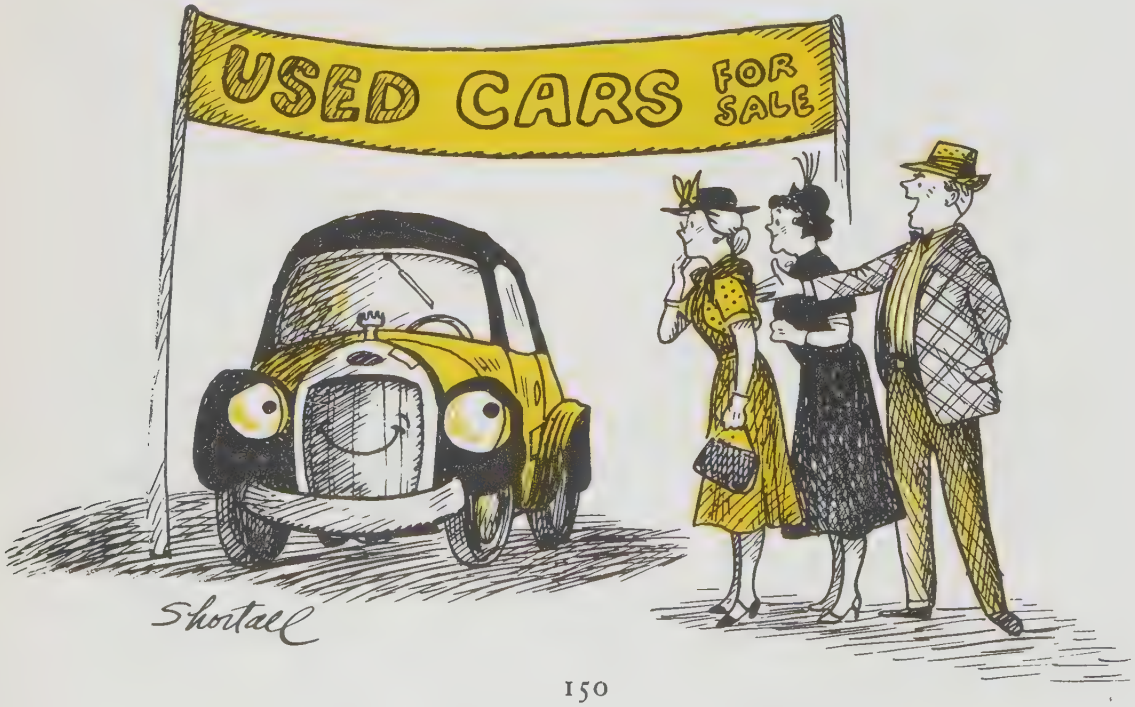
"We'll try it," they said. In they climbed.

"Now!" whispered Gabriel in great excitement. "I'll show them I can whiz right along. Then the ladies will buy me and give me a garage."

"*Whiz, whiz, whiz,*" went Gabriel around the block.

He was feeling mighty happy.

Round and round and round the block.



Whiz, whiz, whiz!

"That will show them," he thought.

But the ladies cried, "Mercy, we don't want this car. It won't slow down at all."

Gabriel felt very sad.

Next day a college boy came.

"Here's a fine car," said the man.

"I'll try it," said the college boy.

"Oh, ho!" thought Gabriel. "This time I'll go very slowly, if that's what they want. Then the college boy will buy me and give me a garage."

So he went v-e-r-y, v-e-r-y, v-e-r-y s-l-o-w-l-y.

But the college boy said, "That car's too slow!"

And off he marched.

Gabriel felt very sad.

But the next day a young lady came.

This time Gabriel was determined to do the right thing.

"I won't go too fast and I won't go too slow," he said. "But I'll show her I've got pep in my engine. Then she'll buy me and give me a garage."

The young lady started the engine.

"BANG!" shouted Gabriel. "BANG, BING, BANG, POP, POP!"

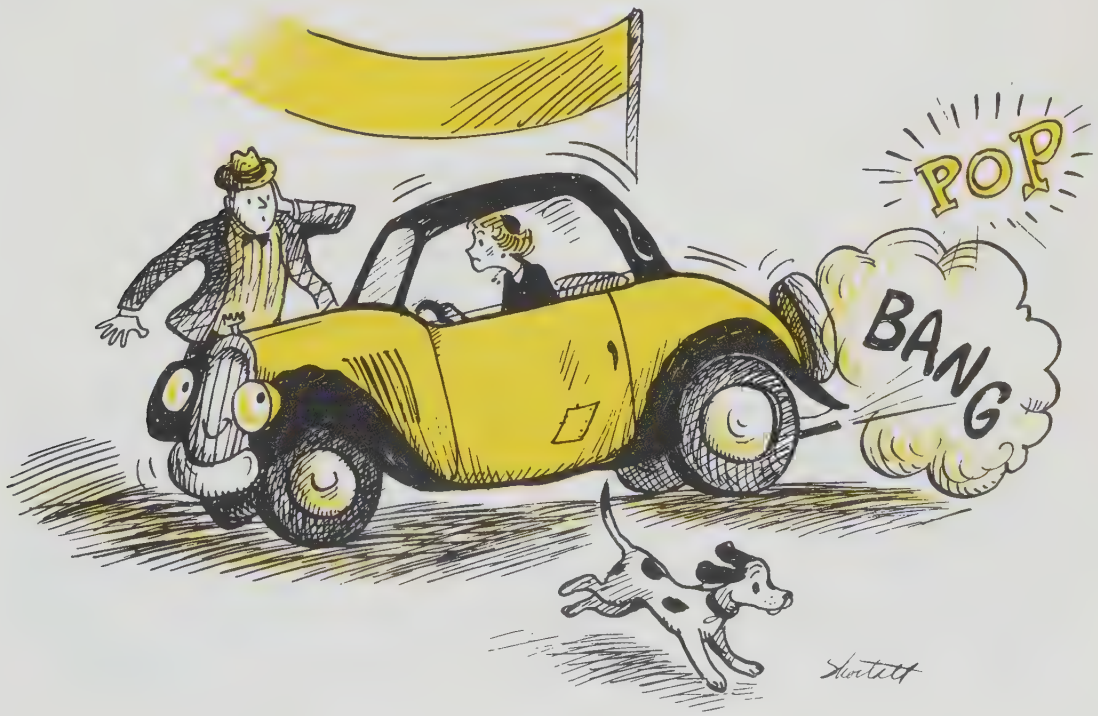
"My goodness!" cried the young lady. "This car's much too noisy!"

And off she hurried.

"Oh, dear!" cried poor Gabriel. "Won't *anyone* ever buy me and give me a garage? I'll never be so noisy again!"

So the next day when a man came and pressed the starter, Gabriel didn't make any noise. Not *any* noise.

"This car won't even start," said the



man. He turned on his heel and left.

Well, Gabriel felt just awful. Now he was sure that he never would have a garage.

And then Jimmy and Jimmy's daddy came along.

"Have you a car for $50?" asked Jimmy's daddy.

The man was so *mad* at Gabriel, he said, "Yes—*there's* a car for $50."

"Sold!" cried Jimmy's daddy.

They climbed right in.

Gabriel was so surprised that he never had time to show off. He just acted natural.

They drove up the street and stopped in front of a little yellow house.

Then Jimmy's daddy greased Gabriel's engine till it purred like a pussycat.

"I sound real quiet!" thought Gabriel.

Then Jimmy's daddy hammered out the dents in the fenders, and oiled the hinges and fixed the sagging doors.

"I feel real good!" whispered Gabriel.

And last of all, Jimmy's daddy gave Gabriel a coat of shiny red paint.

"I look FINE!" shouted Gabriel.

Then Jimmy and his daddy and mommy and Pooch, their cat, all went for a ride.

Every time they whizzed by another car, Gabriel bowed and smiled and the other cars bowed and smiled, too.

And when they came home, they whizzed right up the driveway into a little, yellow garage!

The Airplane

By Rowena Bastin Bennett

AN AIRPLANE has gigantic wings
But not a feather on her breast;
She only mutters when she sings
And builds a hangar for a nest.
I love to see her stop and start;
She has a little motor heart
That beats and throbs and then is still.
She wears a fan upon her bill.

No eagle flies through sun and rain
So swiftly as a flying plane.
I wish she would come swooping down
Between the steeples of the town
And lift me right up off my feet
And take me high above the street,
That all the other boys might see
The little speck that would be me.

The Whirlybird

By Philip Marsh Elena

HELICOPTERS are lots of fun!
You can see them soaring like birds
In the sun.
You can watch them flying
In the sky,
Which is why
We call them whirly.
Sometimes we even call them choppers
For their propellers go *chop-chop,*
And in the air they seem to stop
Without half trying.
A ride on a whirly is a hop.
(That is another birdy word!)
Would *you* like a ride on a whirlybird?

Sneezer

By Estelle McInnes Upson

THE CHILDREN loved the little train. Every morning he came chug-chugging up the hill. They could hear the little train long before he came in sight of the quiet little country town.

Other trains went choo-choo-chooing along but not this train. He would make the funniest sounds . . . ah-CHOO-ah-CHOO—ah-CHOOOO as he rolled merrily along the countryside. That was why the children named him "SNEEZER."

Sneezer loved the green hills and the friendly horses and cows in the fields. He liked to watch his old friend the river as it went rushing by, hurrying, hurrying down to the sea.

And Sneezer loved the gardens and the white houses he passed every day.

"HURRAY! Just like a snake!" Sneezer cried as he rushed around the curves. First this way then that way, he would go. "WHEEEEE! This is fun! This is fun!" Sneezer exclaimed as he dashed lickety-split down the hills.

"GET UP STEAM! GET UP STEAM!" chugged little Sneezer as he puffed and puffed his way to the very TOP of the hill.

"Hellooooooo!" called Sneezer to all the children. Some of the children sat on the fence and waved as he went by. Some of the children waved to him from the windows of their little white houses. And some of the children even ran down the track after Sneezer. They called, "Wait!" But Sneezer only said, "Ah-

CHOO-ah-CHOO!" The children could not catch him because he was too fast for them.

Soon he would disappear into the dark entrance of a tunnel in the side of the mountain—just like a rabbit disappearing into a hole in the ground!

The engineer and the fireman loved Sneezer for he was the most well-behaved little train in all the land. He was always on time and always happy. Not only that . . . Sneezer was the cleanest, shiniest train anyone had ever seen! Yes, sir! Sneezer was the jolliest, nicest little train that EVER was!

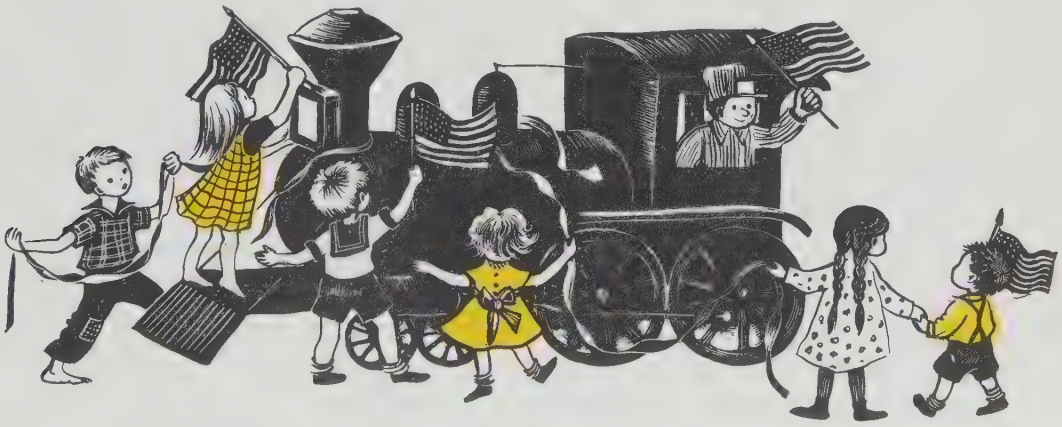
One day Sneezer was going happily along as he did every day. He had gone up and down a hill and past the little white houses, when something very unusual happened. He came to a high bridge and stopped—suddenly! The stop was so sudden that some of the passengers were thrown out of their seats and into the aisle.

The engineer was VERY much surprised. This was not at all like Sneezer. What ever could the trouble be?

The engineer coaxed and pleaded but Sneezer would not budge. He would just snort a few times, then stand there quietly. Suddenly, someone shouted, "Look! The bridge! The bridge! It's falling!" Sure enough, while everyone watched, the bridge fell into the deep river.

Then the engineer and the fireman and the passengers knew why Sneezer had been so stubborn. If he had not stopped they would have fallen into the water.

Everyone was very happy and grateful to Sneezer. He had saved their lives! That day, all the people in the town came to see their hero. A band played music while the mayor of the town presented Sneezer with a shiny new medal. Everyone clapped and waved flags while the band played. All the children decorated Sneezer with flags and streamers. "Three cheers for Sneezer!" shouted the children. "Hurrah for Sneezer!" Sneezer was very proud and very happy. Then away went Sneezer with all the streamers flying in the breeze. The people waved to their hero until he was out of sight.



Corkie

By Dorothea J. Snow

On the blue waters of a big lake there lives a short broad little boat. Its sides are gleaming white, its deck is light green, and its cabin is yellow with a bright-red roof.

The name of the little boat is Corkie.

"I named it that," Mr. McGuire says, "because it is such a corking good boat."

Corkie hasn't always been a boat. Once he was only a pile of boards in Mr. McGuire's back yard, and a dream in Mr. McGuire's mind.

As Corkie began to grow, board by board, he became very proud of himself.

When Mr. McGuire put the last coat of paint on him, Corkie thought he was the most beautiful boat in the world.

When Mr. McGuire put the old motor inside him and he heard himself go putt-putt-putt, putt-putt-putt, Corkie thought he was the most wonderful boat in the world.

And when Mr. McGuire printed "Corkie" on both sides of his bow, the little boat swelled with pride until he nearly broke the latch on his cabin door.

But there came a time when Corkie wasn't proud. No, indeed! He wasn't proud at all. In fact he was about the saddest boat in the whole wide world. For he knew that he was homemade.

And who could possibly be proud of being homemade in the midst of a hundred boats built by the finest builders in the world?

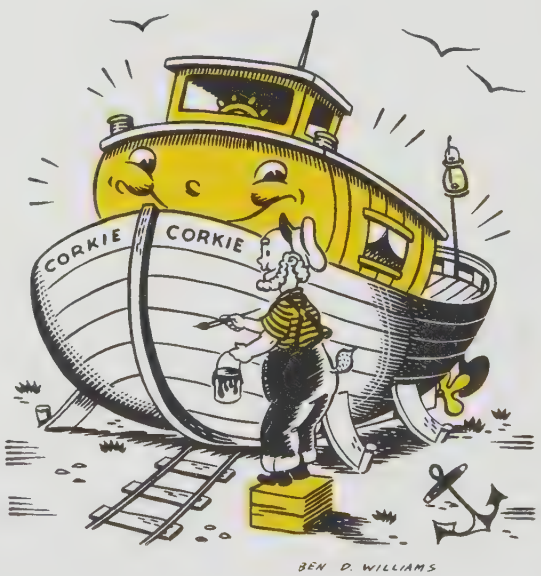
Corkie realized this as soon as he went sliding with a swisssssssssh into the water.

All the sailboats looked at him and smiled.

All the cabin cruisers looked at him and snickered.

All the speedboats looked at him and laughed out loud.

Yes, poor little Corkie was very sad.



One day when Corkie was especially sad, there came to the big lake the governor of the state and his wife and their little boy and girl.

Corkie knew that before long they

would be going for a boat ride.

And sure enough! In a few moments a big speedboat came by and picked them up.

Zooooooom, zooooooom, zooooooom, went the speedboat as it raced toward the middle of the lake! What a grand big noise its motor made as the boat whizzed over the top of the water, its bow spanking the waves as it buzzed and bobbed along!

How Corkie yearned to be able to travel as fast as the big speedboat.

He secretly hoped that the governor and his wife and their little boy and girl wouldn't look his way.

He was so unhappy at being only a homemade boat that he wished he could sink to the bottom of the lake and never, never come up again.

Suddenly there was a booming sound and a very loud sputter.

Chuggety-chug! Chuggety-chug! Chuggety-chug! The motor on the speedboat stopped. For a long time it tried its best to start up, but it couldn't.

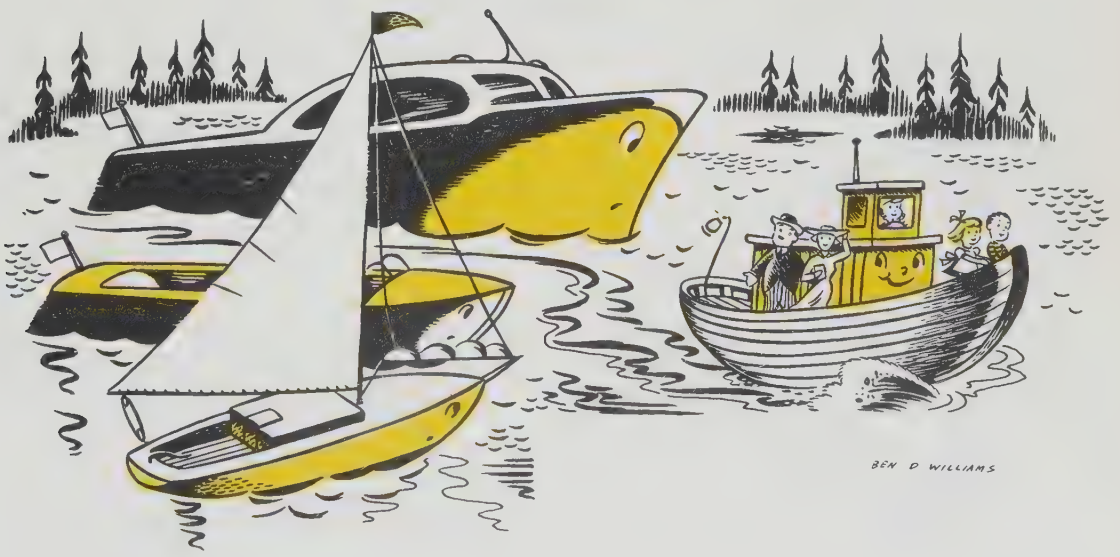
The governor and his wife and their little boy and girl waited patiently for a while. Then they grew tired of sitting in the sun in the speedboat in the middle of the lake.

Now out raced a beautiful sailboat!

The governor and his wife and their little boy and girl stepped carefully into the sailboat, and they started for a sail around the lake.

But soon the wind stopped blowing, and the sailboat stopped sailing. For a long time it tacked and tacked; but it didn't go anywhere, for the lake was calm.

The governor and his wife and their little boy and girl waited patiently for a while. Then they grew tired of sitting in



the sun in the sailboat in the middle of the lake.

So out went a cabin cruiser. The cabin cruiser picked up the governor and his wife and their little boy and girl. It started to take them for a ride round the lake.

But its motor stopped, too. Click, click, click the motor went; and although it tried for a long time to start up again, start it couldn't.

The governor and his wife and their little boy and girl waited patiently for a while. Then they grew tired of sitting in the cabin cruiser in the middle of the lake, even though they had a roof over their heads to keep off the heat of the sun.

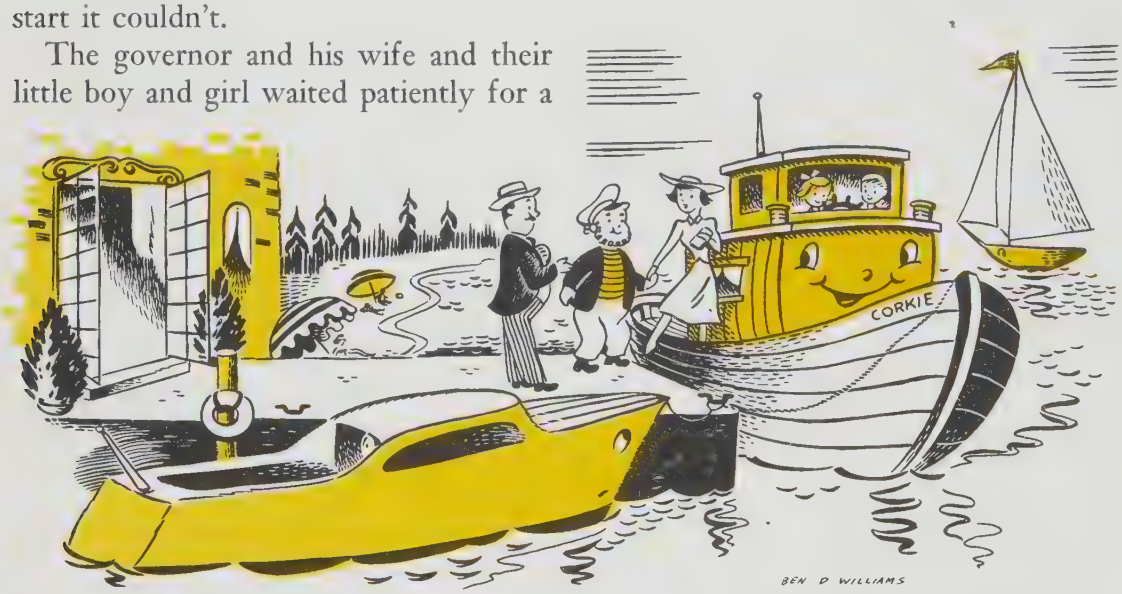
At last Mr. McGuire came out of the boathouse. He walked out onto the pier and stepped into Corkie. He started the motor, and away Corkie went across the lake.

Away, also, went another big speedboat and another beautiful sailboat and another cabin cruiser.

Corkie and the speedboat and the sailboat and the cabin cruiser all stopped beside the cabin cruiser where sat the governor and his wife and little boy and girl

But the governor and his wife and their little boy and girl refused to get into the big speedboat. They refused to get into the beautiful sailboat. And they refused to get into the cabin cruiser.

"We have had enough," said the governor and his wife and their little boy and girl, "of fancy boats that stop right in the middle of the lake and never go anywhere. Now we will see what Corkie can do!"



So the governor and his wife and their little boy and girl got into the homemade boat. And Corkie took them for a fine fast ride all around the lake.

Corkie was very proud when he stopped beside the pier of the finest hotel on the shore and the governor and his

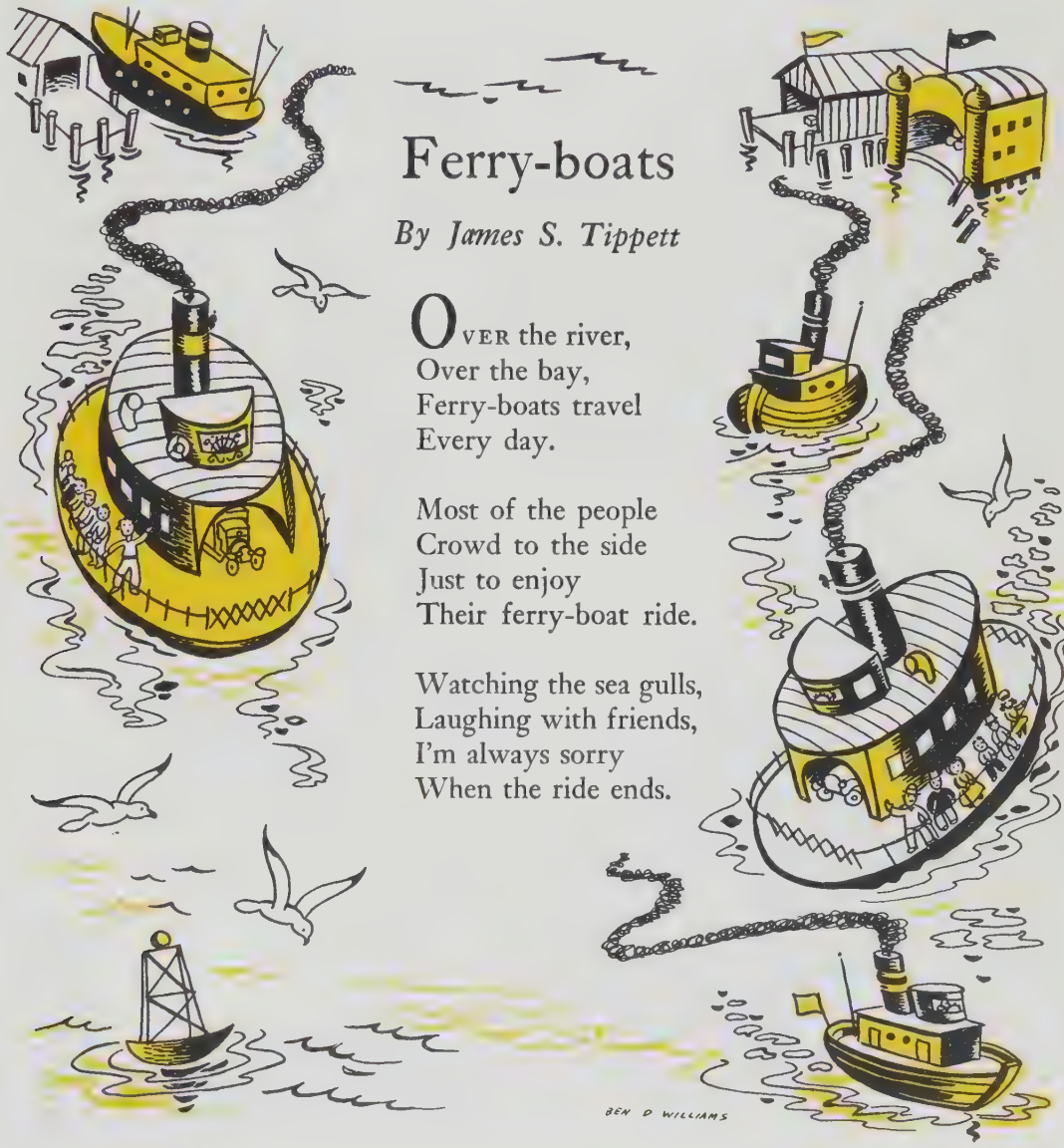
wife and their little boy and girl got out.

"That is a corking good little boat," the governor said to Mr. McGuire. "It proves that slick lines and fancy paint and silver trimmings aren't enough to make a good dependable boat!"

"Yes, indeed, my dear!" said his wife.

"Yes, indeed!" said their boy and girl.

"Yes, indeed!" said Mr. McGuire.

Now Corkie is very proud and happy; for he knows that even if he is home-made, the governor and his wife and their little boy and girl think he is a corking good little boat!

Ferry-boats

By James S. Tippett

Over the river,
Over the bay,
Ferry-boats travel
Every day.

Most of the people
Crowd to the side
Just to enjoy
Their ferry-boat ride.

Watching the sea gulls,
Laughing with friends,
I'm always sorry
When the ride ends.

Mike Mulligan and His Steam Shovel

Written and Illustrated by Virginia Lee Burton

MIKE MULLIGAN had a steam shovel, a beautiful red steam shovel. Her name was Mary Anne. Mike Mulligan was very proud of Mary Anne. He always said that she could dig as much in a day as a hundred men could dig in a week, but he had never been quite sure that this was true.

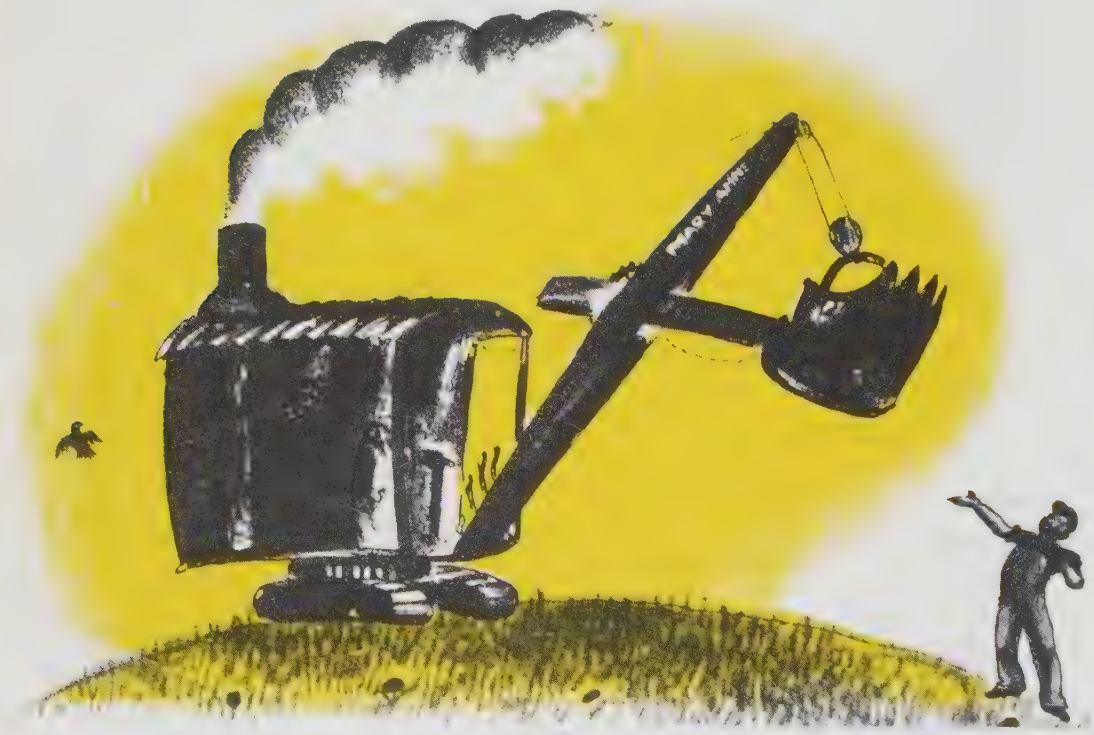
Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne had been digging together for years and years. Mike Mulligan took such good care of Mary Anne she never grew old.

It was Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne and some others who dug the great canals for the big boats to sail through.

It was Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne and some others who cut through the high mountains so that trains could go through.

It was Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne and some others who lowered the hills and straightened the curves to make the long highways for the automobiles.

It was Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne and some others who smoothed out the ground and filled in the holes to make the

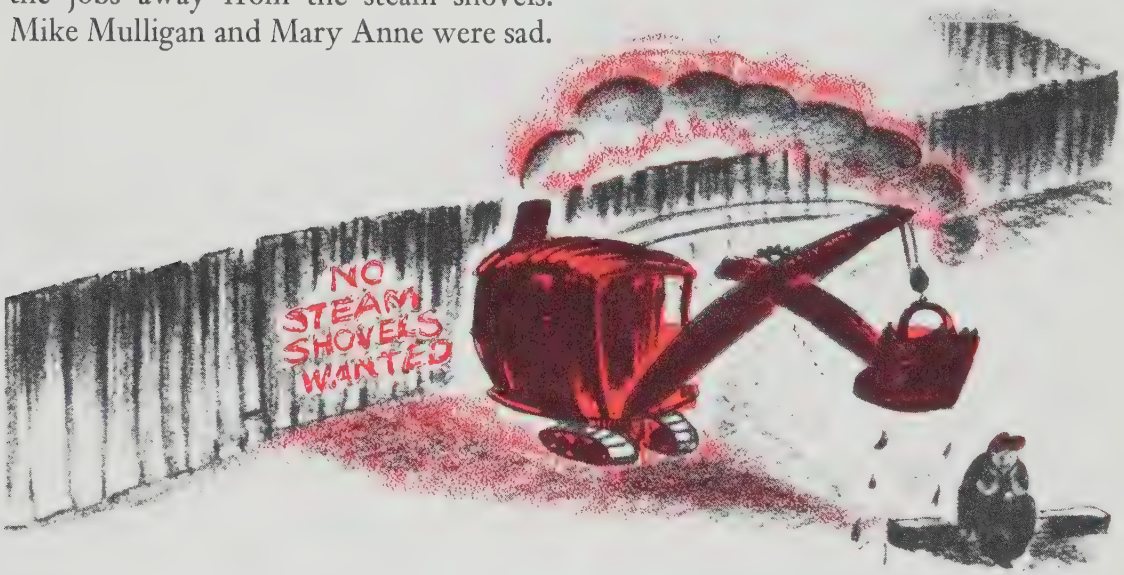


MARY ANNE
DIG
ANY PLA

landing fields for the airplanes.

And it was Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne and some others who dug the deep holes for the cellars of the tall skyscrapers in the big cities. When people used to stop and watch them, Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne used to dig a little faster and a little better. The more people stopped, the faster and better they dug. Some days they would keep as many as thirty-seven trucks busy taking away the dirt they had dug.

Then along came the new gasoline shovels and the new electric shovels and the new Diesel motor shovels and took all the jobs away from the steam shovels. Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne were sad.



All the other steam shovels were being sold for junk, or left out in old gravel pits to rust and fall apart. Mike loved Mary Anne. He couldn't do that to her. He had taken such good care of her that she could still dig as much in a day as a hundred men could dig in a week; at least he thought she could but he wasn't quite sure. Everywhere they went the new gas shovels and the new electric shovels and the new Diesel motor shovels had all the jobs. No one wanted Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne any more.

Then one day Mike read in a newspaper that the town of Popperville was going to build a new town hall.

"We are going to dig the cellar of that town hall," said Mike to Mary Anne, and off they started.

They left the canals and the railroads and the highways and the airports and the big cities where no one wanted them any more and went away out in the country They crawled along slowly up the hills and down the hills till they came to the little town of Popperville.

When they got there they found the selectmen were just deciding who should dig the cellar for the new town hall. Mike

Mulligan spoke to Henry B. Swap, one of the selectmen.

"I heard," he said, "that you are going to build a new town hall. Mary Anne and I will dig the cellar for you in just one day."

"What!" said Henry B. Swap. "Dig a cellar in a day! It would take a hundred men at least a week to dig the cellar for our new town hall."

"Sure," said Mike, "but Mary Anne can dig as much in a day as a hundred men can dig in a week." Though he had never been quite sure that this was true. Then he added, "If we can't do it, you won't have to pay."

Henry B. Swap thought that this would be an easy way to get part of the cellar dug for nothing, so he smiled in rather a mean way and gave the job of digging the cellar of the new town hall to Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne.

They started in early the next morning just as the sun was coming up. Soon a little boy came along. "Do you think you will finish by sundown?" he said to Mike Mulligan.

"Sure," said Mike, "if you stay and watch us. We always work faster and better when someone is watching us."

So the little boy stayed to watch.

Then Mrs. McGillicuddy, Henry B. Swap, and the Town Constable came over to see what was happening, and they stayed to watch.

Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne dug a little faster and a little better.

This gave the little boy a good idea. He ran off and told the postman with the morning mail, the telegraph boy on his bicycle, the milkman with his cart and horse, the doctor on his way home, and the farmer and his family coming into town for the day, and they all stopped and stayed to watch.

That made Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne dig a little faster and a little better.

They finished the first corner neat and square . . . but the sun was getting higher.

Clang! Clang! Clang! The Fire Department arrived. They had seen the smoke and thought there was a fire.

Then the little boy said, "Why don't you stay and watch?"

So the Fire Department of Popperville stayed to watch Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne.

When they heard the fire engine, the children in the school across the street couldn't keep their eyes on their lessons. The teacher called a long recess and the whole school came out to watch. That made Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne dig still faster and still better.

They finished the second corner neat and square, but the sun was right up in the top of the sky.

Now the girl who answers the telephone called up the next towns of Bangerville and Bopperville and Kipperville and Kopperville and told them what was happening in Popperville. All the people came over to see if Mike Mulligan and his steam shovel could dig the cellar in just one day. The more people came, the faster Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne dug. But they would have to hurry. They

were still only halfway through and the sun was beginning to go down.

They finished the third corner . . . neat and square.

Never had Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne had so many people to watch them; never had they dug so fast and so well; and never had the sun seemed to go down so fast.

"Hurry, Mike Mulligan! Hurry! Hurry!" shouted the little boy. "There's not much more time!"

Dirt was flying everywhere, and the smoke and steam were so thick that the people could hardly see anything.

But listen! Bing! Bang! Crash! Slam! Louder and louder, faster and faster.

Then suddenly it was quiet. Slowly the dirt settled down. The smoke and steam cleared away, and there was the cellar all finished. Four corners . . . neat and square; four walls . . . straight down, and Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne at the bottom, and the sun was just going down behind the hill.

"Hurray!" shouted the people. "Hurray for Mike Mulligan and his steam shovel! They have dug the cellar in just one day."

Suddenly the little boy said, "How are they going to get out?"

"That's right," said Mrs. McGillicuddy to Henry B. Swap. "How is he going to get his steam shovel out?"

Henry B. Swap didn't answer but he smiled in rather a mean way.

Then everybody said, "How are they going to get out? Hi! Mike Mulligan! How are you going to get your steam shovel out?"

Mike Mulligan looked around at the four square walls and four square corners, and he said, "We've dug so fast and we've dug so well that we've quite forgotten to leave a way out!"

Nothing like this had ever happened to Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne before, and they didn't know what to do.

Nothing like this had ever happened before in Popperville. Everybody started talking at once, and everybody had a different idea, and everybody thought that his idea was the best. They talked and they talked and they argued and they fought till they were worn out, and still no one knew how to get Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne out of the cellar they had dug.

Then Henry B. Swap said, "The job isn't finished because Mary Anne isn't out of the cellar, so Mike Mulligan won't get paid." And he smiled again in a rather mean way.

Now the little boy, who had been keeping very quiet, had another good idea. He said, "Why couldn't we leave Mary Anne in the cellar and build a new town hall above her? Let her be the furnace for the new town hall and let Mike Mulligan be the janitor. Then you wouldn't have to buy a new furnace, and we could pay Mike Mulligan for digging the cellar in just one day."

"Why not?" said Henry B. Swap, and smiled in a way that was not quite so mean.

"Why not?" said Mrs. McGillicuddy.

"Why not?" said the Town Constable.

"Why not?" said all the people.

So they found a ladder and climbed down into the cellar to ask Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne.

"Why not?" said Mike Mulligan. So it was decided, and everybody was happy.

They built the new town hall right over Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne. It was finished before winter. Every day the little boy goes over to see Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne, and Mrs. McGillicuddy takes him nice hot apple pies. As for Henry B. Swap, he spends most of his time in the cellar of the new town hall listening to the stories that Mike Mulligan has to tell and smiling in a way that isn't mean at all.

Now when you go to Popperville, be sure to go down in the cellar of the new town hall. There they'll be, Mike Mulligan and Mary Anne . . . Mike in his rocking chair smoking his pipe, and Mary Anne beside him, warming up the meetings in the new town hall.

The Little Red Lighthouse and the Great Gray Bridge

By Hildegarde H. Swift

ONCE upon a time a little lighthouse was built on a point of the shore by the Hudson River.

It was round and fat and red.

It was fat and red and jolly.

And it was VERY, VERY PROUD.

Behind it lay New York City where the people lived.

Before it sailed the boats on which the people rode. Up and down, up and down, sailed the boats. On and on and on rolled the river. All the way from Lake Tear-in-the-Clouds, high up in the mountains, came the Hudson River. It rolled down the mountains. It rolled and rolled and rolled. It rolled past Albany. It rolled past New York. And it went on forever looking for the sea.

Now the boats on the river talked to the little red lighthouse as they passed.

"Hoot, hoot, hoot! How are you?" said the big steamer, with its deep, throaty whistle.

"SSSSSSSalute!" lisped the slender canoe as it slid along the shore.

"Chug, chug, chug, ch-ch-ch-cheerio!" called the fat, black tug as it puffed on its way, pulling a load of coal on a barge.

By day the little red lighthouse did not answer.

It was quiet when the boats called.

But every night, just at fall of dark, a man came to tend the little red lighthouse. He took out his jingling keys. He unlocked the small red door in its side. He climbed its steep and winding stairs, up, up, up, to the very top. He took off the thick white cap that let it sleep by day. He turned on the gas with a funny small black key.

Up, up, up, flowed the gas from the six red tanks below.

Then the little red lighthouse spoke out plainly.

"Flash! Flash! Flash!

One second on, two seconds off! Look out! Watch me!

Danger, danger, danger!

Watch my rocks! Keep away!

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!"

It felt big and useful and important. What would the boats do without me? it thought.

It felt VERY, VERY PROUD.

The boats saw the light and were safe. The boats saw it, and they kept to the channel. The boats were grateful to the little red lighthouse.

Sometimes a fog crept up the river. Then the man came to wind up a big black clock inside the little red lighthouse. He wound and wound and wound it.

The clock was joined to an iron bell outside. The bell began to ring.

"Warn-ing! Warn-ing!" it said.

"Flash!" said the light.

"Warn-ing!" said the bell.

The little red lighthouse had two voices

Every day it felt bigger and prouder.

"Why, I am master of the river," it thought.

Then one day a gang of workmen came and began to dig. They dug and dug.

By and by great steel girders began to rise up against the sky.

A big group of men were carried over the Hudson on a barge. Across the barge stood four great reels, and from each reel there trailed a slender silver line.

All the boats on the river stopped moving.

All the near-by boats turned to look.

Even the river seemed to be very still.

When the men came back, they seemed happy.

"The first cables are over," they called. "The catwalk will be up soon." And the other men shouted "Hurrah!"

What do they mean? thought the little red lighthouse.

What are these things called cables that are over?

Now the days and weeks went by. Every night the little lighthouse spoke plainly.

Flash! Flash! Flash!

Every day it watched the strange new gray thing beside it grow and grow. Huge towers seemed to touch the sky. Strong loops of steel swept across the river.

How big it was!

How wonderful!

How powerful!

A great gray bridge, spanning the Hudson River from shore to shore. It made the little red lighthouse feel very, very small.

Then one night a great beam of light flashed from the top of the nearest gray tower. Flash! Turn! Flash!

Now I am needed no longer, thought the little red lighthouse. My light is so little and this one so big!

Perhaps they will give me up.

Perhaps they will tear me down.

Perhaps they will forget to turn my light on!

That night it stood waiting and waiting.

It felt glum and anxious and queer.

The night grew darker and darker.

Why did the man not come?

The little red lighthouse could neither speak nor shine.

Then in the middle of the night there came a storm. The wind moaned. The waves beat against the shore.

A thick fog crept over the river and tried to clutch the boats one by one.

The fat black tug was just coming back from Albany. It was caught and blinded by the fog. It looked for the little red lighthouse, but it could not find it. It listened for the bell, but it could not hear it. So thick the fog was, it could not see the light flashing high up from the great gray bridge.

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

The fat black tug ran upon the rocks

and lay wrecked and broken.

Then the great gray bridge called to the little red lighthouse.

"Little brother, where is your light?"

"Am I a brother of yours, bridge?" wondered the lighthouse. "Your light was so bright that I thought mine was needed no more."

"I call to the airplanes," cried the bridge. "I flash to the ships of the air. But you are still master of the river. Quick, let your light shine again. Each to his own place, little brother!"

So the little red lighthouse tried to shine once more, but though it tried and tried, it could not turn itself on.

This is the end of me, it thought.

This is really the end.

My man will not come. I cannot turn myself on. I never shine again.

Dark and silent it stood.

And it was *very, very sad.*

But at last it heard the door opening far below. At last it heard steps rushing up the stairs.

Why, here was the man hurrying to tend it.

"Where have you been, man? I thought you were never coming?"

"Oh, those boys! Those boys! They stole my keys! This won't happen again!"

Now the little red lighthouse knew it was needed.

The bridge wanted it.

The man wanted it.

The ships must need it still.

It sent a long, bright, flashing ray out into the night.

One second on, two seconds off!

Flash, flash, flash!

Look out! Danger! Watch me!

Soon its bell was booming out too.

"Warn-ing! Warn-ing!" it cried.

The little red lighthouse still had work to do. And it was glad.

And now beside the great beacon of the bridge the small beam of the lighthouse still flashes.

Beside the towering gray bridge the lighthouse still bravely stands. Though it knows now that it is little, it is still *very, very proud.*

And every day the people who go up Riverside Drive in New York City turn to look at it. For there they both are—the great gray bridge and the little red lighthouse.

If you don't believe it, go see for yourselves!

LYND WARD

Trains

By James S. Tippett

Over the mountains,
Over the plains,
Over the rivers,
Here come the trains.

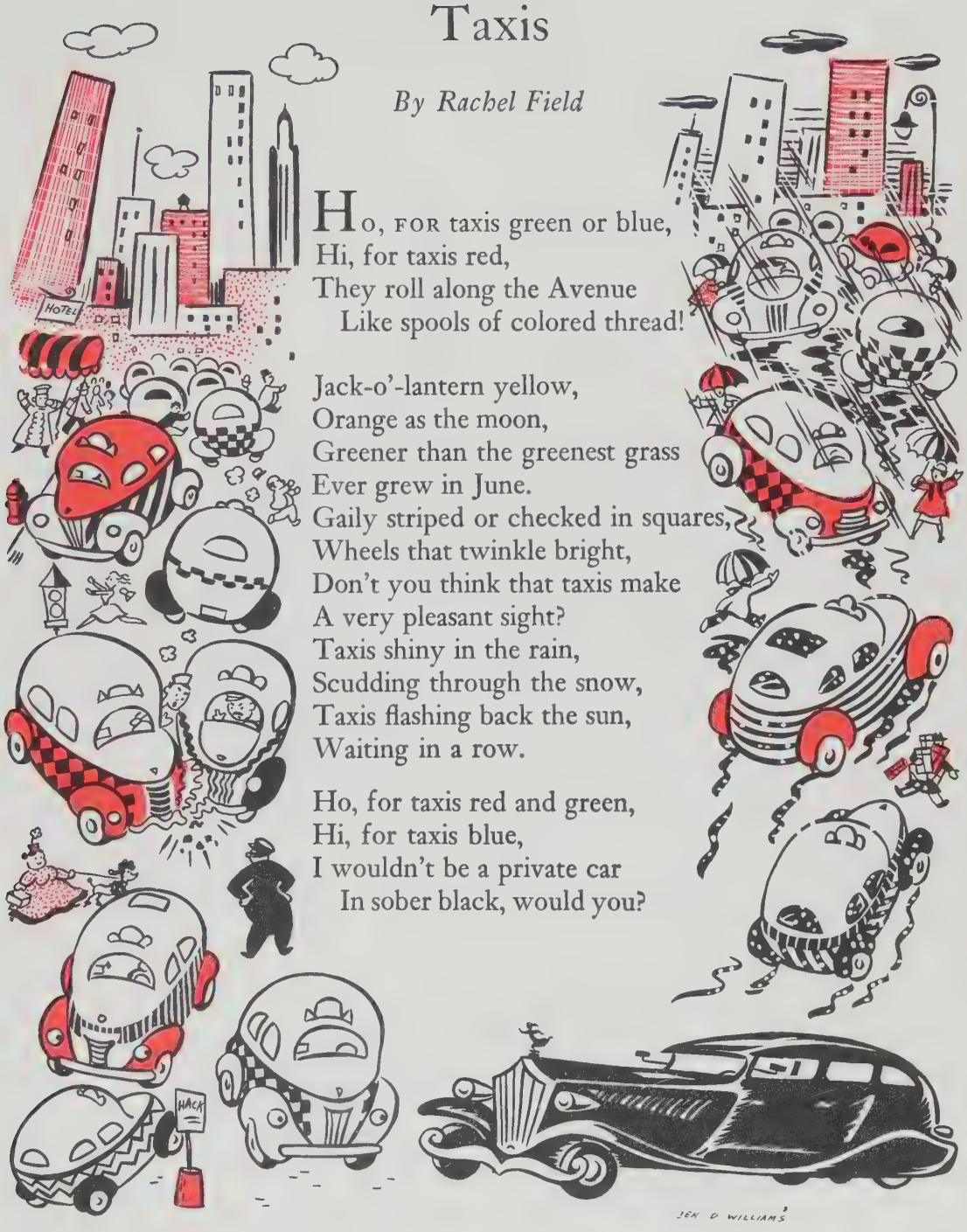
Carrying passengers,
Carrying mail,
Bringing their precious loads
In without fail.

Thousands of freight cars
All rushing on
Through day and darkness,
Through dusk and dawn.

Over the mountains,
Over the plains,
Over the rivers,
Here come the trains.

Taxis

By Rachel Field



Ho, for taxis green or blue,
Hi, for taxis red,
They roll along the Avenue
Like spools of colored thread!

Jack-o'-lantern yellow,
Orange as the moon,
Greener than the greenest grass
Ever grew in June.
Gaily striped or checked in squares,
Wheels that twinkle bright,
Don't you think that taxis make
A very pleasant sight?
Taxis shiny in the rain,
Scudding through the snow,
Taxis flashing back the sun,
Waiting in a row.

Ho, for taxis red and green,
Hi, for taxis blue,
I wouldn't be a private car
In sober black, would you?

Number 9, the Little Fire Engine

By Wallace Wadsworth

NUMBER 9 was a Fire Engine in a big city. But he was a little fire engine and not new any more. And so the larger, newer engines had crowded him out of one big engine house after another. At last he came to stay in a little engine house way out on the edge of the city.

Old Jeff, Number 9's driver, went there with him. Old Jeff was one of the best firemen in all the city. He even had medals pinned on his coat because of his brave deeds. But now the Fire Chief thought that he and Number 9 were too old to be of much use at a big fire. So all they had a chance to do was to put out some little fire once in a while.

Number 9 did not like to sit in the engine house day after day without any work. Old Jeff did not like it, either. He used to talk to Number 9 when he was polishing his bright red paint and brass work.

"They think we're too old to be of any use," he would grumble. "But we know more about putting out big fires than any other fireman and engine in the city. Here we are where there's nothing to do. First thing you know, they'll want to throw us both on the scrap pile."

"Don't fret," Number 9 would say to Old Jeff. "Our chance will come. Some day these new firemen and engines will have a fire too big for them. Then they'll have to call on us to help them out. So keep up your courage, Old Jeff. Keep my bearings oiled and my bolts tight. Then, when our chance comes, we'll be ready to show them."

Every time the fire alarm rang in the little engine house, Number 9 would tremble a little, he was so eager to go. And Old Jeff would stand ready to jump into the driver's seat. But months went by, and not once did they hear the signal calling them to help put out a big fire. Winter came, and still the signal did not ring for Number 9.

Then, early in the morning of the very coldest day of the year, a big fire broke out downtown. It started in a tall building, but soon the flames had spread to several other buildings near by.

Old Jeff and Number 9 listened to the signals that called for one fire engine after another. Old Jeff walked around Number 9, squirting oil into him, and as he worked he talked.

"Will they call us this time, Number 9?" Old Jeff said. "They think we're too old to be of any use at a big fire. Perhaps they'll forget all about us again."

But this time Number 9 felt sure, clear down to the middle of his motor, that he and Old Jeff would be called.

"No, Old Jeff," he said. "They won't forget us this time. This fire is too big

for those young firemen and new engines to handle by themselves. They'll have to call out us old-timers."

Just then the signal rang again. It was for them. Number 9 was right! He and Old Jeff were going to the big fire.

Whee-e-e-e! Old Jeff sprang into his seat. The broad doors of the little engine house swung open and Number 9 dashed out. He went so fast that the other firemen who rode on him hardly had time to put on their helmets and rubber coats and swing aboard.

Number 9. "Do your best now!"

Soon they passed the fire lines, where policemen were holding the people back so that the firemen would have plenty of room to work. Number 9 rolled up close to the burning buildings.

"The worst fire is in the Smith Building," Old Jeff said. "These new firemen don't know how to fight a big fire. They've forgotten all about the hydrant in the alley behind the Smith Building."

Just then the Fire Chief ran up. "You here, Old Jeff?" he cried.

Along the snowy streets roared Number 9. "*Oo-wee-oo-oo-oo!*" squealed his siren. "*Get out of the way! Out of the way! We're going to the big fire! Oo-WEE-oo-o-o!*"

When they got downtown, Old Jeff could see the clouds of smoke rolling up from the burning buildings. "It's a good thing we're coming," Old Jeff said to

"All here, both Old Jeff and Number 9," Old Jeff called back.

"You can help Number 40 with its pumping," said the Chief. "We need all the water we can throw, and more, too."

"The place for Number 9 is at the alley hydrant, behind the Smith Building," said Old Jeff.

"Too dangerous," said the Chief. "The

walls may fall any minute. We need the water back there badly, but I won't order any man to go there."

"Ho-ho!" laughed Old Jeff. "Number 9 and I will give you all the water you want from the alley. Come along, Number 9."

The alley was a fearful sight. Up

above, red flames and smoke poured from the Smith Building. The walls of the building next to it had fallen, and the fire was leaping out in great flames. Ice and icicles hung all around from the water the firemen had thrown on the fire. But Old Jeff and Number 9 went right up the alley. When they came to the hydrant behind the Smith Building, Old Jeff spoke. "Here is where we stop," he told Number 9.

Old Jeff fastened his pumping hose to the hydrant. Firemen ran lines of hose from Number 9 to the burning building. Now they could get more water and fight the fire in a new place.

"All right, boys," Old Jeff shouted above the roar of the fire and the noise of Number 9's motor. "Now you'll have water as long as there is any Number 9 or Old Jeff!"

Number 9 pumped water as fast as he could pump. *Whee-e-e!* It was hard work, but Number 9 thought it was the most exciting thing he had ever done. He trembled with joy as he felt the hundreds and hundreds of gallons of water rush through his pump and on through his hose lines as fast as he could push them forward.

The heat from the flames blistered Old Jeff's face. It blistered Number 9's bright red paint, too. The strong cold wind blew over them and froze the water about them. Before long, Number 9 was covered with ice, and Old Jeff looked like an ice man. But he went on oiling Number 9 and taking care of him, and Number 9 went on pumping away as hard as ever.

"I'm afraid the wall will fall soon," Old Jeff said to Number 9. "It's getting very weak."

Faithful old Number 9 did not care very much whether the wall fell on him or not, but he hated to have it fall on Old Jeff.

"Fill up my oil cups as full as you can, Old Jeff," he said. "Fix me up so that I can run for a long time. Then crawl under me, and I will keep you from getting hurt."

Old Jeff heard some bricks crash down near by. He saw that the wall was ready to fall. He filled another oil cup for Number 9 and then, just in time, crawled under the little Fire Engine.

With a mighty crash the wall fell. Part of it fell on Number 9.

"Are you hurt, Number 9?" called Old Jeff from underneath.

"Not badly, Old Jeff," Number 9 called back. "I'm bent up a bit, and I'm afraid I shall burst my tires, the wall is so heavy. But my pump and my motor are not hurt. I can run for a long time yet. Are *you* hurt, Old Jeff?"

"Just my ankle, where a brick hit me," said Old Jeff. "But I think I still can crawl around and give you a little oil when you need it. We'll show them yet! Won't we, Number 9!"

After the wall fell, the water from the hose lines came over Number 9 more than ever. By and by, so much water had fallen on him, and on the heavy wall on top of him, that nothing at all could be seen of the little Fire Engine. Only a great lump of glittering ice stood in the alley where Number 9 had been.

Bang! Pop-pop! Hiss-s-ss! The wall with the ice on it had grown so heavy that Number 9 burst all his tires. But still he kept on pumping.

"I need oil, Old Jeff," he called once in a while.

And Old Jeff, in spite of his hurt ankle, crawled around under the ice and pieces of wall and put oil in Number 9's oil cups. And Number 9 went on pumping water on the big fire, as hard as ever.

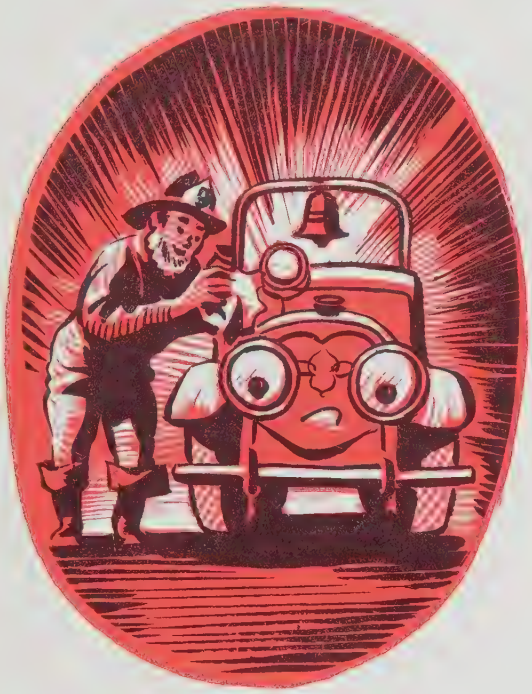
After a long while the firemen had poured so much water on the flames that the fire was not a big one any more —only a middle-sized one. Soon it was not a middle-sized fire—only a small one. And then, at last, the Fire Chief had time to think about Old Jeff and Number 9. He ran down the alley to the back of the Smith Building. There he saw the great lump of glittering ice.

"Come quick!" he called to some firemen. "The wall fell on Old Jeff and Number 9. We must dig them out. Poor Old Jeff, he would risk it here!"

The firemen got tools and began to dig. In a little while one of them said to the Chief, "Do you hear that sound coming from under the ice and bricks?"

The Chief listened. "Why, it's old

Number 9, still pumping away!" he cried. "Hurry, boys! Perhaps Old Jeff is all right, too."



The firemen dug harder than ever. At last they came upon Old Jeff. He was crawling under the ice and broken wall, giving Number 9 another drink of oil.

The Chief was proud of Old Jeff and Number 9.

"If it hadn't been for you and Number 9," he told Old Jeff, "this little fire would still be a big one."

The people of the city, too, were proud of Old Jeff and Number 9. They pinned another medal on Old Jeff and they gave Number 9 a new coat of bright red paint. They shined his brass work until it looked like gold and paraded him through the city to the biggest engine house.

And there he stands today, with a little brass plate on his side to tell visitors about his brave work.

Old Jeff stays at the big engine house, too. He takes care of Number 9 and keeps him shining.

So they are both quite happy, even though the Chief will not let them go to fires any more. He thinks that now they really are too old. Of course, Old Jeff and Number 9 know better. But they are willing now to stand aside and give younger firemen and fire engines a chance. After all, they went to the worst fire the city ever had. And, as everyone knows, not a fireman or a fire engine there did more than brave Old Jeff and faithful Number 9.

Words that Sing

When Mother Reads Aloud

When Mother reads aloud, the past
Seems real as every day;
I hear the tramp of armies vast,
I see the spears and lances cast,
I join the thrilling fray.
Brave knights and ladies fair and proud
I meet when Mother reads aloud.

When Mother reads aloud, far lands
Seem very near and true;
I cross the desert's gleaming sands,
Or hunt the jungle's prowling bands,
Or sail the ocean blue.
Far heights, whose peaks the cold
mists shroud,
I scale, when Mother reads aloud.

When Mother reads aloud, I long
For noble deeds to do—
To help the right, redress the wrong;
It seems so easy to be strong,
So simple to be true.
Oh, thick and fast the visions crowd
My eyes, when Mother reads aloud.

Good Morning, World!

By Corinna Marsh

Good morning, world! How new the day!
How sweet the grass! The flowers, how gay!
Good morning, sun; good morning, breeze;
Good morning, leaves; good morning, trees.
Hello there, little singing birds
Who sing the tunes but not the words.
I'm coming out to sing with you:
I know the words and music too!

The Cow

By Robert Louis Stevenson

THE friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow-grass
And eats the meadow-flowers.

WHAT ROBIN TOLD

By George Cooper

How do robins build their nests?
Robin Redbreast told me:
First a wisp of yellow hay
In a pretty round they lay;
Then some shreds of downy floss,
Feathers too, and bits of moss,
Woven with a sweet, sweet song,
This way, that way, and across;
That's what Robin told me.

Where do robins hide their nests?
Robin Redbreast told me:
Up among the leaves so deep,
Where the sunbeams rarely creep.
Long before the winds are cold,
Long before the leaves are gold,
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see
Baby robins—one, two, three;
That's what Robin told me.

Singing

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

RAIN

By Robert Louis Stevenson

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree;
It rains on the umbrellas here
And on the ships at sea.

The Wind

By Robert Louis Stevenson

I SAW you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES

By George Cooper

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come over the meadows with me and play.
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering one and all.
Over the brown fields they danced and flew
Singing the sweet little songs they knew.

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went;
Winter had called them and they were content.
Soon, fast asleep on their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

By Christina Rossetti

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

A KITE

I often sit and wish that I
Could be a kite up in the sky,
And ride upon the breeze and go
Whichever way I chanced to blow.

Playgrounds

By Laurence Alma-Tadema

In summer I am very glad
We children are so small,
For we can see a thousand things
That men can't see at all.

They don't know much about the moss
And all the stones they pass:
They never lie and play among
The forests in the grass:

They walk about a long way off;
And, when we're at the sea,
Let father stoop as best he can
He can't find things like me.

HAPPY THOUGHT

By Robert Louis Stevenson

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

The Cupboard

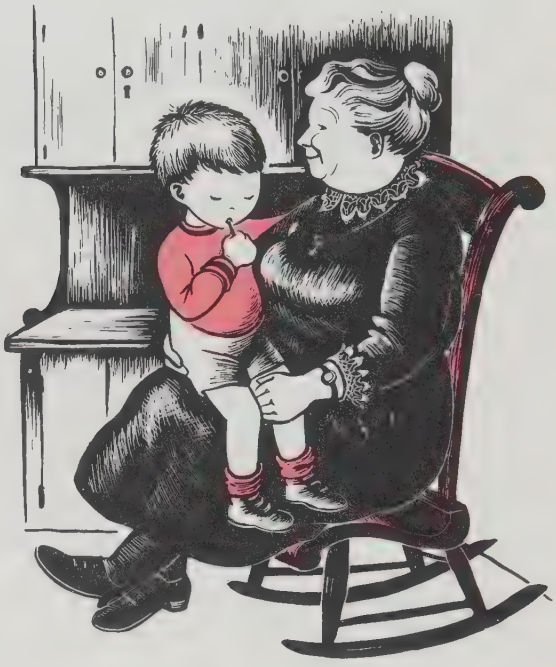
By Walter de la Mare

I KNOW a little cupboard,
With a teeny tiny key,
And there's a jar of lollipops
For me, me, me.

It has a little shelf, my dear,
As dark as dark can be,
And there's a dish of Banbury cakes
For me, me, me.

I have a small fat grandmamma,
With a very slippery knee,
And she's keeper of the cupboard,
With the key, key, key.

And when I'm very good, my dear,
As good as good can be,
There's Banbury cakes and lollipops
For me, me, me.



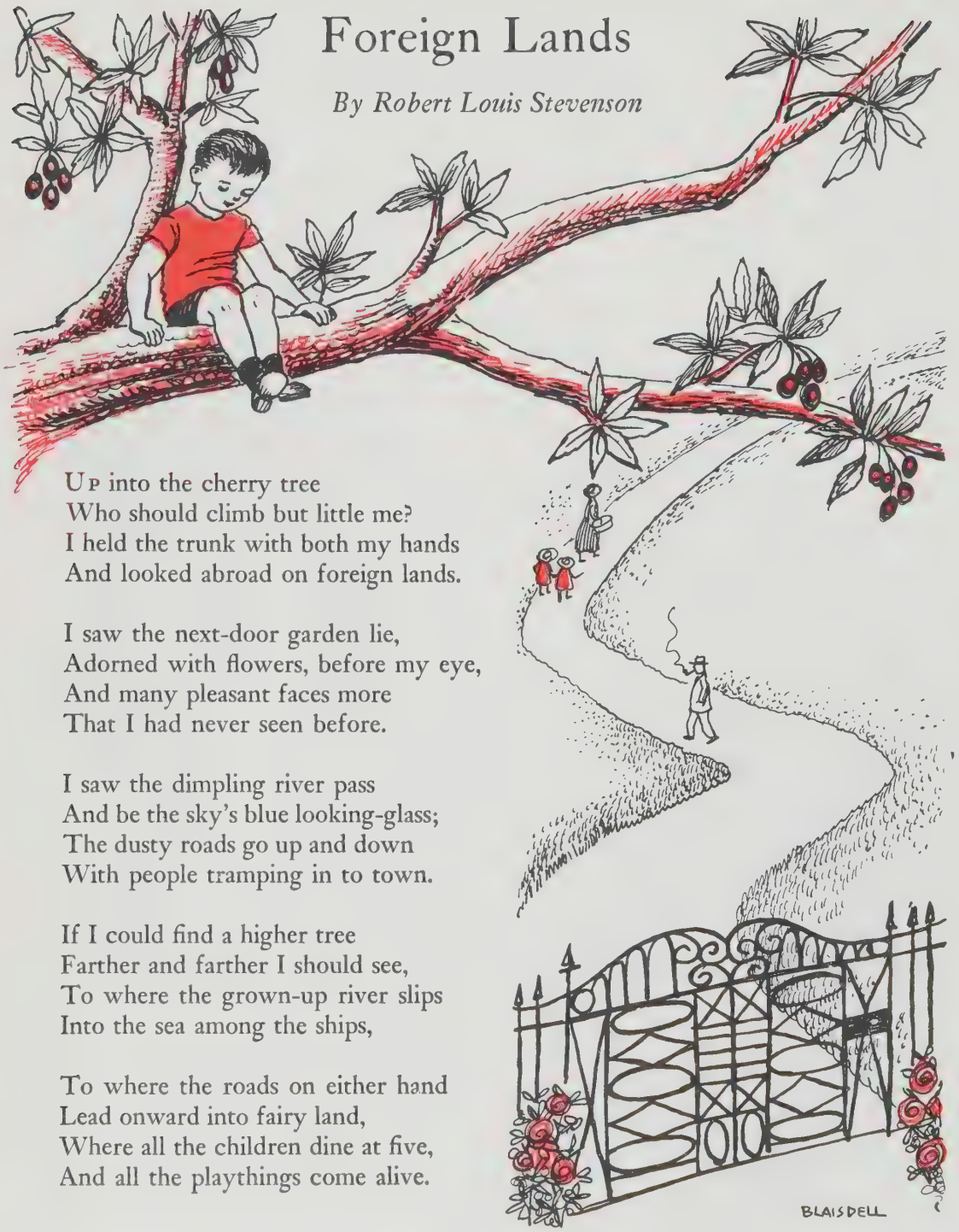
BREAD AND MILK

By Christina Rossetti

Bread and milk for breakfast,
And woolen frocks to wear,
And a crumb for robin redbreast
On the cold days of the year.

Foreign Lands

By Robert Louis Stevenson



Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant faces more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

Thanksgiving Day

By Lydia Maria Child

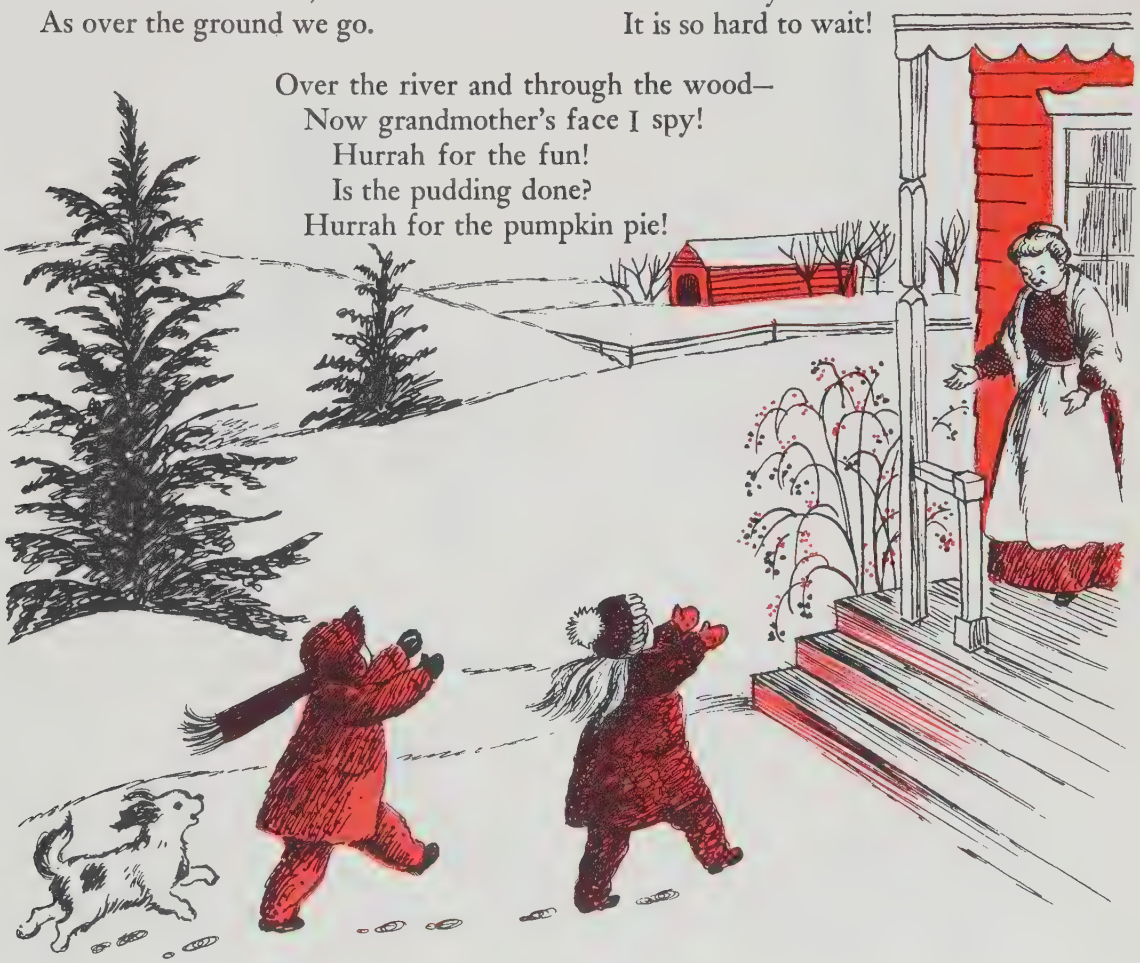
Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

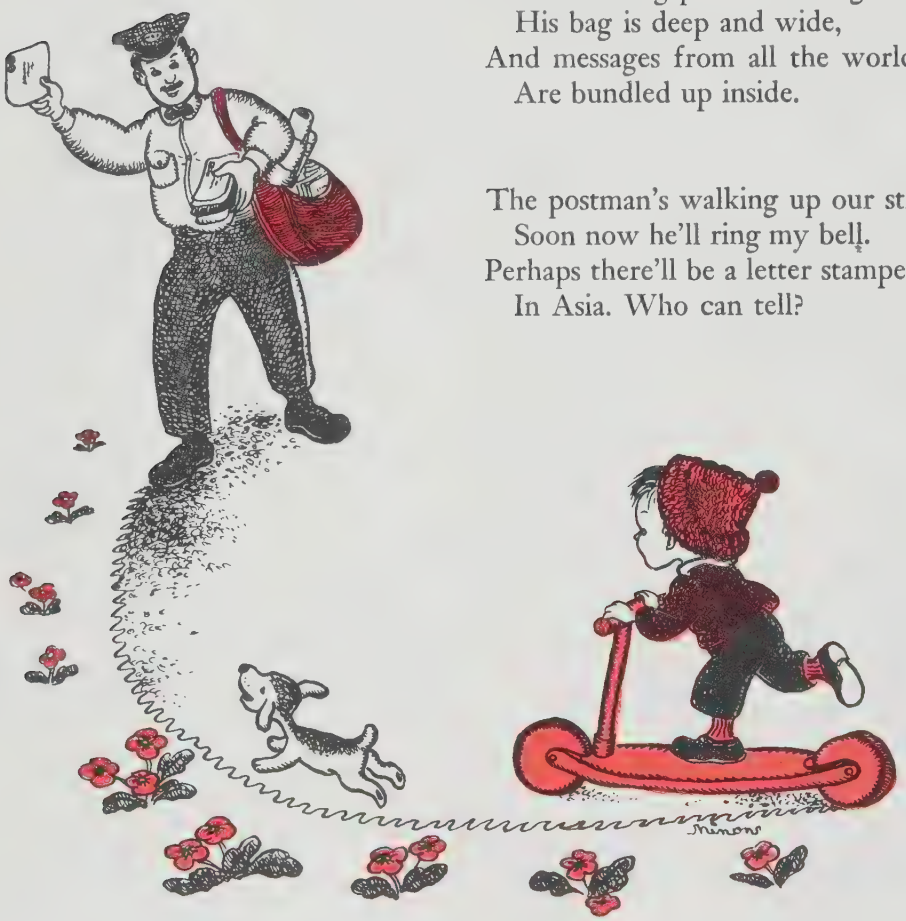
Over the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother's face I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow—
It is so hard to wait!



The Postman



THE whistling postman swings along.
His bag is deep and wide,
And messages from all the world
Are bundled up inside.

The postman's walking up our street;
Soon now he'll ring my bell.
Perhaps there'll be a letter stamped
In Asia. Who can tell?

THE MILKMAN'S HORSE

ON summer mornings, when it's hot,
The milkman's horse can't even trot,
But pokes along like this—
Klip-klop, klip-klop, klip-klop.

But in the winter, when it's brisk,
He perks right up and wants to frisk,
And then he goes like this—
Klippty-klip, klippty-klip, klippty-klip.

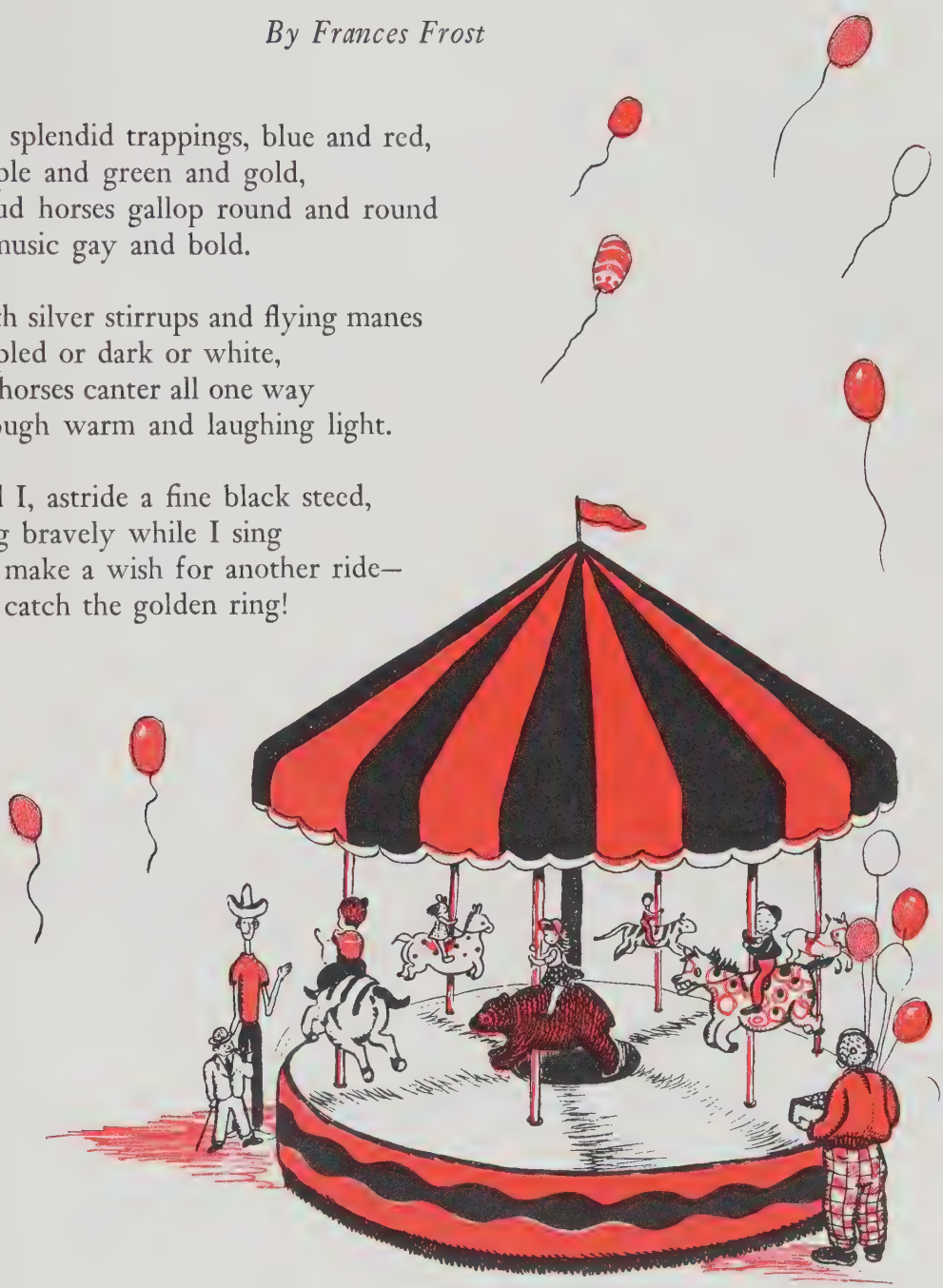
The Merry-Go-Round

By Frances Frost

In splendid trappings, blue and red,
purple and green and gold,
proud horses gallop round and round
to music gay and bold.

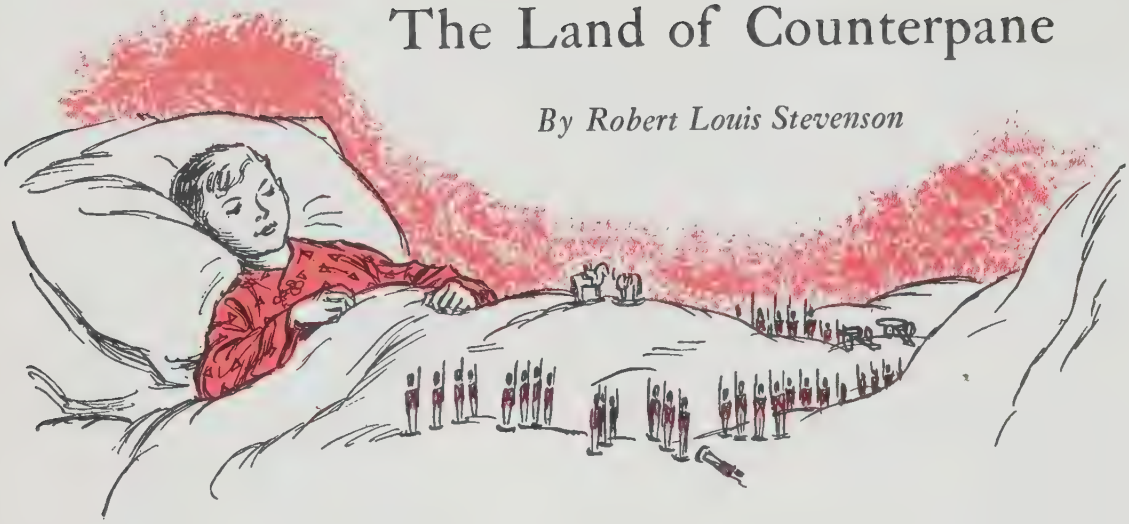
With silver stirrups and flying manes
dappled or dark or white,
the horses canter all one way
through warm and laughing light.

And I, astride a fine black steed,
cling bravely while I sing
and make a wish for another ride—
and catch the golden ring!



The Land of Counterpane

By Robert Louis Stevenson



When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

DOLL'S SONG

By Lewis Carroll

MATILDA JANE, you never look
At any toy or picture book;
I show you pretty things in vain—
You must be blind, Matilda Jane.

I ask you riddles, tell you tales,
But *all* our conversation fails;
You *never* answer me again—
I fear you're dumb, Matilda Jane.

Matilda darling, when I call,
You never seem to hear at all;
I shout with all my might and main—
But you're *so* deaf, Matilda Jane!

Matilda Jane, you needn't mind;
For though you're deaf and dumb and blind,
There's *someone* loves you, it is plain—
And that is *me*, Matilda Jane!

THE LOST DOLL

By Charles Kingsley

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day,
And I cried for more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away!
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

The Woodpecker

By Elizabeth Madox Roberts

THE woodpecker pecked out a little round hole
And made him a house in the telephone pole.
One day when I watched he poked out his head,
And he had on a hood and a collar of red.

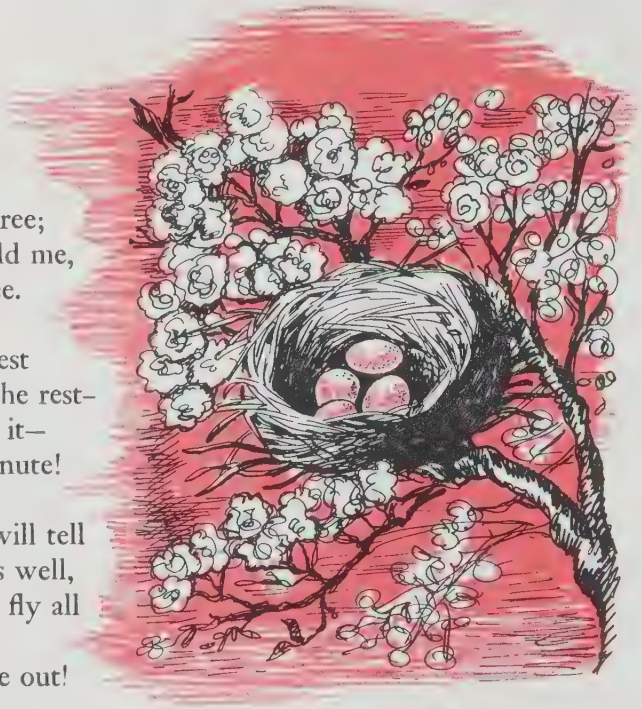
When the streams of rain pour out of the sky,
And the sparkles of lightning go flashing by,
And the big, big wheels of thunder roll,
He can snuggle back in the telephone pole.

THE SECRET

WE have a secret, just we three,
The Robin and I and the sweet cherry tree;
The bird told the tree and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just us three.

Of course Mrs. Robin knows it the best
For she built the—oh, I can't tell you the rest—
And laid the four little *somethings* in it—
I fear I shall say what they are any minute!

But if neither the tree nor the Robin will tell
I'm sure I can keep the sweet secret as well,
Though I know that when baby birds fly all about
The wonderful secret of spring will be out!



TIME TO RISE

By Robert Louis Stevenson

A BIRDIE with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window-sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head?"

Frogs at School

By George Cooper

TWENTY froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests so white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they,
"First in study and then in play;
That's the way we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Taught the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive.

From his seat upon a log,
Taught them how to say "Kerchog";
Also how to dodge a blow,
And the things some people throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast,
Bullfrogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot.

Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be;
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

A Song for Hal

By Laura E. Richards

ONCE I saw a little boat, and a pretty pretty boat,
When daybreak the hills were adorning,
And into it I hopped, and far away I plopped,
So very very early in the morning.

And every little wavelet had its nightcap on,
Its nightcap, white cap, nightcap on.
And every little wavelet had its nightcap on,
So very very early in the morning.

All the fishes were asleep in their caves cool and deep,
When the ripple round my keel flushed a warning.
Said the minnow to the skate, "We must certainly be late,
Though I thought 'twas very early in the morning."

The lobster darkly green soon appeared upon the scene,
And pearly drops his claws were adorning.
Quoth he, "May I be boiled, if I'll have my slumber spoiled,
So very very early in the morning!"

Said the sturgeon to the eel, "Just imagine how I feel,
Thus roused without a syllable of warning.
People ought to let us know when a-sailing they would go,
So very very early in the morning."

Just then up jumped the sun, and the fishes every one
For their laziness at once fell a-mourning.
But I stayed to hear no more, for my boat had reached the shore,
So very very early in the morning.

And every little wavelet took its nightcap off,
Its nightcap, white cap, nightcap off.
And every little wavelet took its nightcap off,
And curtsied to the sun in the morning.

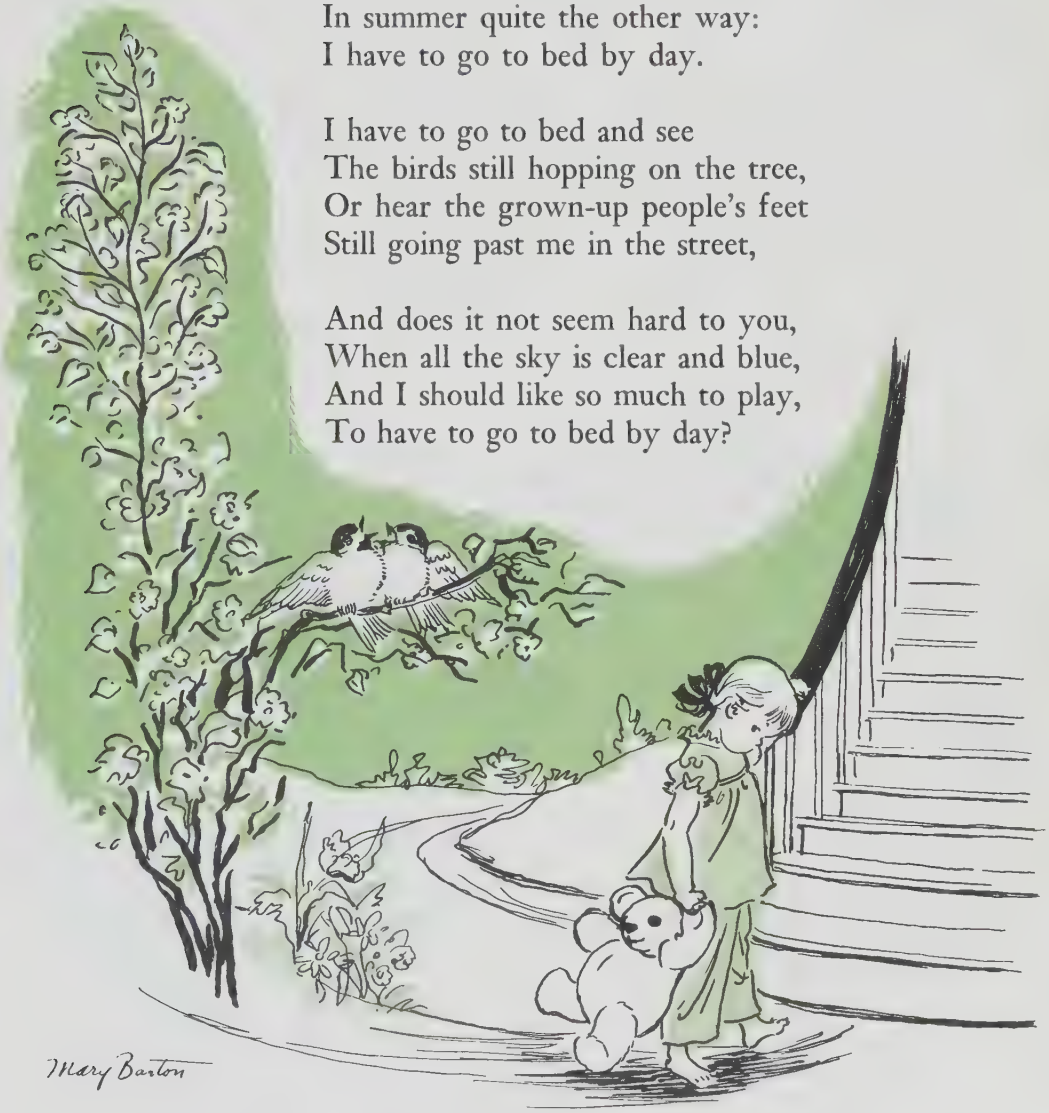
Bed in Summer

By Robert Louis Stevenson

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer quite the other way:
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street,

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?



Twinkle Twinkle, Little Star

By Jane Taylor

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is set,
And the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark,
He could not see where to go
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep;
And often through my curtains peep,
For you must never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

STARS

I'M glad the stars are over me
And not beneath my feet,
Where we should trample on them
Like cobbles on the street.
I think it is a happy thing
That they are set so far;
It's best to have to look up high
When you would see a star.

Only One Mother

By George Cooper

HUNDREDS of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of lambs in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over.

WHERE DO ALL THE DAISIES GO?

WHERE do all the daisies go?
I know, I know!
Underneath the snow they creep,
Nod their little heads and sleep.
In the springtime out they peep—
That is where they go!

Where do all the birdies go?
I know, I know!
Far away from winter snow,
To the fair warm South they go,
There they stay till daisies blow—
That is where they go!

Where do all the babies go?
I know, I know!
In the glancing firelight warm,
Safely sheltered from all harm,
Soft they lie on Mother's arm—
That is where they go!

TO MY VALENTINE

IF apples were pears
And peaches were plums
And the rose had a different name,
If tigers were bears
And fingers were thumbs
I'd love you just the same!

The Little Turtle

By Vachel Lindsay

THERE was a little turtle,
He lived in a box,
He swam in a puddle,
He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito,
He snapped at a flea,
He snapped at a minnow,
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito,
He caught the flea,
He caught the minnow,
But he didn't catch me.

A LAUGHING SONG

By William Blake

WHEN the green woods laugh with the voice of joy
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
When the whole air laughs with our merry wit
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing "Ha, ha, he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is laid,
Come live and be merry and join with me
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

The Squirrel

Whisky, frisky,
Hippity hop,
Up he goes
To the tree-top!

Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.

Furly, curly
What a tail!
Tall as a feather
Broad as a sail!

Where's his supper?
In the shell,
Snappity, crackity,
Out it fell.

LITTLE BY LITTLE

"Little by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little each day it grew,
Little by little it sipped the dew.

Downward it sent out a thread-like root
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot;
Day by day, and year by year,
Little by little the leaves appear,
And the slender branches spread far and wide
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Snowflakes

By Mary Mapes Dodge

WHENEVER a snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say "Good-bye!
Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray!"
Then lightly travels on its way.

And when a snowflake finds a tree,
"Good-day!" it says. "Good-day to thee!
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my comrades here."

But when a snowflake, brave and meek,
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,
It starts: "How warm and soft the day!
'Tis summer!"—and it melts away.

THE SNOW-BIRD

By Frank Dempster Sherman

WHEN all the ground with snow is white,
The merry snow-bird comes
And hops about with great delight
To find the scattered crumbs.

How glad he seems to get to eat
A piece of cake or bread!
He wears no shoes upon his feet,
Nor hat upon his head.

But happiest is he, I know,
Because no cage with bars
Keeps him from walking on the snow
And printing it with stars.

Jack Frost

When Jack Frost comes—what fun, what fun!
He plays his pranks on everyone.
He'll pinch your nose and bite your toes,
But where he goes—nobody knows.

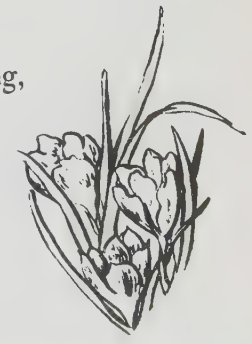
He paints upon the window-panes
Tin soldiers, teddy-bears and trains,
He nips the leaves from off the trees—
This little man nobody sees.

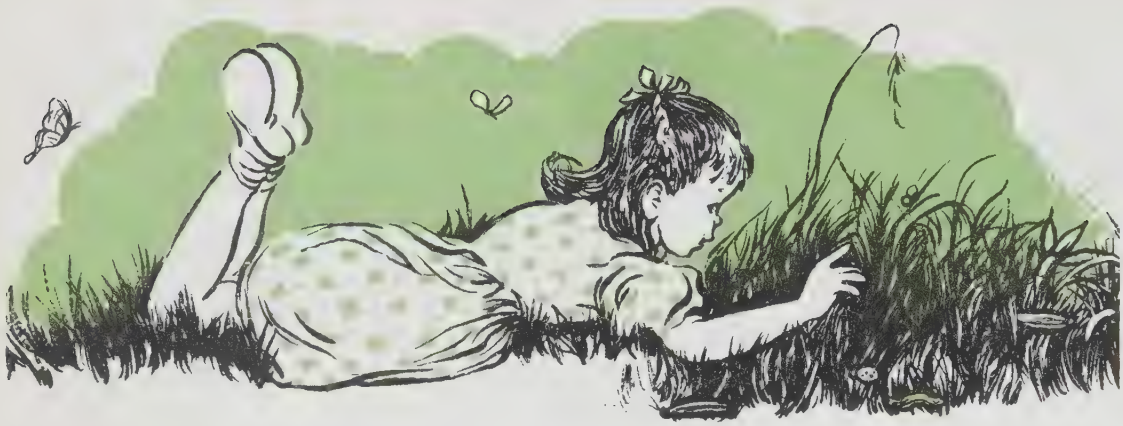
LITTLE JACK FROST

Little Jack Frost went up the hill,
Watching the stars and the moon so still,
Watching the stars and the moon so bright,
And laughing aloud with all his might.
Little Jack Frost ran down the hill,
Late in the night when the winds were still,
Late in the fall when the leaves fell down,
Red and yellow and faded brown.

Little Jack Frost walked through the trees,
"Ah," sighed the flowers, "we freeze, we freeze."
"Ah," sighed the grasses, "we die, we die."
Said Little Jack Frost, "Good-by, Good-by."
Spreading white snow on the frozen ground,
Nipping the breezes, icing the streams,
Chilling the warmth of the sun's bright beams.

But when Dame Nature brought back the spring,
Brought back the birds to chirp and sing,
Melted the snow and warmed the sky,
Little Jack Frost went pouting by.
The flowers opened their eyes of blue,
Green buds peeped out and grasses grew;
It was so warm and scorched him so,
Little Jack Frost was glad to go.





THE DANDELION

"O DANDELION, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?"
"I just wait here in the tall green grass
Till the children come to play."

"O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?"
"I wait and wait till the cool dew falls
And my hair grows long and white."

"And what do you do when your hair
is white,
And the children come to play?"
"They take me up in their dimpled hands,
And blow my hair away."

LITTLE WIND

LITTLE wind, blow on the hilltop;
Little wind, blow down the plain;
Little wind, blow up the sunshine;
Little wind, blow off the rain.

HOW CREATURES MOVE

THE lion walks on padded paws,
The squirrel leaps from limb to limb,
While flies can crawl straight up a wall,
And seals can dive and swim.
The worm he wiggles all around,
The monkey swings by his tail,
And birds may hop upon the ground
Or spread their wings and sail.
But boys and girls
Have much more fun:
They leap and dance
And walk and run.

NATURE'S SEWING

IF Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With needles of the pines;
They're very long and slender,
And somewhere in full view
She has her threads of cobweb
And a thimbleful of dew.

I'M GLAD

I'm glad the sky is painted blue
And the earth is painted green,
With such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD

By William Brighty Rands

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.
You, friendly Earth, how far do you go,

With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles
And people upon you, for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say:
"You are more than the Earth, though you are
such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

MUD

By Polly Chase Boyden

Mud is very nice to feel
All squishy-squash between the toes!
I'd rather wade in wiggly mud
Than smell a yellow rose.

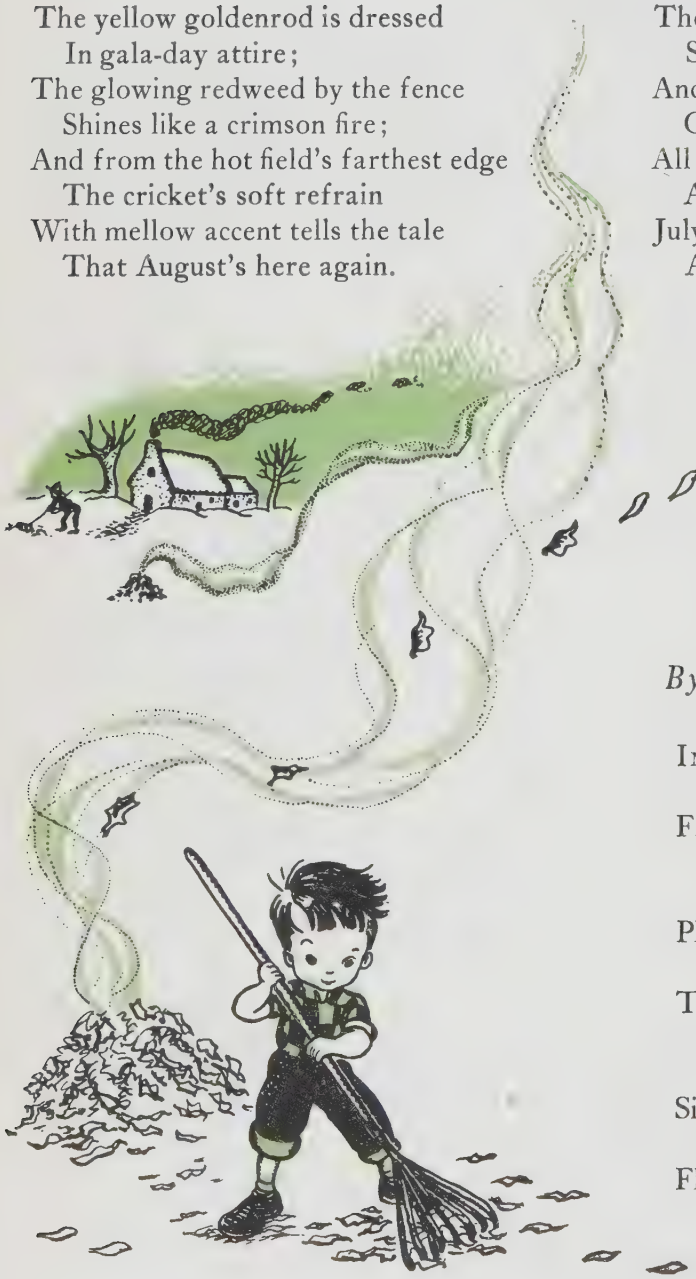
Nobody else but the rosebush knows
How nice mud feels
Between the toes.

August

By Helen Maria Winslow

The yellow goldenrod is dressed
  In gala-day attire;
The glowing redweed by the fence
  Shines like a crimson fire;
And from the hot field's farthest edge
  The cricket's soft refrain
With mellow accent tells the tale
  That August's here again.

The wild hop, from the young elm's bough,
  Sways on the languid breeze
And here and there the autumn tints
  Gleam faintly through the trees.
All Nature helps to swell the song
  And chant the same refrain;
July and June have slipped away
  And August's here again.



AUTUMN FIRES

By Robert Louis Stevenson

In the other gardens
  And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
  See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
  And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
  The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
  Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
  Fires in the fall!

THE SNOWMAN

In our yard there stood a Snowman
Big and white and dignified,
But he wasn't very happy
All alone and cold, outside.

He was sure he'd feel much better
In the house where, he could see,
There were merry children playing
Just as warm as warm could be.

So he whistled to the North Wind,
"Blow me in the house, I pray,
Where it's nice and warm. I'm frozen
Standing in the snow all day."

So the North Wind roughly blew him
Right in through the cottage door,
And the Snowman now is nothing
But a puddle on the floor.

THE MITTEN SONG

By Mary Louise Allen

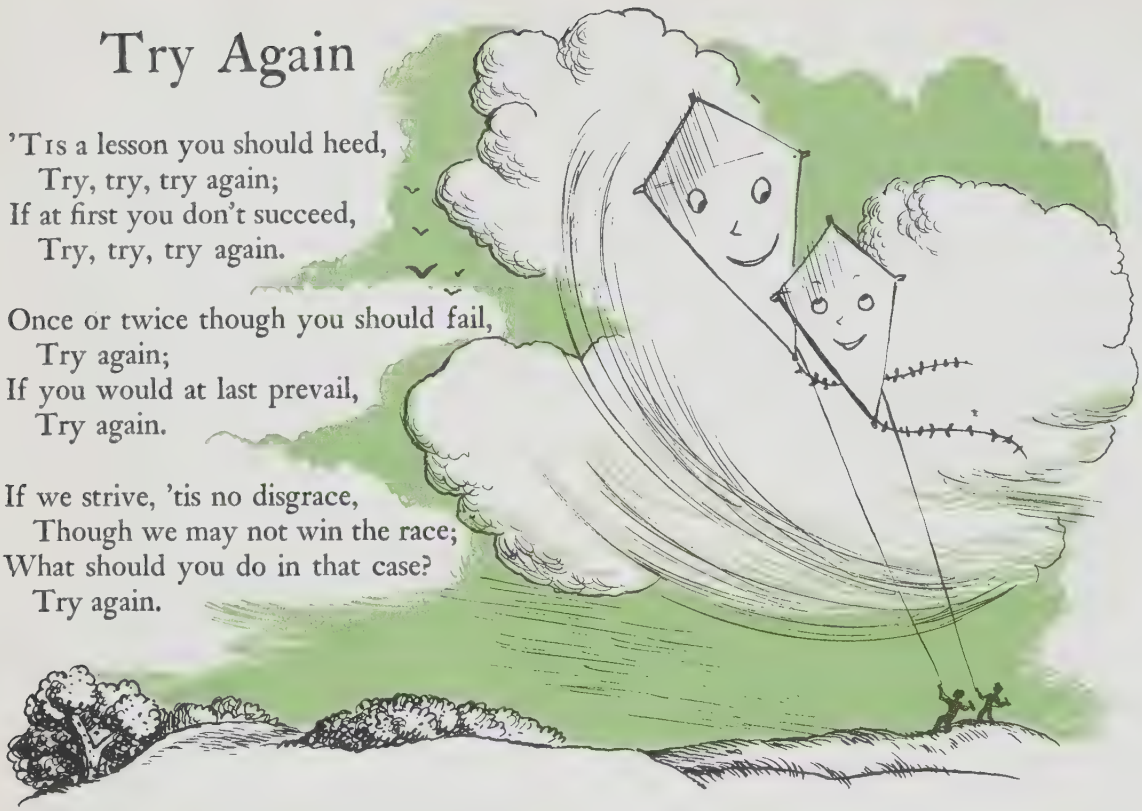
"Thumbs in the thumb-place,
Fingers all together!"
This is the song
We sing in mitten weather.
When it is cold,
It doesn't matter whether
Mittens are wool,
Or made of finest leather.
This is the song
We sing in mitten-weather:
"Thumbs in the thumb-place,
Fingers all together!"

Try Again

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,
Try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try again.

If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race;
What should you do in that case?
Try again.



HOW THE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY

By Katherine Pyle

"I NEVER can do it," the little kite said,
As he looked at the others high over his head.
"I know I should fall if I tried to fly."
"Try," said the big kite, "only try!
Or I fear you never will learn at all."
But the little kite said: "I'm afraid I'll fall."

The big kite nodded: "Ah, well, good-by;
I'm off." And he rose toward the tranquil sky.
Then the little kite's paper stirred at the sight,
And trembling he shook himself free for flight.

First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,
Up, up he rose through the air alone,
Till the big kite looking down could see
The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,
As he sailed with the big kite side by side!
While far below he could see the ground,
And the boys like small spots moving 'round.
They rested high in the quiet air,
And only the birds and the clouds were there.
"Oh, how happy I am!" the little kite cried,
"And all because I was brave and tried."

WINDY NIGHTS

By Robert Louis Stevenson

WHENEVER the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

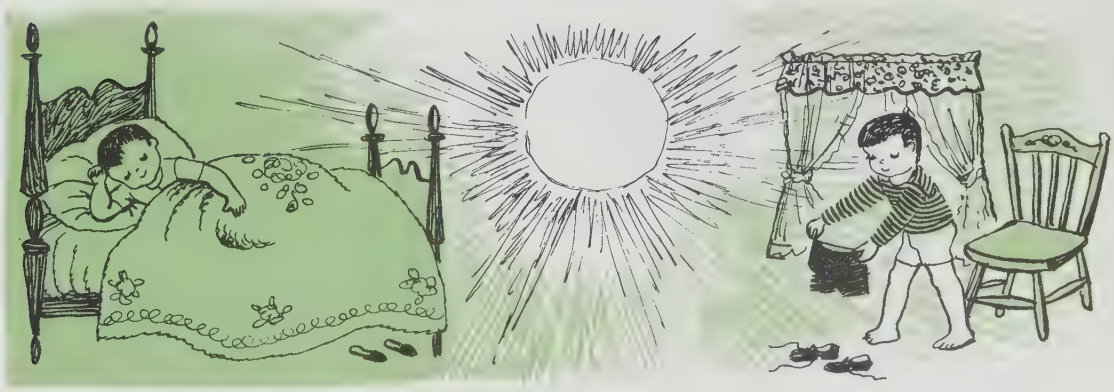
THE SUN'S TRAVELS

By Robert Louis Stevenson

THE sun is not a-bed when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes
And morning after morning makes.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic sea;
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

While here at home, in shining day,
We 'round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepyhead
Is being kissed and put to bed.



I Never Hear

By Dorothy Aldis

I NEVER hear my mother come
Into my room late late at night.
She says she has to look and see
If I'm still tucked exactly right.
Nor do I feel her kissing me.
She says she does, though,
Every night.

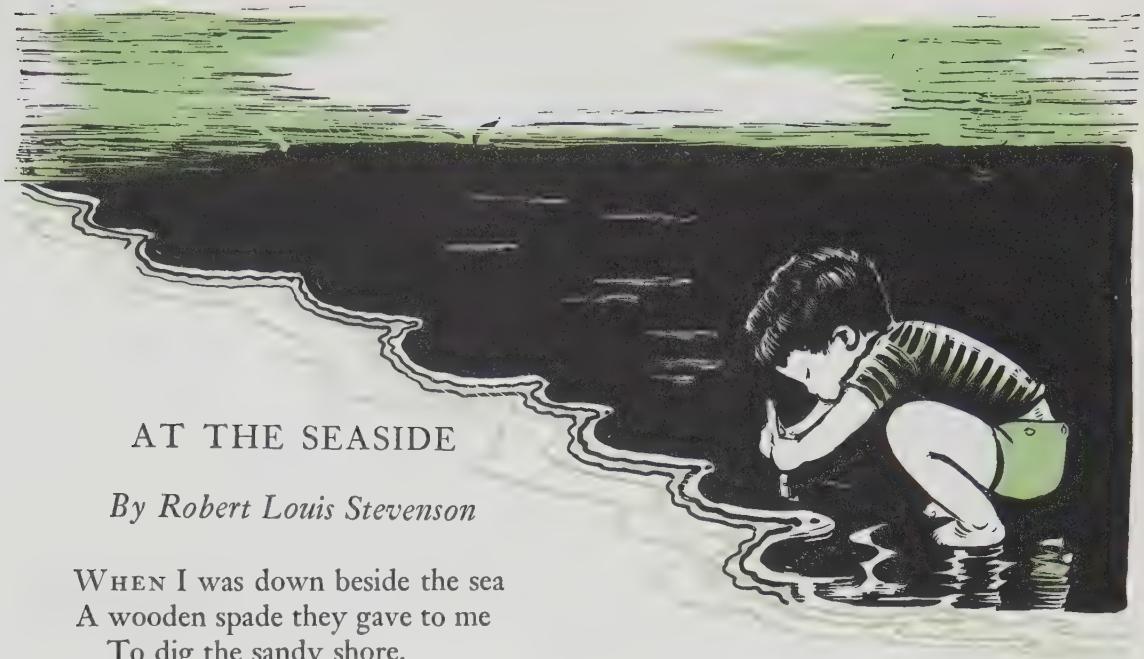
DAISIES

By Frank Dempster Sherman

AT evening when I go to bed,
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped
them down
Into the meadows of the town.



AT THE SEASIDE

By Robert Louis Stevenson

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

The holes were empty like a cup;
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

By Christina Rossetti

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

How Doth the Little Busy Bee?

By Isaac Watts

How doth the little busy bee
  Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
  From every opening flower.

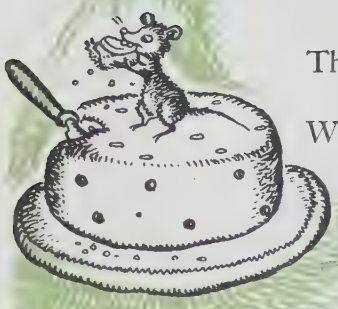
How skillfully she builds her cell!
  How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
  With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
  I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
  For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play
  Let my first years be passed,
That I may give for every day
  Some good account at last.

The City Mouse and the Garden Mouse

By Christina Rossetti



THE city mouse lives in a house;
The garden mouse lives in a bower;
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;
The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stalks,
Poor little timid furry man.

THE FIRST SONG-SPARROW

SUNSHINE set to music!
Hear the sparrow sing!
In his note is freshness
Of the new-born spring;

In his trill delicious
Summer overflows—
Whiteness of the lily,
Sweetness of the rose.

"God is good forever!
Nothing shall go wrong!"
Sunshine set to music—
'Tis the sparrow's song.

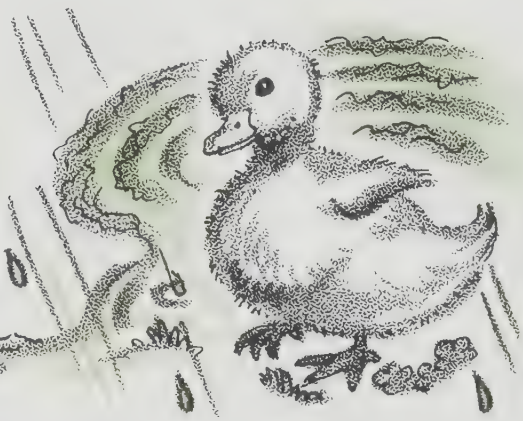
COBWEBS

DAINTY fairy lace-work, O so finely spun,
Lying on the grasses and shining in the sun,
Guess the fairies washed you and spread you out to dry,
And left you there, a-glistening and a-shining to the sky!

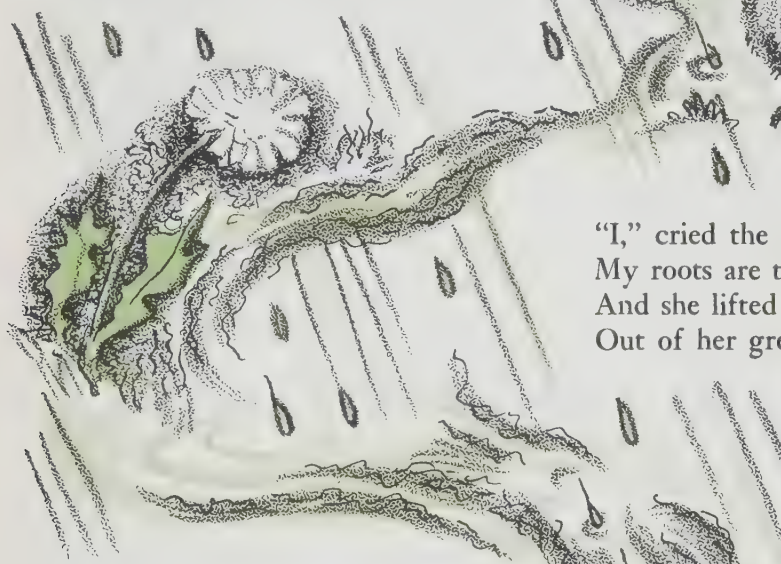
Who Likes the Rain?

By Clara Doty Bates

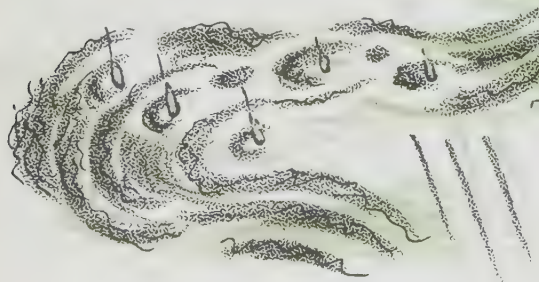
"I," SAID the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on.
They make a cunning three-toes track
In the soft cool mud. Quack! Quack!"



"I," cried the dandelion, "I.
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry."
And she lifted her little yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

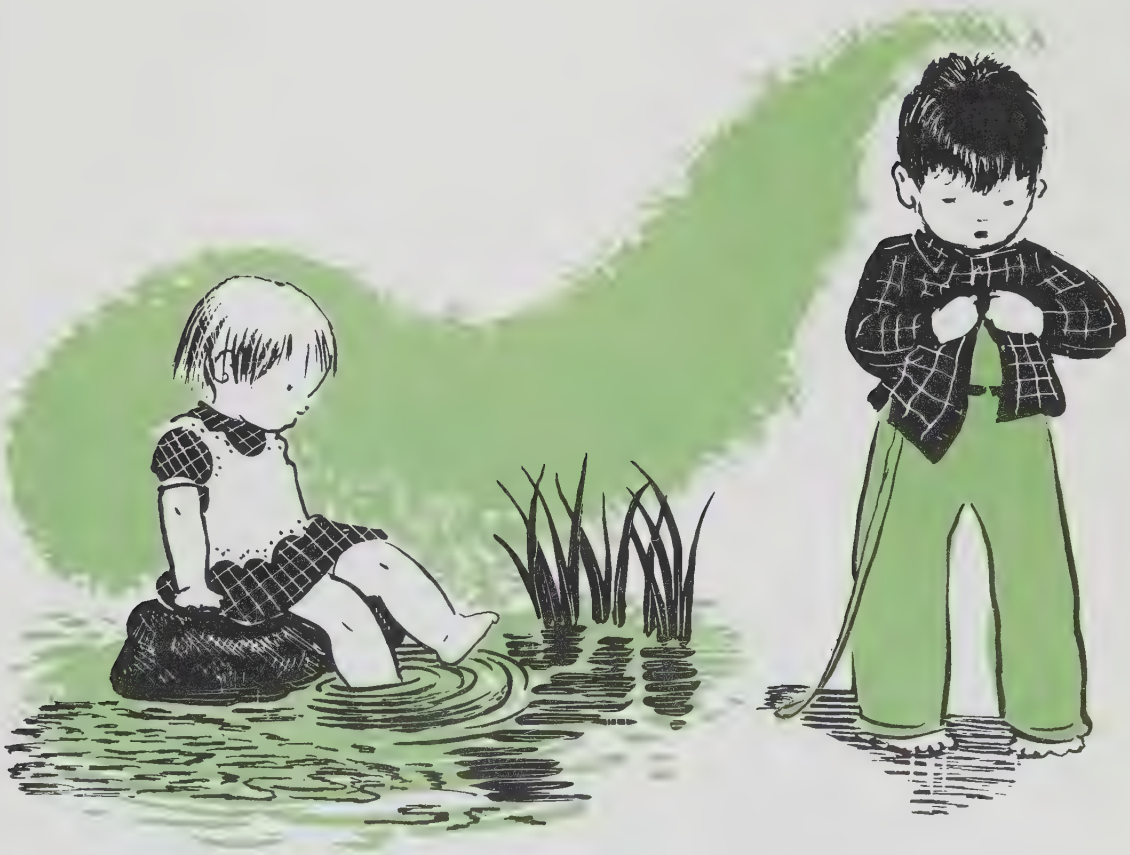


"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Croaked the toad at his gray bark door.
"For with a broad leaf for a roof
I am perfectly weather-proof."



Sang the brook, "I welcome every drop;
Come, come, dear rain drops, never stop
Till a great river you make of me,
Then I will carry you to the sea."

Stories about Real Children



Susan and the Rain

By Madye Lee Chastain

Susan Amantha Cottonwood
was a little girl
who was always good—
when the sun shone.

But when the clouds piled up in the sky
And began to rain—she would *cry!*
And *cry* and *moan!*

Susan Amantha *hated* the rain.
She would press her nose to the window-pane
And complain, And complain,
And complain!

"There's *nothing* to do if I can't play outside.
If the sun was out, I'd take my doll for a ride,
I'd bounce my ball, I'd swing on the gate;
I'd go round the block on one roller skate.
But there's nothing to do in the whole wide world—
When it rains!"

Now one summer she went to the country
To visit her grandpapa,
And her uncles and aunts and cousins,
And her grandmamma.

She played in the barn on the piles of hay,
She played in the meadow the livelong day.
The sun shone bright and Susan was gay!
But one day It *rained!*

And Susan *complained!*

Her grandpapa was amazed to hear
So many complaints and he said, "I fear
You don't know why we have the rain
Or you *wouldn't* complain!"

"We have the rain to water the crops,
To make fine lettuce and big beet tops.
It makes the corn tall, row on row,
And the apples juicy and the blackberries
grow.
It fills the rivers and streams and lakes.
It softens the soil the gardener rakes.
It washes the dust from all the leaves
And makes a song as it drips from the
eaves.
Why, nothing would grow on our very
own farm
If it didn't *rain.*
Susan—*don't* complain!"

Susan Amantha Cottonwood
Told grandpapa that she understood,
But just the same
It wasn't much fun
When there was no sun!

Susan went home and though she *tried*,
Nevertheless, when it rained, she cried.
Until . . .
One day the postman rang the bell.
Mother opened the door and said, "Well,
well!
Here's a package for Susan from Grand-
papa."

When Susan got the strings untied
And opened the box, she found inside,
A bright red umbrella, shiny black boots
And a red plaid raincoat
With a rainhat to suit!

Well, the next time it rained
Did Susan complain?
NO!
She put on her boots
And her raincoat and hat
And she took her umbrella and went
spitty-spat
Out in the rain—
And in all the puddles!

Rain thumped her umbrella,
Rain spattered her coat;
Each boot was as wet as a shiny black
boat.
She splashed and she sploshed,
As happy as could be, and she said,
"Why the rain *is* fun,
And it's raining *just* for *me!*"

Luke and His Little Wagon

By Ruth Cording

Luke was four years old. He had a little red wagon. It was new and bright and very shiny. Luke liked his wagon very much.

Sometimes Luke put rocks in his wagon to make a driveway. Sometimes he put his toys in his wagon and moved them from one place to another. Sometimes he sat in his little red wagon, and Big Brother John pulled it. That was bumpy, but it was lots of fun!

One morning Luke went outdoors to play with his little red wagon. He looked in the garage where Daddy kept his car. But the little red wagon wasn't there!

Then he went to the horse barn where Daddy kept the wagon and harness of his work horses.

But his little red wagon wasn't there!

Luke heard the horses stamping their feet in their stalls.

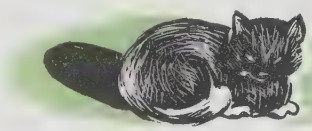
"Have you seen my little red wagon?" he called out to them in a very loud voice.

But the horses didn't answer. They just kept on stamping their feet and making the hay go "swish-swish."

So Luke went to the cow barn. There were no cows in the barn, for they were out in the pasture. Luke looked all around. But his little red wagon wasn't there!

A little gray kitten was sleeping in the sunshine.

"Have you seen my little red wagon?" Luke asked the gray kitten.



But the kitten didn't answer. She just kept on sleeping.

Then Luke went to the chicken house. There were some hens sitting on their nests. Luke looked all around. But his little red wagon wasn't there!

"Have you seen my little red wagon?" Luke asked the hens.

But the hens didn't answer. They just kept sitting on their nests and saying, "Cluck! Cluck!" to each other.

So Luke went down to the garden. He looked all around. But his little red wagon wasn't there!

Then he started to walk along between the rows of corn. The corn was very tall. It was taller than Luke. And the leaves went "swish-swish" against his face. He kept looking for his little red wagon. But his little red wagon wasn't there!

Pretty soon wherever Luke looked, all he could see was tall corn. He could not see the garage or the horse barn or the cow barn or the hen house. He felt very hot and very tired and very thirsty. He wished Mother were there, or Big Brother John.

By and by he began to cry a little. Then he cried harder and harder and harder.

After a while he heard his mother calling him.

"Luke! Luke!" she called. "Where are you?"

"I'm right here! In the corn!" he called back to her.

Then he stopped crying. And soon there was Mother coming through the corn after him!

"What are you doing out here in the corn?" she asked.

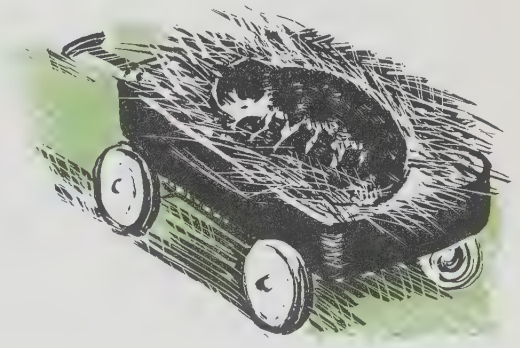
"I'm looking for my little red wagon," said Luke.

"Oh, Luke!" his mother said, "come with me! I'll show you where your little red wagon is."

So Luke and Mother walked past the hen house and past the cow barn and past the horse barn and past the garage, and then they came to the shed where Daddy kept his farm tools in the winter.

And there in the middle of the shed—just where Luke had left it—was his little red wagon!

It had some hay in it which Luke had put there. And in the middle of the hay was Mrs. Tabby and five cute little new black kittens!



Lots of Places to Sit

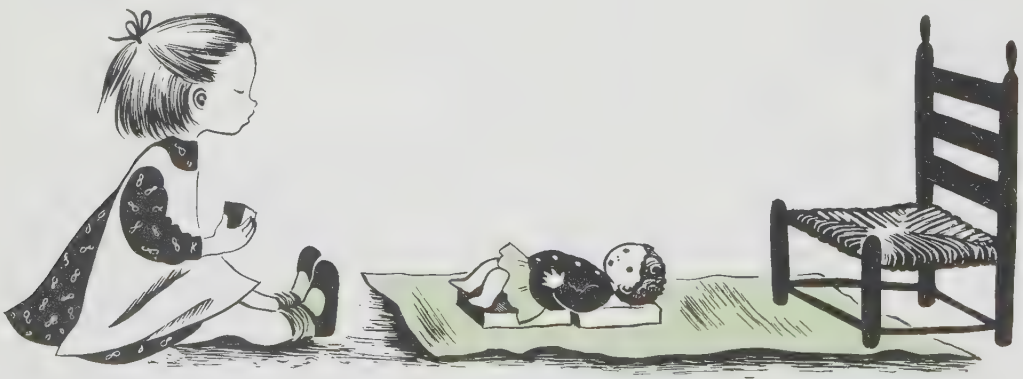
By Lucy Sprague Mitchell

MOLLIE has lots of places to sit in her house. Sometimes she just sits on the floor. That's when she plays with her blocks. She doesn't even sit on the rug. She spills the blocks out of their box, and she makes them all go in nice long rows. Sometimes she puts little, tiny, colored blocks on top. That's to make it pretty. Sometimes she does sit on the rug. That's when she has Little Ann with her. Little Ann is her doll. Little Ann likes to go to sleep on the rug. So Mollie makes a bed for her out of two blocks and puts Little Ann to sleep on them.

Mollie doesn't always sit on the floor. Oh, no! For Mollie has a chair that is all her own. She can back into it and bend her knees, and there she is! It just fits her. Father couldn't sit in Mollie's chair; Mother couldn't sit in Mollie's chair; Benny couldn't sit in Mollie's chair. Just Mollie! Sometimes Mollie sits with Little Ann in her lap. Little Ann likes to sit in Mollie's lap in her chair. She told Mollie so. Father and Mother and Benny didn't hear her. Just Mollie! When Mollie has supper, she sits all alone in her chair, and Little Ann sits on a pillow beside her!

Mollie doesn't always sit on the floor or in her chair. Sometimes Father comes in. That's when she has finished her supper. "Ready for a story, Mollie?" he says. And Mollie says, "Yes, Father, tell me a story!" And where do you think Mollie sits when Father tells her a story? She doesn't sit on the floor. Oh, no! She doesn't sit in her chair. Oh, no! She sits in Father's lap! And sometimes Little Ann sits in Mollie's lap at the same time. And they all have a story together. Then Mollie goes to bed.

Yes, Mollie has lots of places to sit.



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BEFORE A BATH

By Corinna Marsh

It's cold, cold, cold,
And the water shines wet,
And the longer I wait
The colder I get.

I can't quite make
Myself hop in
All shivery-cold
In just my skin.

Yet the water's warm
In the tub, I know.
So—one, two, three,
And IN I go!

AFTER A BATH

By Aileen Fisher

AFTER my bath
I try, try, try
to wipe myself
till I'm dry, dry, dry.

Hands to wipe
and fingers and toes
and two wet legs
and a shiny nose.

Just think how much
less time I'd take
if I were a dog
and could shake, shake, shake.

Here Comes Daddy

By Gale T. Parks

In the morning, when Daddy goes to work, Ann and Peter kiss him good-by. And when he comes home before supper, they will kiss him hello again.

Now it is time for Daddy to come home.

Peter and Ann are listening and looking down the street to see who will see Daddy first.

Down the street there is a rumble rumble.

"Here comes Daddy," yells Peter. "Daddy is rumbling home."

Down the street rumbles a big truck.

The man who drives it may be somebody's Daddy, but he isn't Ann's and Peter's Daddy.

Then Ann hears putt-a-putt, putt-a-putt. She hears it before Peter does.

"Here comes Daddy," says Ann. "Daddy is putt-a-putting home."

The putt-a-putt is a motorcycle and side-car with two blue-eyed policemen going to buy a cake.

"Daddy's eyes aren't blue," says Peter.

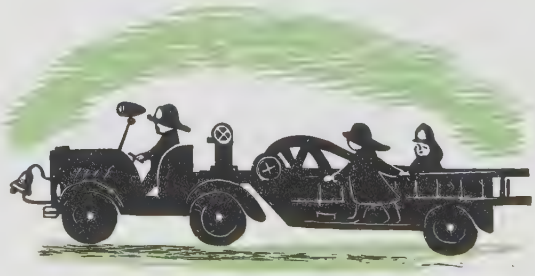
No Daddy yet.

But then they hear a wailing, screeching noise. They both jump.

"Here comes Daddy on a fire engine," says Peter.

That makes Ann laugh.

Can this be Daddy coming screeching home? There are lots of Daddies on the



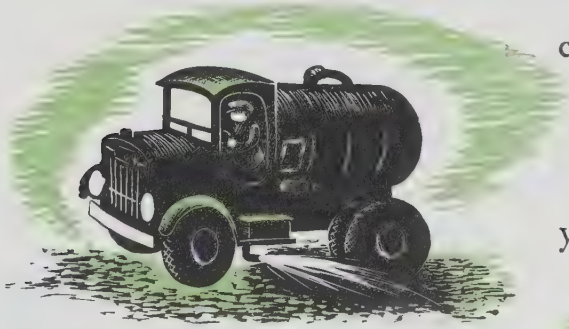
fire engine, but they aren't going home right now.

Then Peter hears a little tinkle-tinkle. Is this Daddy tinkling home?

No. It's the junk man and his little boy, driving by with their horse and wagon. The junk wagon is full of rags and papers and an old bird cage.

No Daddy yet.

Down the street comes a swooshing noise. Can this be Daddy coming swooshing home? It's the street-sprinkling truck.



The driver waves at Peter and Ann.

"He is nice, but not as nice as Daddy," says Peter.

Then they hear jingle-jingle-jingle coming down the street.

"Here comes Daddy with bells on," says Ann.

Jingle-jingle. It's a boy on a bicycle, selling ice-cream.

"He is too young to be a Daddy," says Peter.

Now they hear beep-beep, beep-beep.

"Here comes Daddy! HERE COMES DADDY!"

Up comes a bus and stops right at the corner.

A lady gets out—no Daddy yet.

And a girl with a school bag—no Daddy yet.

And two boys with a baseball and bat —no Daddy yet.

And a man with a wide smile.

"Here comes Daddy!" says Peter.

"Here *is* Daddy," says Ann.

"Oh Daddy, you didn't come home in a coal truck, or a junk wagon, or a fire engine, or a motorcycle, or a sprinkling truck, or an ice-cream wagon," says Ann.

"We really knew you would come home on the bus all the time," says Peter.

"Maybe tomorrow night I'll surprise you," says Daddy. "You watch and see."

And they did.

Animal Crackers

By Christopher Morley

ANIMAL crackers and cocoa to drink,
That is the finest of suppers, I think;
When I am grown up and can have what I please
I think I shall always insist upon these.

What do *you* choose when you're offered a treat?
When Mother says, "What would you like best to eat?"
Is it waffles and syrup, or cinnamon toast?
It's cocoa and animals *I* love the most!

The kitchen's the cosiest place that I know:
The kettle is singing, the stove is aglow,
And there in the twilight, how jolly to see
The cocoa and animals waiting for me.

Daddy and Mother dine later in state,
With Mary to cook for them, Susan to wait;
But *they* don't have nearly as much fun as I

Who eat in the kitchen with Nurse standing by;
And Daddy once said he would like to be me
Having cocoa and animals once more for tea!

The Blowaway Hat

By Leone Adelson

MOTHER and Daddy and David were getting ready to go out for a walk.

Mother put on her new hat with the buttercups and daisies and red roses on it.

"Do you like my new hat?" she asked.

"Very pretty," Daddy said.

David said, "It's beautiful, Mommy."

When they went out Daddy said, "Button your coat, David, it's a windy day."

"I like the wind," said David. "It blows down my neck and tickles."

"So do I like the wind," Mommy added. "It blows my clothes on the wash line and dries them quickly."

"I guess I like it too," Daddy said. "It blew the clouds away this morning so the sun could shine for us."

"Can the wind blow everything, Daddy?" David asked.

"Oh no," replied Daddy. "It can't blow its nose."

And everybody laughed.

Suddenly the flowers on Mommy's hat began to nod.

The roses shook their heads at the daisies. The daisies waved at the buttercups. The buttercups swayed.

The wind blew a little harder, and the flowers danced a little faster.

And FASTER! AND—

Off into the air sailed Mommy's hat!

"Oh!" cried Mommy. "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

But the wind blew and the hat flew and no one could think of a thing to do.

"Why don't you fly with me?" the hat called to David. "Look! Just spread your petals and the wind will carry you along."

But David didn't hear because the wind blew too hard.

"Here I go!" called the hat, turning a somersault. "I can't wait for you."

"I'll catch it for you, Mommy," David shouted, and he ran and jumped as high as he could.

"I have it!" he cried, and he *almost* caught it, but just then the wind swept up and stole the hat away from David's fingers.

"Sail along with me, hat," sang the wind softly, "I'll spin you like a feather."

"Whee! Watch me! I'm an airplane!" shouted the hat, and it made a flip-flop in the air. "My! That was exciting! I think I'll swoop."

And down it swooped.

And up it scooped.

And suddenly it looped the loop—right under David's nose.

He grabbed at it with both hands, but the wind rushed over and stole the hat right away from David's fingers.

A delivery boy came riding by on his bicycle.

"I'll get it for you. I can ride faster than that wind," the delivery boy said, and he

raced swiftly down the street after the hat with David running after him.

The wind took a deep breath and blew the hat as high as a chimney.

"How's that, my happy hat?" puffed the wind.

"Oh, whirl us and twirl us some more," begged the flowers, but just then some black smoke puffed out of the chimney.

"Have to blow that smoke away, blow it away," panted the wind. "Work to do, work to do," and away roared the wind.

"Oh! I'm falling! I'm falling!" wailed the hat, and into a tailspin it went, down to the sidewalk.

"Come on," shouted the delivery boy. "We've got it now!" But just as they reached the spot, WHOOSH! whistled the wind back again.

"*Whew-w-w!*" went the wind. "What about some more fun, hat? Up you go!" and it snatched the hat off the sidewalk, tossed it down the street, and blew it around the corner.

David and the delivery boy hurried after it as fast as they could go, but when they turned the corner—

There was no hat!

"Too bad," the delivery boy said sadly. "It's gone. We'd better go back."

"Oh no!" declared David. "That was my Mommy's new hat. I must find it."

In the middle of the street there was a manhole. A little sign stood beside it. It read

MEN WORKING

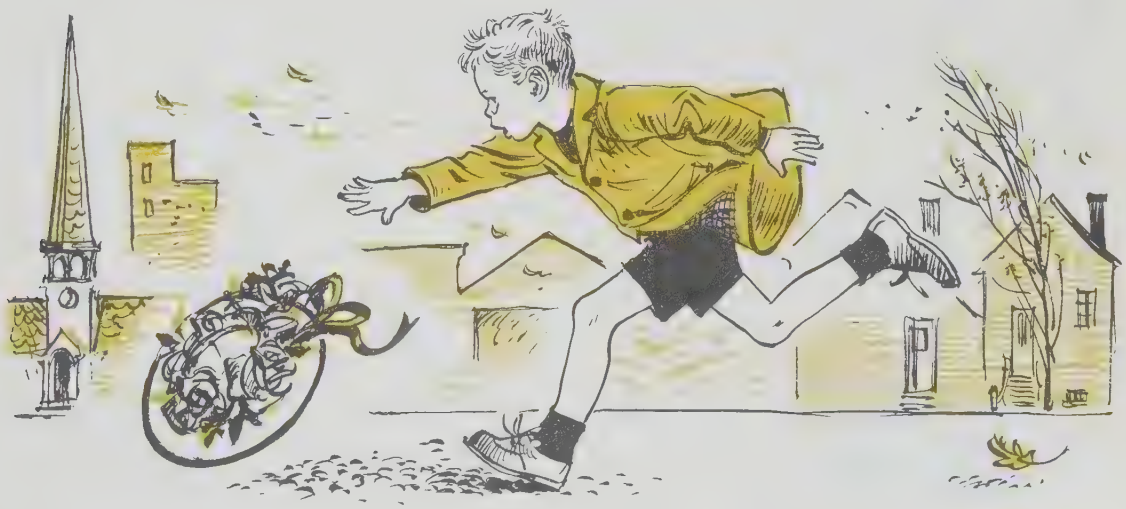
A policeman stood close by, watching to see that the automobiles did not roll too close to the hole.

David waited until the policeman blew his whistle, and held up his hand to stop the traffic.

Then he ran to the edge of the manhole. It looked very dark down there.

"Here now," said the policeman, "don't be getting too close to the edge."

"I just want my Mommy's hat back," said David.



The policeman laughed. "Why, there's nothing down there but Tom fixing the water pipes."

"Oh, no," replied David. "I'm sure my Mommy's hat is down there."

"Well," answered the policeman, "we'll ask Tom about that. Tom! Come on up."

"Hey up there!" yelled the man in the manhole. "Something fell on my head.

Feels like a bunch of flowers. Stand back, everyone. I'm coming up."

In a moment David saw some daisies peep over the edge of the manhole.

Then roses and buttercups showed their head. Just below the flowers appeared Tom's surprised face.

The policeman took one look at Tom and laughed a big "HAW HAW HAW!"

A big truck driver leaned out of his red truck to look at Tom, and he laughed a deep "HO HO HO."

A lady driver leaned out of her car window to look at Tom, and she laughed a little "*Ha ha ha.*"

But David didn't laugh at Tom. He was too happy at finding Mommy's hat. He said, "Thank you, for helping me."

"That's O.K.," Tom replied. "I didn't do anything except catch the hat on my head. You found it all by yourself."

"Thank you, Mr. Policeman, for helping me catch Mommy's hat," said David.

"That's all right, son," he replied. "I didn't do anything except stop the traffic. You found it all by yourself."

David ran to the delivery boy. "I've got Mommy's hat back again. Thank you for helping me," he said.

"Don't mention it," replied the boy. "But I didn't do anything except help you run. After all, you found it yourself."

David ran all the way back to Mommy and Daddy. They were very proud of him. As he handed Mommy her pretty hat, the wind tiptoed back and tried to steal it away from David again.

"Silly hat," whispered the wind, tugging at the flowers. "Such a nice day for a spin. Come on. Don't stay here."

But this time David heard the wind.

"Oh no," he laughed. "I've got you tight, hat, and this time I *won't* let go."

Hiding

By Dorothy Aldis

I'M HIDING, I'm hiding,
And no one knows where;
For all they can see is my
  Toes and my hair.

And I just heard my Father
Say to my Mother—
"But, darling, he must be
  Somewhere or other."

"Have you looked in the inkwell?"
And Mother said, "Where?"
"In the *inkwell*," said Father. But
  I was not there.

Then "Wait!" cried my Mother—
"I think that I see
Him under the carpet." But
  It was not me.

"Inside the mirror's
A pretty good place,"
Said Father and looked, but saw
  Only his face.

"We've hunted," sighed Mother,
"As hard as we could
And I *am* so afraid that we've
  Lost him for good."

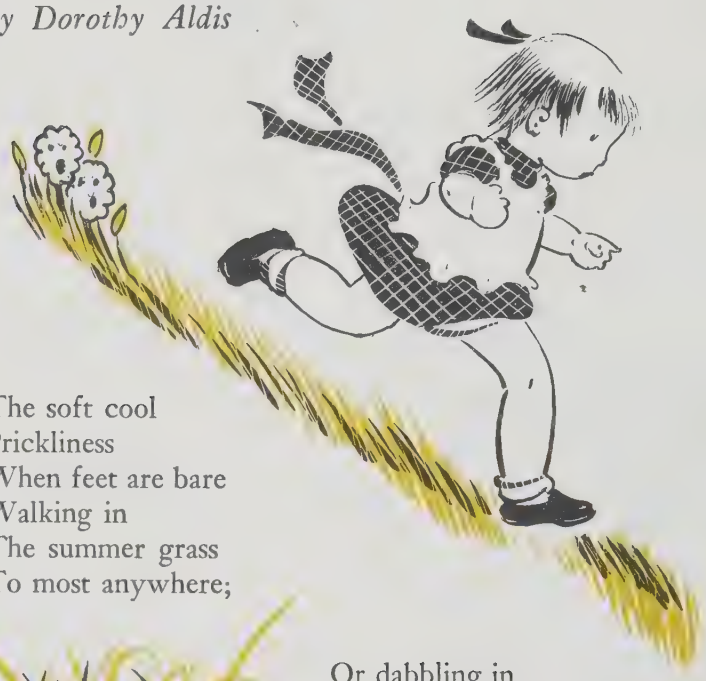
Then I laughed out aloud
And I wiggled my toes
And Father said—"Look, dear,
  I wonder if those

Toes could be Benny's.
There are ten of them. See?"
And they *were* so surprised to find
  Out it was me!

Feet

By Dorothy Aldis

THERE are things
Feet know
That hands never will:
The exciting
Pounding feel
Of running down a hill;



The soft cool
Prickliness
When feet are bare
Walking in
The summer grass
To most anywhere;

Or dabbling in
Water all
Slip-sliddering through toes—
(Nicer than
Through fingers, though *why*
No one really knows.)

"Toes, tell my
Fingers," I
Said to them one day,
"Why it's such
Fun just to
Wiggle and play."

But toes just looked at me
Solemn and still.
Oh, there are things
Feet know
That hands never will.

New Clothes

By Lucy Sprague Mitchell

It was spring. It was getting warm. Bobby could feel it. It was time to put on his summer clothes. So Bobby's mother went to the closet and pulled a box down from the shelf. "Let me open it," cried Bobby. So Bobby untied the string, took off the paper and opened the box.

And what do you think he found inside? His summer sandals and all the thin clothes he had worn last summer when he had been only three years old. And now he was four. "Let's try them on," said his mother. So he tried on his thin underwear. And what do you suppose? They were so small he couldn't stand up straight when he squeezed into them. Then he tried on his sandals. And what do you suppose? They were so short he could only get his big toes in! Then he tried on his summer suits. And what do you suppose? They were so little he could hardly button them around him. "Goody, goody!" grinned Bobby. "I'm growing so big! We'll give these clothes to little Benny, and will you get me some big ones?" "That's just exactly what I will do for my big boy," said his mother. "Where will you get them?" asked Bobby. And his mother answered, "I'll go downtown to shop."

So his mother put on her hat and coat and took her purse and started out. And where do you suppose she went? She went to a store where they kept all kinds of clothes. First she went to the counter where they had underwear. "I want to see some summer underwear for a four-year-old boy, please," she said to the girl.

So the girl showed her some, but they were too small. "Bobby is bigger than that," said Bobby's mother. So the girl showed her some others, but they were too big. "Bobby's smaller than that," said Bobby's mother. So the girl showed her some others. "These are just right, I'll take three of them, please." So the girl

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did up three in a package, and Bobby's mother paid her some money and took the package.

Next Bobby's mother went to the counter where they had sandals. "I want to see some summer sandals for a four-year-old boy, please," she said to the girl. So the girl showed her some white ones. "These are too light for Bobby. They'd soon get dirty," said Bobby's mother. So the girl showed her some black ones. "These are too dark for Bobby. He likes pretty colors," said Bobby's mother. So the girl showed her some colored sandals. "These are just right. I'll take one red, one blue, and one brown pair, please," said Bobby's mother. So the girl did up three pairs of sandals in a package, and Bobby's mother paid her some money and took the package.

Next Bobby's mother went to the counter where they kept summer suits. "I want to see some summer suits for a four-year-old boy, please," she said to the girl. So the girl showed her some with buttons. "These buttons are too hard for Bobby," said Bobby's mother. So the girl showed her some with straps that you wiggled into without any fastenings. "These are too easy for Bobby," said Bobby's mother. So the girl showed her some that closed with zippers. "What fun!" said Bobby's mother. "Bobby will love to zip up his suits. I'll take three—one red, one blue, and one brown, to match his sandals. But you'll have to send them—the package is too big for me to carry." So the girl did up one red, one blue and one brown suit in a package, and Bobby's mother paid her some money, and the girl said she'd send the package that afternoon.

Now Bobby's mother had her arms full with her two packages. But she carried them both home because she knew Bobby would like it. When she got home, she gave Bobby the packages. "May I open the packages?" he asked. His mother gave him the scissors, and Bobby took the first package. He cut the string and took off the paper, and there was his new underwear. Then he took the second package. He cut the string and took off the paper, and there were his new sandals. "I like the red ones best," he said, and he smiled all over. Then he suddenly stopped smiling and looked very sad indeed. "What's the matter, Bobby boy?" asked his mother. "Don't you like your new underwear and your new sandals?" "Yes," said Bobby, "but I wanted some new suits, too!" "The suits are coming in the delivery this afternoon," said his mother. But she did not tell him what colors they were or that they had zippers.

So Bobby waited and watched and waited and watched and waited and watched, until at last up came an automobile. Out jumped a man, with a package, and ran up the steps. Bobby took the package and ran to his mother. "May I open the package?" he asked. His mother gave him the scissors. He cut the string, took off the paper, and there were his new suits—a red, a blue and a brown one; and each had a little zipper that closed and opened down the front. Bobby squealed with pleasure. "May I wear all my new

things tomorrow?" cried Bobby. "Not all, my boy," laughed his mother, "but if it's warm, you may wear one set of new underwear, one pair of new sandals and one new suit!"

The next morning was warm. So Bobby put on his new underwear and it was just right. He could stand straight or bend over or jump up and down in it. Then he put on his new red sandals, for he liked them best, and they were just right. He could see his toes through the openings when he wiggled them. Then he put on his new red suit, and it was just exactly right. Zzzip! it was closed. Zzzip! it was open. Zzzip, closed. Zzzip, open. Zzzzip, zzzip, zzzip!

"Hurry up, Bobby, you'll be late for breakfast if you zip open and closed much longer," called his mother. But Bobby didn't hear a word. Zzzip! Zzzip! Zzzip!

"Where's that scallywag Bobby of mine?" called his father, coming into the room. "Oh, Daddy!" said Bobby. "Look here. Zzzip! zzzip! zzzip!" "Come along, you rascal, I'll zzzip you downstairs!" And Bobby's father tossed Bobby up to his shoulder, and they zipped downstairs and zipped into their chairs. Bobby's was higher than Daddy's or Mother's; and he could let his feet with their red sandals dangle, or he could hook them into a bar under the chair.

"I'll zip on your bib," cried Daddy, tying the bib around Bobby's neck. "Now for breakfast!" "Yes," said Bobby, "but I can still feel the zipper underneath—even if I can't see it." And while he ate his oatmeal and drank his milk, he said softly to himself, "Zzzip! Zzzip! Zzzip!"

Haircut

THE barber's big scissors go snippetty snip
At the back of my neck; then around
My ears and my forehead it's clippetty clip
And my hair falls like snow to the ground.

It tickles my face and it prickles my neck,
And I wonder what's happening--when
The barber says, "Look in the mirror now, son,"
And I see I'm a real boy again.

WHAT'S IN THE MAILBOX?

MOST always, when the postman comes
With letters, two or three,
They're for my Mother or my Dad
But never one for me.

I'm going to *write* some letters, though,
That's what I'm going to do,
And then my friends will answer me
And *I'll* get letters too!

The Good Little Bad Little Pig

By Margaret Wise Brown

Poor little pig. He lived in a muddy pigpen, in an old pigpen of garbage and mud, with four other little pigs and an old mother sow. He was a little white-pink pig, but the mud all over him made him look pink and black and gray-pink.

Then one day a little boy named Peter asked his mother if he could have a pig.

"What!" said Peter's mother. "You want a dirty little bad little pig?"

She was very surprised.

"No," said Peter. "I want a clean little pig. And I don't want a bad little pig. And I don't want a good little pig. I want a good little bad little pig."

"But I never heard of a clean little pig," said Peter's mother. "Still, we can always try to find one."

So they sent the farmer who owned the pig a telegram:

"Farmer, Farmer
I want a pig
Not too little
And not too big
Not too good
And not too bad
The very best pig
That the mother pig had."

The farmer read the telegram, and then he went out to the pigpen and looked at the five little pigs. Three little pigs were fast asleep. "Those," said the farmer, "are good little pigs." And one little pig was jumping all around. "That," said the farmer, "is a bad little pig." And then he heard a little pig squeak, and then he heard a little pig squeal. But when he looked, there was just one little gray-pink pig standing on an old tin pan in the corner of the pen. "That," said the farmer, "is a good little bad little pig." And he reached in and grabbed the little pig by the hind legs and put him in a box and sent him by train to Peter.

When the express man brought the little pig to Peter's front door, his mother said, "What a dirty little pig!" And the pig said, "Squeak squeeeeeeeeeee ump ump ump." And Peter said, "Wait till I give this little pig a bath." But when they let the little pig out, he ran all over the room squealing like a fire engine.

"What a bad little pig!" said Peter's father, and he had to catch the little pig by the hind leg to make him hold still while Peter put the red leather dog harness around the little pig's stomach.

"Wait," said Peter, "until the little pig knows us. He is not a bad little pig." And he clipped a red leather leash on the little pig's harness.

The little pig stared at Peter out of his blue squint eyes, and then he shook himself and trotted after Peter on the leash.

"What a good little pig!" said Peter's mother, as she came in the room with a pan of bread and milk for the little pig to eat after his journey.

"Wait," said Peter. "Remember this is a good little bad little pig."

"Galump gump gump gump gump." The little pig was eating. He seemed to be snuffling and sneezing into his food as he ate.

"What a bad little pig!" said the cook, who had come in to see how the little pig was enjoying the bread and milk. "What terrible eating manners he has!"

"But he does enjoy his food," said the little boy.

"Yes," said the cook, "he does enjoy his food." And she beamed with a smile all over, for the cook did dearly love for anyone to enjoy his food. "What a good little pig," she said. "He has eaten up everything in the pan."

"Come on, you good little bad little gray-pink pig," said Peter, "I will give you a bath so you will be a clean little white-pink pig."

So Peter and his mother and his father and the cook all went into the bathroom and put the little pig right into the bathtub and let the warm water run all over him. The little pig squeaked and squealed and wiggled all around. But Peter's mother held his front legs and his father held the little pig's hind legs, so that the little pig couldn't kick himself or the people who were bathing him. The little boy took a big cake of white soap and rubbed it all along the pig's back until he was all covered with pure white soapsuds. Then he took a scrubbing brush, and he scrubbed and he scrubbed right down through the bristles on the little pig's back to the little pig's skin. He scrubbed and he scrubbed until the pure white soapsuds were all black and gray. Then he poured warm water over the pig's back until there was no soap on it. Then he put some more soapsuds all over the little pig's back. And he scrubbed and he scrubbed and he scrubbed and he scrubbed and he scrubbed until the pure white soapsuds were all gray and black again. Then he rinsed off the pig's back with warm water and put more soapsuds on. But this time the soapsuds stayed almost pure white. So he left them on the little pig's back and washed his stomach and his feet until he was all clean and white and pink from the tip of his tail to the tip of his nose. Then they dried the little pig with a great big bath towel, and Peter took him for a walk in the sunshine.

"Look," said Peter as he showed his little pig to the policeman on the corner. "Did you ever see such a fine little clean little pig?"

"I never did," said the policeman, "see such a good little pig." And he blew his whistle and stopped all the automobiles so that Peter and the little pig could get across the street.

But the little pig did not want to get across, and he pulled back on the red leather leash and refused to budge. Peter pulled and he pulled, but the little pig would not go across the street.

"What a bad little pig!" said the people in the automobiles, and they began to honk their horns. And the little pig began to squeal and squeak. "Squeak squeeeeee-eeee ump ump ump." But the policeman held up his hand and wouldn't let the automobiles go. Then he came over to Peter and his pig.

"You pull him, Peter," he said, "and I'll get behind him and push." So they did. And when they got to the middle of the road, the little pig trotted on after Peter just as nice as you please. "What a good little pig," said the people on the other side of the street.

And so it was that Peter got just what he wanted. A good little bad little pig. Sometimes the little pig was good and sometimes he was bad, but he was the best little pig that a little boy ever had.

Awful Mornings

By Dorothy Aldis

On some awful mornings
Everything goes wrong.
Buttons button into holes
Where they don't belong.

Toes will try to push themselves
Where a heel should go.
Although I know it's getting late
I keep on being slow.

Next it is my mittens.
Their two naughty thumbs
Do their best to crawl inside
Other fingers' homes.

And last of all my rubbers.
They seem the worst to me.
Whichever rubber gets on first
Is where it should *not* be.

Fourth of July Night

By Dorothy Aldis

JUST see those pinwheels whirling round
Spitting sparkles on the ground,
And watch that rocket whoosh so high,
Then turn to flowers in the sky—
Green and yellow, blue and red.
And look at ME still not in bed!

THE PICNIC

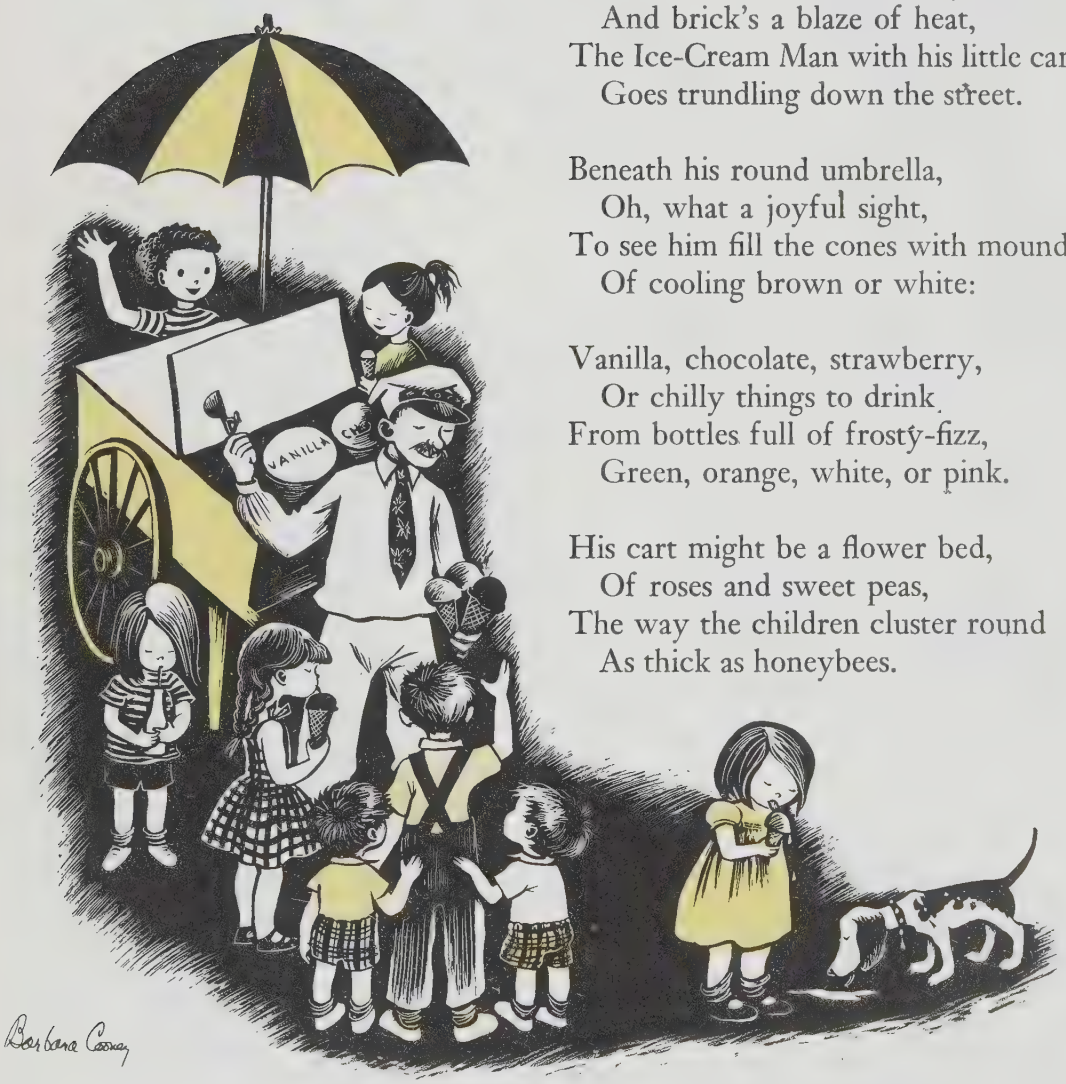
By Dorothy Aldis

WE brought a rug for sitting on,
Our lunch was in a box.
The sand was warm. We didn't wear
Hats or shoes or socks.

Waves came curling up the beach.
We waded. It was fun.
Our sandwiches were different kinds.
I dropped my jelly one.

The Ice-Cream Man

By Rachel Field



Barbara Cooney

When summer's in the city,
And brick's a blaze of heat,
The Ice-Cream Man with his little cart
Goes trundling down the street.

Beneath his round umbrella,
Oh, what a joyful sight,
To see him fill the cones with mounds
Of cooling brown or white:

Vanilla, chocolate, strawberry,
Or chilly things to drink
From bottles full of frosty-fizz,
Green, orange, white, or pink.

His cart might be a flower bed,
Of roses and sweet peas,
The way the children cluster round
As thick as honeybees.

Mary Ellen's Birthday Party

By Corinna Marsh

ONCE there was a little girl named Mary Ellen. Mary Ellen was four years old going on five. She was going to be five on the eleventh of October, and she could hardly wait.

When Mary Ellen woke up on the first of October, she said to her Mother, "How many days is it till my birthday?"

Mother said "Ten days, dear."

"Can I have a party?" asked Mary Ellen.

"We'll see, dear," said Mother.

"With ice-cream?" asked Mary Ellen.

"We'll see, dear," said Mother.

"And a birthday cake with icing and candles?"

And Mary Ellen's Mother said "We'll see, dear."

But Mary Ellen knew by the smile in her eyes that she meant "Yes."

So Mary Ellen went skipping off to kindergarten singing a happy little song. She sang it to the tune of "Here we go round the mulberry bush," only she sang different words. The words Mary Ellen sang were "Ten more days till MY birthday, till MY birthday, till MY birthday; ten more days till MY birthday, and *I* am having a PAR-ty!"

The next day was the second of October, and when Mary Ellen woke up she said, "Mother, how many days is it NOW till my birthday?"

"Nine days, dear," said Mother.

And Mary Ellen went skipping off to kindergarten singing happily "Nine more days till MY birthday, till MY birthday, till MY birthday; nine more days till MY birthday, and *I* am having a PAR-ty!"

On the third of October it was eight days till Mary Ellen's birthday, and on the fourth of October it was seven days, and on the fifth of October it was six days, and on the sixth of October it was five days, and on the seventh of October four days till Mary Ellen's birthday.

But on that day a TERRIBLE thing happened! When Mary Ellen woke up in the morning she felt hot and itchy and she looked all red and speckled.

The Doctor came and looked at Mary Ellen and took her temperature and said "Measles!"

Mary Ellen began to cry. "B-b-but it's only four days till my b-b-birthday," she sobbed, "and I'm going to have a party with ice-cream and cake and candles and p-p-presents!"

"Not this year, I'm afraid," said the Doctor closing his little black bag.

Mary Ellen cried some more, and Mother felt very sorry for her little girl. But she telephoned to the Mothers of all the children who were going to come to the party, and what do you think? Every single one of the other children had the measles too!

Then Mary Ellen's Mother had an idea.

"A month from now all the children will be over the measles," she said. "We'll just pretend your birthday is on November eleventh instead of October eleventh, and that's when we'll have the party."

And what a really wonderful idea *that* turned out to be! October eleventh, the day of Mary Ellen's real birthday, was a dark, rainy, *un*-birthday day. It wouldn't have been much fun anyway.

But the Weather Man made November eleventh a perfectly BEAUTIFUL day—clear and sunny and with a sparkling sky—just perfect for a birthday.

Mary Ellen was all well again by that time. And so were all the other children. And everybody came and everybody brought a birthday present for Mary Ellen. Sue gave her a doll, and Johnny gave her a story-book, and Jean gave her a darling little flowered apron. Ted brought a fish-pond game, and Betty brought the loveliest set of doll's dishes.

Best of all, Mary Ellen's Daddy was able to take the afternoon off and he came home early and brought Mary Ellen a real live puppy to play with—the darlingest little white-and-black puppy you ever saw! Mary Ellen named him Spots.

At the table there was vanilla ice-cream and a big chocolate birthday cake with pink letters saying HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO MARY ELLEN. There were five pink candles on the cake, and Mary Ellen blew them out and made a wish. But she never told what the wish was. It was a secret.

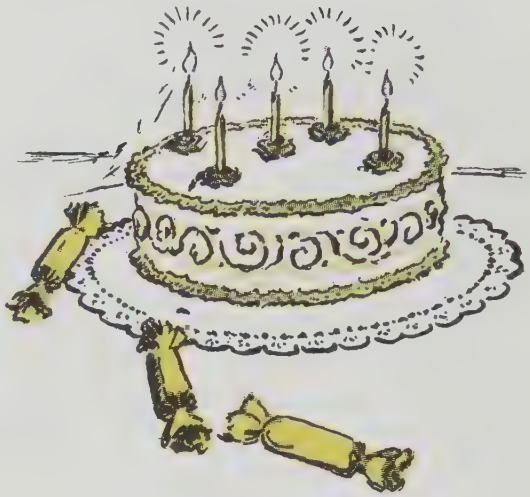
The children played Blind Man's Buff and Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Donkey, and there were prizes for the ones who won. And everybody sang "Happy Birthday to YOU" to Mary Ellen.

That night Mary Ellen told her Mother and Daddy she was *glad* she'd had the measles on that horrid rainy day in October, because this was the nicest, nicest, NICEST, NICEST birthday there ever was in the whole world!

Five Years Old

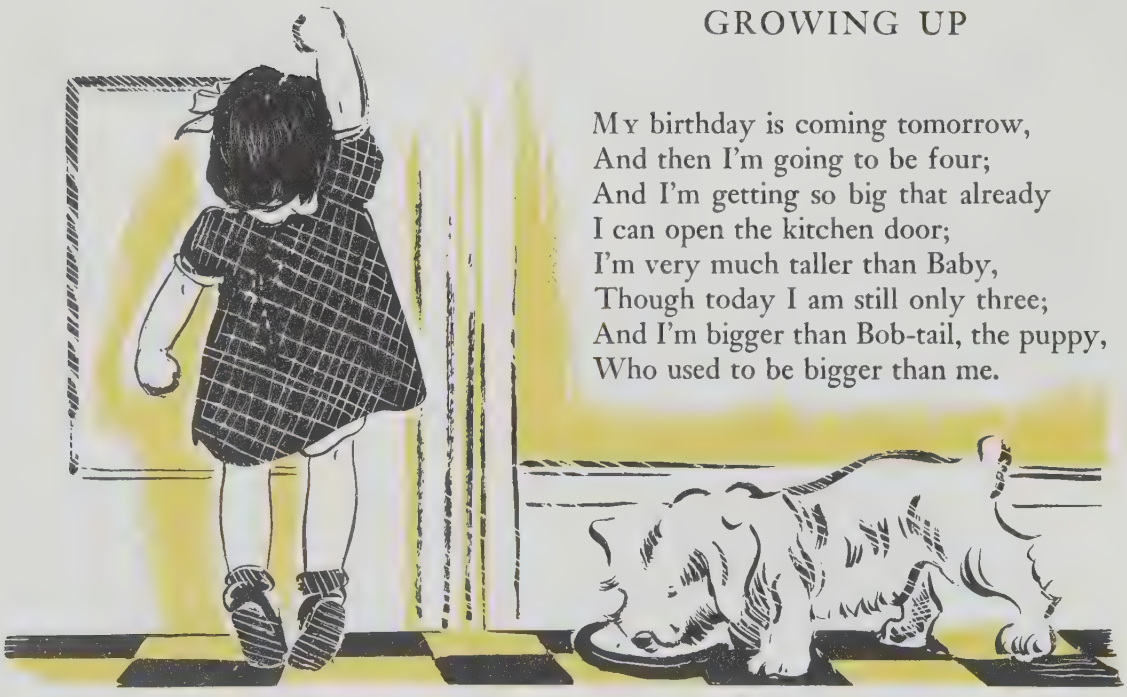
By Mary Louise Allen

PLEASE, everybody, look at me!
Today I'm five years old, you see!
And after this, I won't be four,
Not ever, ever, any more!
I won't be three—or two—or one,
For that was when I'd first begun.
Now I'll be five a while, and then
I'll soon be something else again!



GROWING UP

MY birthday is coming tomorrow,
And then I'm going to be four;
And I'm getting so big that already
I can open the kitchen door;
I'm very much taller than Baby,
Though today I am still only three;
And I'm bigger than Bob-tail, the puppy,
Who used to be bigger than me.



Better Than Television

We have a television set,
And how I love to see
The Westerns and the puppet shows
And comics on TV!

But when I've seen a picture there
I'd often like to look
Again the way I always can
At pictures in a book.

But no. On television shows
I see it once, and then
It's gone. But I can always read
My story-books again.

P-Penny and His Little Red Cart

By Amy Wentworth Stone

HAVE you ever heard of a Peleg?

Does it sound like a big bird with long legs?

Well, it wasn't. It was just a little boy, whose whole name was Peleg Penniman.

He did not like his name at all, so almost everybody called him P-Penny instead, except his Granddaddy, who called him P-leggins.

"Mummy, why did they name me Peleg?" he asked his mother one day.

"Because that was Daddy's name," said his mother.

"But why did they name Daddy that?" asked P-Penny again.

"Because that is Granddaddy's name," replied his mother.

"And why was Granddaddy named that?" went on P-Penny.

"Because Great-Granddaddy was," said his mother.

"O dear!" sighed P-Penny, "what a lot of poor little Pelegs."

But P-Penny did not let his funny name make him unhappy. He was a very cheerful little boy, who smiled at everybody, and so everybody liked him. Whenever he went down street with his little red cart, as he did nearly every day, there were always friends at their windows to wave to him, and when they met him they said:

"Well, P-Penny, how is business?"

For P-Penny did a good deal of business with his little red cart. He carried groceries up the street, and packages to the post office, and sometimes he even dragged heavy books home from the library for people. It was a very fine little cart, with rubber tires on the wheels, and strong straight sides, on which were painted these words:

P. Penniman—Bundles Called For
And Delivered
2 Cents A Mile—5 Cents For Two Miles

P-Penny and his little red cart had already earned two dollars and thirty-five cents. He was saving all this money in a little iron bank for something especial, which was a secret. It was a funny little bank, shaped like an owl, with a slit under its beak where you could put in your nickels and your dimes. When you put them in, it snapped its bill, just like a real owl. Granddaddy, who had given it to P-Penny, called it "Penny-Wise." P-Penny put all his nickels and dimes into Penny-Wise when Mummy was not looking, for the secret was that P-Penny was going to buy a ring for Mummy for her birthday. Mummy had a plain gold ring already, but other mothers sometimes wore rings with pretty, bright stones in them, and he wanted his to have one, too. He had seen a row of them in the watchmaker's window, and the watchmaker had told him that he could have his choice for five dollars.

One sunny afternoon in the fall, when the fruit was ripe on the trees, P-Penny put on his red sweater and his round red cap and went out under the pear tree that grew in front of the little white house where he lived, to find a nice pear to eat. The ground under the tree was covered with goldy-brown pears, and up in the tree there were ever so many more—more, thought P-Penny, than he and Mummy and Granddaddy could possibly eat up, if they ate and ate and ate all the time until Christmas.

"Oh," said P-Penny suddenly to himself, as he took his first juicy bite. He had a fine idea! He would sell pears. He would be a fruit man, like the one who came to the back door every morning, with lots of dimes and nickels jingling in his pocket. He would earn a lot more nickels and dimes to jingle inside Penny-Wise.

So he set to work, and very soon he had picked up enough pears to cover the bottom of the little red cart. He was careful not to take any that had been bruised by falling off the tree, and he rubbed every one on his sweater to make it clean and shiny. As soon as he had a good load, he walked off down the street, dragging the little red cart behind him.

As he went along, he looked into all the gardens, to see if there were any houses that did not have fruit trees of their own, but nearly all of them did, for the street where P-Penny lived had once been a big orchard, and through the gates and hedges he could see pears and apples piled here and there on the grass.

After a while he met Mr. Rafferty, the postman. P-Penny and Mr. Rafferty were great friends.

"How's the fruit business?" said Mr. Rafferty, looking at the little red cart.

"Pretty good," replied P-Penny. "Would you like a pear? They're a cent apiece."

"Whew!" said Mr. Rafferty, "that's too much for *me*. I'm poor. But you can put one in my Uncle Sam's bag. He's rich and he likes pears. He'll pay it for me." And he put his hand in his pocket, and gave one cent to P-Penny.

P-Penny chose a pear out of the little red cart, and dropped it into the big leather bag which hung from Mr. Rafferty's shoulder. Then he picked up another and dropped that in, too.

"That's for your Uncle Sam," he said.

Mr. Rafferty laughed. "Thanks," he said. "When I get another cent from Uncle Sam I'll bring it to you."

Then P-Penny walked on, getting farther and farther away all the time from the little white house where he lived.

After a while he came to a street where there were very big houses indeed. They had fine trees around them, but P-Penny could not see any pears. The people must be very rich, thought P-Penny, to live in such grand houses—rich enough to be able to buy a great deal of fruit. At the very end of the street was the finest house of all. It was built of brick, with two big stone lions on each side of the high gate, and a curving driveway instead of a front walk. P-Penny dragged the little red cart in between the lions, and up the driveway to the great white door. He had to stand on tip-toe to reach the high brass knocker, and when he knocked, it made such a loud noise that he almost wished he had not come at all. After a few moments the door was opened, just a little way, by a large woman, with a white apron and a sour face.

"Do you want to buy some pears?" asked P-Penny, in a very small voice.

"No," said the woman, "we never buy anything at the door," and she closed it a little.

"Oh," said P-Penny, "but wouldn't you like a pear to eat? They're very nice. I'll give you one."

"No," said the woman again, with a faint, sour smile, "we don't eat pears here," and she closed the door entirely.

P-Penny picked up the handle of the little red cart, and walked soberly down the driveway. He thought it was very queer not to like pears, and he wondered if all the people in the other big houses didn't like them. Just as he reached the stone lions he heard a shrill voice behind him, from one of the upper windows.

"Hi, scalawag!" it called. "Come back."

P-Penny looked up at the windows. There was nobody to be seen, but feeling a little scared, he turned and walked back with the little red cart. Just as he reached the great white door again, it was sud-

denly opened, and a very tall man stood in the doorway.

"Why, hello, P-Penny," said the man, looking down in surprise. "What are you doing here?"

P-Penny was surprised, too, for he saw that the man was Mr. Norman Ames, who came sometimes in the evening to see Mummy and Granddaddy. P-Penny did not like Mr. Norman Ames at all, because when he came to call Mummy never had time to play dominoes. P-Penny had hoped that he should never see Mr. Norman Ames again, and here he was!

"I'm selling pears," said P-Penny.

"Well, that's great," said Mr. Norman Ames. "I am out of pears, and Pauline likes them."

"I—I don't think she does," said P-Penny.

"Oh, yes, she does, she's crazy about them," said Mr. Norman Ames.

"Is Pauline the fat lady?" asked P-Penny, looking behind Mr. Norman Ames into the dark hall, where he thought that he saw a white apron.

"Who?" said Mr. Norman Ames. Then he laughed—such a jolly laugh. "Oh, no, that's Mrs. Pickens. Pauline is upstairs. How much are the pears?"

"One cent each," said P-Penny.

"Have you a hundred of them? Pauline wants a hundred," said Mr. Ames.

"I—I don't think so," said P-Penny, bending over the little red cart, "but I'll count them."

"No, don't stop to do that," said Mr. Norman Ames. "We'll let Mrs. Pickens count them. While she's doing it, let's take one upstairs and see how much Pauline likes it."

So P-Penny took a pear from the little red cart, and followed Mr. Norman Ames into the big hall and up the broad velvet-covered stairs. At the top they went into a big, cheerful room, filled with sunshine and books. P-Penny could not see anyone in it, but as soon as he went through the door a voice said:

"Poor Pauline, oh, poor Pauline. Have you got it? Have you got it?"

"Yes, Pauline, we've got it," said Mr. Norman Ames.

Then across the room, on a table by the open window, P-Penny saw a large wire bird-cage, with an enormous white parrot in it. As they came up to the cage, the parrot edged along on its perch and put its beak through the wires.

"Scratch Pauline," she said.

Mr. Norman Ames scratched the back of her head gently with his finger, while P-Penny looked on, breathless.

"Now, Pauline, talk to P-Penny while I fix your pear," said Mr. Norman Ames, as he took his knife out of his pocket.

"Won't!" said Pauline. And she wouldn't. She just watched with beady eyes, while Mr. Norman Ames cut up the pear with his pocket-knife.

When it was ready, P-Penny held up a piece to the wire, and Pauline took it in her beak. Then, standing on one leg, and holding the pear in the other claw, she ate it quickly and daintily.

"What do you say to P-Penny, Pauline?" said Mr. Norman Ames. "I'm ashamed of your manners."

"Tanks," said Pauline. "More."

So P-Penny kept on handing in bits of pear, and Pauline kept on eating, and saying, "Pitty good. More," until every bit of it was gone.

"Shall I get another one?" asked P-Penny.

"No," said Mr. Norman Ames, "but you see she does want a cartload."

"Poor Pauline. More! More! More!" cried Pauline, looking right at P-Penny with her beady eye.

"She likes me, doesn't she?" said P-Penny, delighted.

"She's a wise old bird," said Mr. Norman Ames, as he went out of the room to answer the telephone.

"Poor, poor Pauline. Scratch Pauline," she coaxed, putting her head down low.

P-Penny stuck one finger carefully through the wires, and scratched the soft white feathers ever so gently.

Suddenly Pauline lifted her head and nipped P-Penny's finger with her bill.

"Ouch!" said P-Penny.

"Got it! Got!" shrieked Pauline. "More. More!"

P-Penny ran out of the room as fast as he could, and downstairs with his nipped finger in his mouth. He did not stop until he reached the front door. Mr. Norman Ames was still talking at the telephone at the back of the house, but the little red cart had been emptied of pears, and in it instead, weighted down with a little stone so that the wind should not blow it away, was a fresh, crisp dollar bill.

P-Penny's eyes shone, and he forgot all about the nipped finger. Never in his life had he earned so much money at one time, and he felt like a very big business man indeed. He was not sure just how many nickels and dimes there were in that dollar bill, but he knew that there were a lot. He folded it up and put it in his pocket. Then he picked up the handle of the little red cart and started for home.

"Hi, scalawag. Come back!" cried a shrill voice again from the window upstairs.

"Oh," laughed P-Penny to himself, "it was Pauline!"

But this time he did not go back.

First Day at School

By Corinna Marsh

SEPTEMBER MONDAY—summer still,
Blue asters 'round the pool.
But Mommy said, "Now you are six,
It's time to start to school."

She took me there, then waved goodbye,
And first I thought I'd cry
Until I saw the children all
Felt just as shy as I.

But not for long! Our teacher said,
"Now tell me all your names."
She was our friend—and recess-time
We went outdoors for games.

We had such fun! When Mommy came
To get me, on the way
I told her I could hardly wait
For school to start next day!

First Steps in Reading and Counting

THE CAT

HERE's a little CAT	C AT
Looking fine and FAT	F AT
Sitting on a MAT	M AT
Playing with a HAT.	H AT
Give the CAT a PAT–	P AT
She'll be pleased with THAT.	TH AT

THE BIG PIG

SEE the BIG PIG	B IG	P IG
Wearing a WIG	W IG	
Eating a FIG	F IG	
Dancing a JIG.	J IG	
Funny BIG PIG!	B IG	P IG

THE BEES

HEAR the honey-BEES	B EES
Buzzing in the TREES.	TR EES
Did I hear one SNEEZE	SN EEZE
In the summer BREEZE?	BR EEZE
BEES SNEEZE? PLEASE!	PL EASE

THE FUNNY BUNNY

HERE's a BUNNY	B UNNY
Looking FUNNY	F UNNY
When it's SUNNY.	S UNNY
He's eating HONEY	H ONEY
And counting MONEY.	M ONEY
FUNNY	F UNNY
BUNNY!	B UNNY

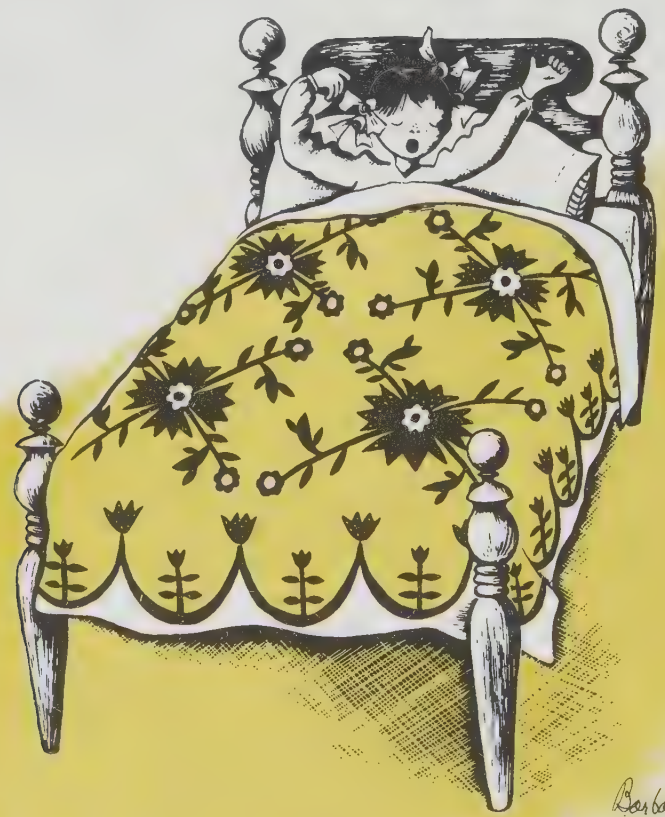
Good Night

Good night,
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright,
In the morning light,
To do the right,
With all your might.

Star Light

Star light, star bright,
First star I see to-night;
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish to-night.

n ight
t ight
br ight
l ight
r ight
m ight

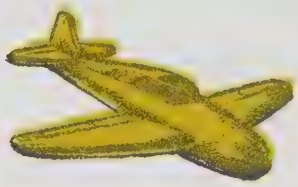


THE BOY AND THE PONY

THIS little boy is very lucky.
His Daddy has brought him a pony.
He loves his pony.
He calls the pony Prince.
Prince can run fast.
The little boy can run fast too.
But Prince can run faster.
Some day the little boy will ride Prince.
Now he just plays with him.
He pats him and feeds him lumps of sugar.
Prince loves that.
The little boy and the pony are the best of friends.

The Children's Toy Alphabet

A is the AIRPLANE we fly when we play;
Perhaps we'll be flying real AIRPLANES some day.

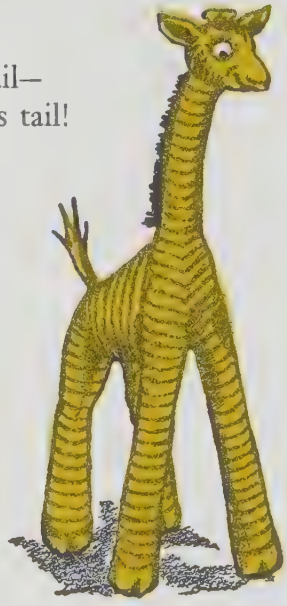


B's for our BLOCKS and our BALL and our BOAT;
They're rubber and wood, and so all of them float.

C's for our CART and our CALICO CAT;
A CART for a CAT, and a toy CAT, at that!

D is for DOLLS and their DISHES and DRESSES.
Who likes them most? Boys or girls? You've two guesses.

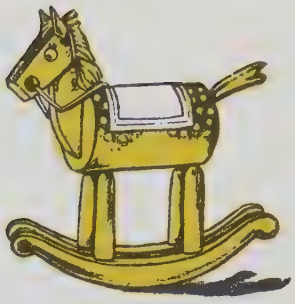
E is our ELEPHANT, ears like a sail—
My, but it's far from his trunk to his tail!



F is for FISH-POND, a game that is fun
To play with our friends when our work is all done.

G—look up high and you'll see our GIRAFFE;
He's all legs and neck, and that makes people laugh.

H is the HOBBY HORSE all of us ride,
Each one in his turn with the rest alongside.



I's for our ICE-SKATES. We think it's so nice
When winter is here to skate out on the ice.

J is for JACKS and for JUMPING JACKS too.
You'd laugh at the tricks that the JUMPING JACKS do!

K's for our KITES. See them flying so high!
They look just like airplanes 'way up in the sky.

L's for the LOLLIPOPS all of us lick
Till none of the candy is left on the stick.

M is for MARBLES, all colors and sizes.
It's fun to play MARBLES and keep them for prizes.

N's for the NURSERY RHYMES told by a NURSE.
We love every picture; we know every verse.

O is the wonderful OAK tree we climb
And stay in for hours and have a fine time.

P's for our PANDA, half black and half white,
So cuddly to take into bed for the night.

Q's for the QUACK-QUACK that swims in the tub
When Baby is having his bath and his scrub.

R is our RABBIT—long ears and a nose
As rosy and pink as a pretty pink rose.

S is our winter-time SLIDER, the SLED.
In summer we scoot on our SCOOTER instead.

T's for our TRAINS—in fact, all of our TOYS
Like TEA-SETS for girls, TRUCKS and TOPS
for the boys.

U is our make-believe toy UNICORN,
A strange-looking beast that has only one horn.

V's the VELOCIPEDE all of us like,
And when we get older we'll ride on a bike.

W stands for the WAGON we pull;
We fill it with treasures, a WAGON-load full!

X is our XYLOPHONE—makes lots of noise,
And that makes it one of our favorite toys.

Y is our YARD where we go every day
And have lots of fun when we're out there to play.

Z is our ZEBRA, the last in our Zoo,
And Z also means that our Alphabet's through!

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO

with drawings by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT

A FROG he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Rowley!
Whether his Mother would let him or no.
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

So off he set with his opera-hat,
Heigho, says Rowley!
And on his way he met with a Rat.
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,"
Heigho, says Rowley!
"Pretty Miss Mousey for to see?"
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

Now they soon arrived at Mousey's Hall,
Heigho, says Rowley!
And gave a loud knock, and gave a loud call.
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Miss Mousey, are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley!
"Oh, yes, kind Sirs, I'm sitting to spin."
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Miss Mouse, will you give us some beer?"
Heigho, says Rowley!
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,"
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"
Heigho, says Rowley!
"But let it be something that's not very long."
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Since you have caught cold," Miss Mousey said,
Heigho, says Rowley!
"I'll sing you a song that I have just made."
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Indeed, Miss Mouse," replied Mr. Frog,
Heigho, says Rowley!
"A cold has made me as hoarse as a Hog."
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

But while they were all thus a merry-making,
Heigho, says Rowley!
A Cat and her Kittens came tumbling in.
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

The Cat she seized the Rat by the crown;
Heigho, says Rowley!
The Kittens they pulled the little Mouse down.
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;
Heigho, says Rowley!
He took up his hat, and he wished them good night.
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

But as Froggy was crossing a silvery brook,
Heigho, says Rowley!
A lily-white Duck came and gobbled him up.
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Heigho, says Rowley!
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Frog-gee!
With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

Counting Rhymes

OUR BABY

ONE head with curly hair,
Two arms so fat and bare,
Two hands and one wee nose,
Two feet with ten pink toes,
Skin soft and smooth as silk,
When clean, 'tis white as milk.

ONE AND ONE ARE TWO

By Christina Rossetti

ONE and ONE are TWO —
That's for me and you.

TWO and TWO are FOUR —
That's a couple more.

THREE and THREE are SIX
Barley-sugar sticks.

FOUR and FOUR are EIGHT
Tumblers at the gate.

FIVE and FIVE are TEN
Bluff seafaring men.

SIX and SIX are TWELVE
Garden lads who delve.

HOW MANY?

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR,
Mary at the cottage door.
FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT,
Eating cherries off a plate.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE,
Once I caught a fish alive.
SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT, NINE, TEN,
Then I let it go again.

TWO, FOUR, SIX, EIGHT,
Meet me at the garden gate.
If I'm late don't wait,
TWO, FOUR, SIX, EIGHT.

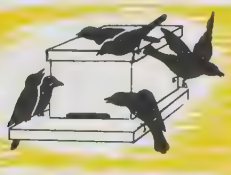
Ten Little Blackbirds

THERE were ten little blackbirds sitting on a line;
One flew away and then there were nine.

Nine little blackbirds sitting on a gate;
One flew away and then there were eight.

Eight little blackbirds looking up at heaven;
One flew away and then there were seven.

Seven little blackbirds picking up sticks;
One flew away and then there were six.

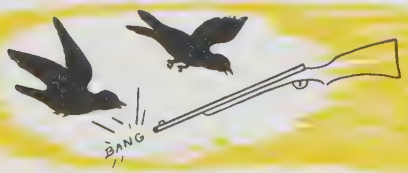


Six little blackbirds on a bee-hive;
One flew away and then there were five.

Five little blackbirds sitting on the floor;
One flew away and then there were four.

Four little blackbirds sitting in a tree;
One flew away and then there were three.

Three little blackbirds heard a cow moo;
One flew away and then there were two.



Two little blackbirds heard a loud gun;
One flew away and then there was one.

One little blackbird didn't have much fun;
He flew away and then there was none.

Ten Little Kittens

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

TEN little kittens with a fishing line;
One caught a fish, then there were NINE.

NINE little kittens playing out late;
One got lost and then there were EIGHT.

EIGHT little kittens climbing half to heaven;
One got caught and then there were SEVEN.

SEVEN little kittens, full of their tricks;
Daddy spanked one and then there were SIX.

SIX little kittens fooling round a hive;
Out came the bees and then there were FIVE.

FIVE little kittens going to the store;
One lost his penny and then there were FOUR.

FOUR little kittens sailing out to sea;
One fell overboard and then there were THREE.

THREE little kittens didn't know what to do;
One went to sleep and that left TWO.

TWO little kittens, with a great big gun;
Bang! it went off and that left ONE!

ONE little kitten sitting all alone;
Mummy called "Supper!" and then there was NONE.

Monday's Child

(DAYS OF THE WEEK)

MONDAY's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is brave and glad,
Thursday's child is never sad,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child must work for a living;
The child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and winsome and happy and gay.

DAYS IN THE MONTH

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one
Excepting February alone
Which has but twenty-eight in fine
Till leap-year gives it twenty-nine.

Bounce-the-Ball Rhymes

ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

ONE, TWO—buckle my shoe;
THREE, FOUR—shut the door;
FIVE, SIX—pick up sticks;
SEVEN, EIGHT—lay them straight;
NINE, TEN—a good fat hen;
ELEVEN, TWELVE—I hope you're well.
THIRTEEN, FOURTEEN—draw the curtain;
FIFTEEN, SIXTEEN—the maid's in the kitchen;
SEVENTEEN, EIGHTEEN—she's in waiting.
NINETEEN, TWENTY—my stomach's empty.

PUT HOW MANY?

Put ONE — 0
Put TWO — 0's
Put THREE — 0's
Put FOUR — 0's
Put FIVE — 0's
Put SIX — 0's
Put SEVEN — 0's
POTATOES

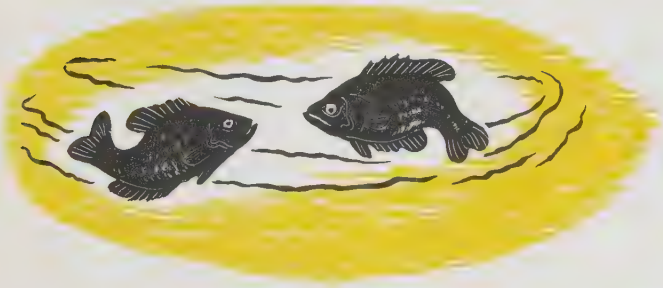
ENGINE, ENGINE NUMBER NINE

ENGINE, engine number nine,
When she's polished she will shine.
Engine, engine number nine,
Ten will ride on the Chicago line.

Over in the Meadow

AN OLD NATURE NUMBER RHYME

Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother turtle
And her little turtle ONE.
"Blink!" said the mother;
"I blink," said the one.
So he blinked and he winked
In the sand, in the sun.



Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother fish
And her little fishes TWO.
"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two.
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived an old mother owl
And her little owlets THREE.
"To-whoo!" said the mother;
"To-whoo," said the three.
So they hooted all night
In a hole in the tree.

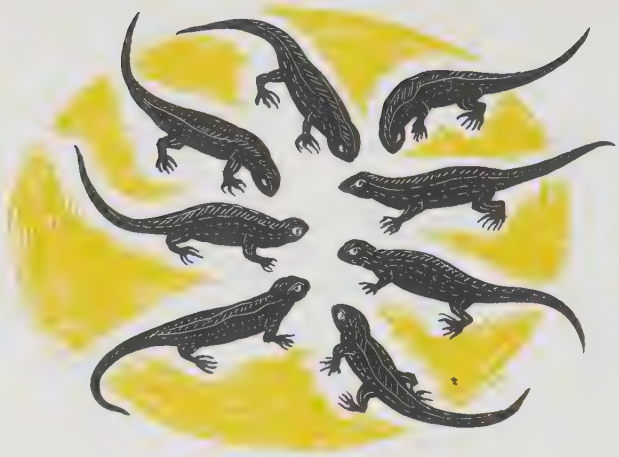
Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived an old mother muskrat
And her little muskrats FOUR.
"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four.
So they dived and they dug
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived an old mother bee
And her little honeys FIVE.
"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five.
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived an old mother crow
And her little crows SIX.
"Caw!" said the mother;
"We caw," said the six.
So they cawed and they cawed
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived an old mother frog
And her little froggies SEVEN.
"Croak!" said the mother;
"We croak," said the seven.
So they croaked and they hopped
Where the grass grows so even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived an old mother lizard
And her little lizards EIGHT.
"Bask!" said the mother;
"We bask!" said the eight.
So they basked in the sun
By the old mossy gate.



Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived an old mother duck
And her little ducklings NINE.
"Quack!" said the mother;
"We quack," said the nine.
So they quacked and they splashed,
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a cozy little den,
Lived an old mother beaver
And her little beavers TEN.
"Beave!" said the mother;
"We beave," said the ten.
So they beavered all day
In their cozy little den.

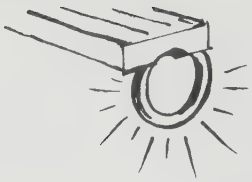
Crayon Color Rhymes

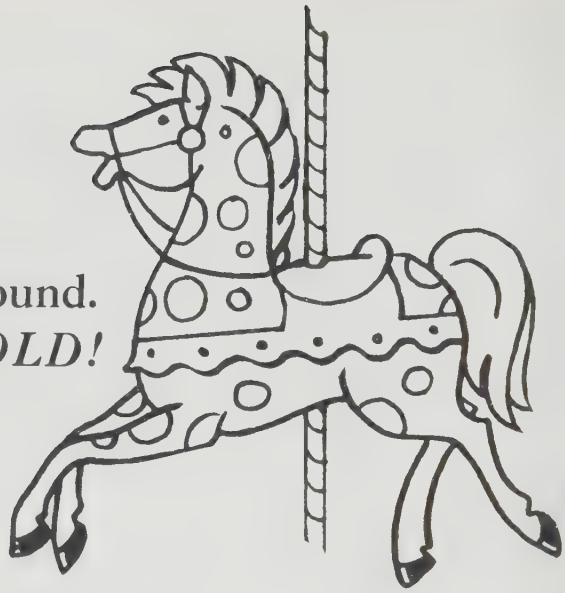
By Corinna Marsh

(In general we do not approve of letting children mark up good books with pencils or crayons. In the case of CRAYON COLOR RHYMES, however, we consider it advisable since the rhymes are so arranged that from them children can learn colors as well as words. Therefore, the child should be encouraged to fill in, in the proper spaces, the color indicated with the appropriately colored crayon. Each illustration may also be filled in with the matching color.)

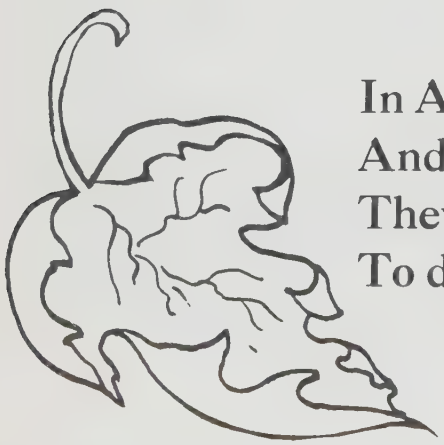
The beach is fun in Summer-time
For play and swimming *TOO*:
The sand is sparkly white and clean,
The sea and sky are _____.

A picnic on the grass is fun
When appetites are *KEEN*,
When all the air is soft and warm
And trees and grass are _____.





The carousel goes round and round.
Climb on your horse—take *HOLD!*
The rider who's the lucky one
Will catch the ring of _____.



In Autumn when the wind is chill
And whirling leaves fall *DOWN,*
They turn from flaming red and gold
To dry and crackly _____.

The farmer has a great big barn
Where cows are milked and *FED*
And horses sleep and eat their oats.
The barn is painted ___.

The coal-man comes and puts our coal
Down cellar in a *STACK*.
The coal burns red to light the fire,
But coal itself is _____.

In Winter all the trees are bare;
No leaves or buds in *SIGHT*.
The snow that blankets all the earth
Is soft and cold and _____.

Our gardener is a funny man;
His name is Mr. *TURPLE*.
In Spring he brings us violets;
They're lavender and _____.

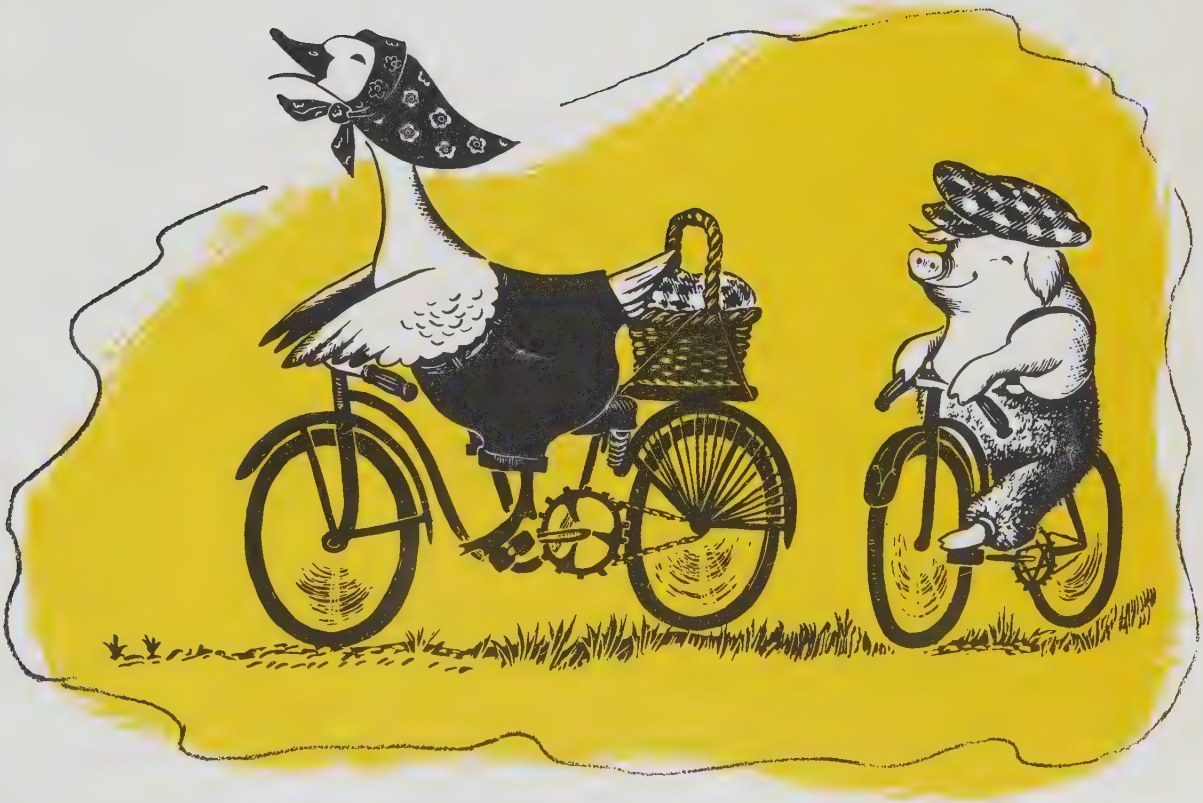
The zoo has animals and birds—
We saw them there one *DAY*:
The bear was brown, the lion tan,
The elephant was ____.

In Spring we hear the jolly note
Of thrush and bobo*LINK*
And see the apple-trees a-bloom
With blossoms white and _____.

A chick just broken from the egg
Is such a cheerful *FELLOW!*
He's cuddly-warm and downy-soft
And, like the sunshine, _____.

It's funny when you stop to think:
The color of an *ORANGE*
Is all there is to make a rhyme:
An orange is just _____.

Fun and Nonsense



The House the Pecks Built

Written and Illustrated by Helen and Alf Evers

MR. PECK was a carpenter, and a good one, too, but he was very poor. He and his wife, Mrs. Peck, with their daughter, Bertha Peck; their son, Albert Peck; and the dog and the cat, all lived way out in the country in a little house with only one room. But the house was neat and clean, and the family were very proud of it.

Then people began to find out what a good carpenter Mr. Peck was and to hire him to build houses for them, so he began to make more money One night when he came home he said, "I must have a bedroom of my own, where I can rest before dinner without getting in my wife's way while she is cooking."

Then Albert said, "I want a bedroom, too," and Bertha said, "So do I." And Mrs. Peck, who was busy popping corn, said, "I can't hear what it is that all of you want, but if you are going to have one, I want one, too."

So Mr. Peck, with the help of Mrs. Peck and Bertha and Albert, built four fine bedrooms.

One day, when all the bedrooms were finished, Mr. Peck came home, very tired and hungry. He brought some fish for Mrs. Peck to fry for dinner.

But Mrs. Peck said, "Must I fry those fish here in this room where we eat and spend our evenings?"

So Mr. Peck said, "Very well, my dear. I'll build you a kitchen and I'll build a dining room for you, too." Then Albert Peck said, "Father, I really think it would

be a nice thing if I had a room where I could play with my electric train." And Bertha Peck said, "If Albert has a room for his train I want one for my dolls."

So Mr. Peck, who liked to make his family happy, said, "Very well, besides the kitchen and the dining room we'll build a train room and a doll room." And as Mr. Peck was now a prosperous builder, he added, "I need an office for my busi-

ness, so I'll build that at the same time."

So all the Peck family got to work, and in a few weeks the new rooms were finished.

Then one day Mrs. Peck thought how nice it would be to have a parlor where she could entertain her friends. When Mr. Peck came home she mentioned it to him.

Then Albert Peck said, "I'd like a room where I can play ping-pong with my friends."

And Bertha Peck said, "I would like to have a sewing room where I could make clothes for my doll."

Mr. Peck said, "Well, I was just about to build myself a study, so I don't see why we can't build the parlor, the ping-pong room, and the sewing room at the same time."

So with the help of Mrs. Peck, Albert, and Bertha, Mr. Peck added all these rooms to the house, as well as four or five more bathrooms and—

—Also a dressing room for Mrs. Peck, a surprise because it was her birthday.

One morning Mrs. Peck said to Mr. Peck, "It seems to me that our bedrooms are too small. I think that we should build some new ones."

"That would be fine," said Mr. Peck. "We could use the old ones for storerooms and we really need a library where we can keep our books."

So he built four new bedrooms and the library, and at the same time he added a small greenhouse for Mrs. Peck, who was very fond of flowers, and a music room where Albert and Bertha could practice their piano lessons without disturbing anyone.

This brought the house to the very edge of the Peck property.

So Mr. Peck bought some more land just in case he should want to add more rooms, for now he was very rich. And sure enough, it wasn't long before the Pecks built a breakfast room, five new bedrooms for guest rooms, four sun parlors, one for each of the Pecks, a banquet hall for Mr. Peck's friends, a ballroom for Bertha, who was fond of dancing.

A little later they built a small observatory, as Albert was interested in the stars.

The Pecks went on like this for several

years, building constantly. There was never a day when masons and carpenters and painters weren't working somewhere on the house.

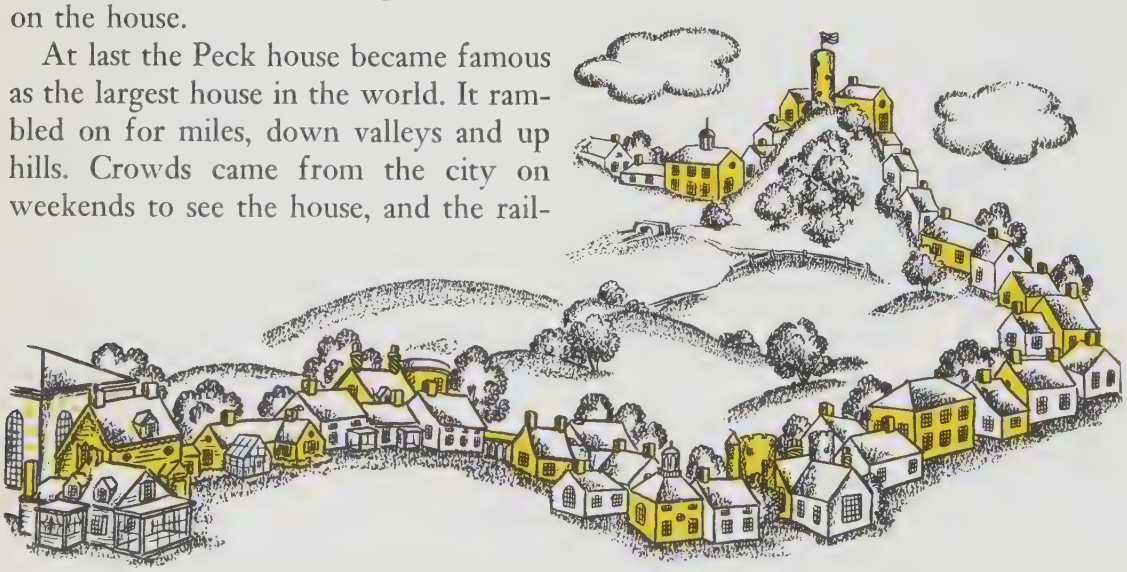
At last the Peck house became famous as the largest house in the world. It rambled on for miles, down valleys and up hills. Crowds came from the city on weekends to see the house, and the railroad ran special excursions on the Fourth of July and Labor Day at one dollar a round trip.

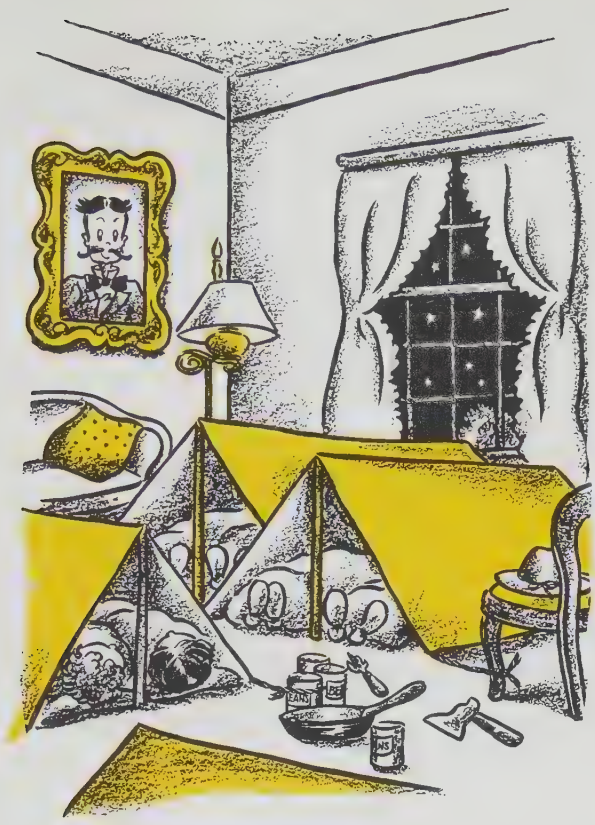
The Pecks were very proud of their house. Mr. Peck liked to tell the tourists that there were many rooms in it which he hadn't entered for years.

But the Peck family were beginning to find out that their house was a little hard to live in. It took Mrs. Peck several hours to reach the kitchen from her bedroom in the morning. And when Bertha and Albert wanted to play in the gymnasium they had to take some sandwiches and milk with them, because they couldn't possibly get there and back between breakfast and luncheon.

Mr. Peck made maps of the house and bought roller skates for all his family. That helped a good deal, but not enough.

Albert Peck took some of his Boy Scout friends on a two-week trip through the house. All the boys carried rations





and bedding and camped out in whatever room they happened to be in. But they were lost for two days once, and only succeeded in finding their way out with the help of a compass.

Then Mr. Peck built a railroad around the house, so that whenever any of the Pecks wanted to go to a distant room they could ride. But little by little Mr. Peck, Mrs. Peck, Bertha and Albert and the dog and the cat, became more and more tired, because they had to keep traveling all day long.

One night when they were all very tired indeed, Mr. Peck made a suggestion. "The trouble is that our house is too large. Now, if we tore down all of it except one room. . . ."

"That would be wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Peck and Albert and Bertha, their faces shining with happiness.

So the next day all the Pecks set to work tearing the house down. At last there was nothing left of the largest house in the world except the one room with which it had started. All the Pecks were happy again and proud of their house, because it was now famous as the smallest house in the world!

The Table and the Chair

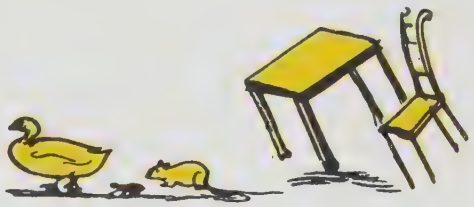
Written and Illustrated by Edward Lear

SAID the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk.
Pray, let us take the air,"
Said the Table to the Chair.

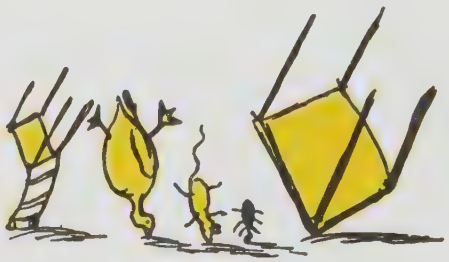
Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now, you *know* we are not able:
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we *cannot* walk!"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.
I've as many legs as you:
Why can't we walk on two?"

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round;
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
"See! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!"

But in going down an alley,
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.



Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon."
So the Ducky and the leetle
Brown-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.



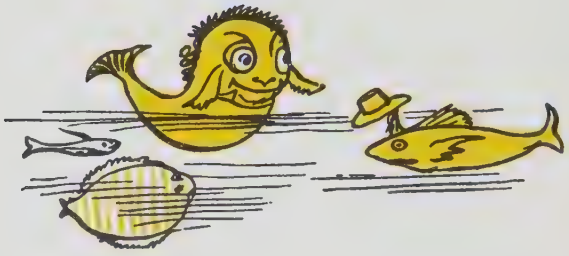
Calico Pie

Written and Illustrated by Edward Lear

Calico pie,
The little Birds fly
Down to the calico-tree;
Their wings were blue,
And they sang "tilly-loo!"
Till away they flew;
And they never came back to me!
They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back to me!

Calico ban,
The little Mice ran
To be ready in time for tea;
Flippity flup,
They drank it all up,
And danced in the cup:
But they never came back to me;
They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back to me.

Calico jam,
The little Fish swam
Over the Syllabub Sea.
He took off his hat
To the Sole and the Sprat,
And the Willeby-wat:
But he never came back to me;
He never came back,
He never came back,
He never came back to me.



Calico drum,
The Grasshoppers come,
The Butterfly, Beetle, and Bee,
Over the ground,
Around and around,
With a hop and a bound;
But they never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back to me.

Pooh Goes Visiting and Gets Into A Tight Place

By A. A. Milne

EDWARD BEAR, known to his friends as Winnie-the-Pooh, or Pooh for short, was walking through the forest one day, humming proudly to himself. He had made up a little hum that very morning, as he was doing his Stoutness Exercises in front of the glass: *Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,* as he stretched up as high as he could go, and then *Tra-la-la, tra-la—oh, help!—la,* as he tried to reach his toes. After breakfast he had said it over and over to himself until he had learnt it off by heart, and now he was humming it right through, properly. It went like this:

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
Rum-tum-tiddle-um-tum.
Tiddle-iddle, tiddle-iddle,
Tiddle-iddle, tiddle-iddle,
Rum-tum-tum-tiddle-um.

Well, he was humming this hum to himself, and walking along gaily, wondering what everybody else was doing, and what it felt like, being somebody else, when suddenly he came to a sandy bank, and in the bank was a large hole.

"Aha!" said Pooh. (*Rum-tum-tiddle-um-tum.*) "If I know anything about anything, that hole means Rabbit," he said, "and Rabbit means Company," he said, "and Company means Food and Listening-to-Me-Humming and such like. *Rum-tum-tum-tiddle-um.*"

So he bent down, put his head into the hole, and called out, "Is anybody at home?"

There was a sudden scuffling noise from inside the hole, and then silence.

"What I said was, 'Is anybody at home?' " called out Pooh very loudly.

"No!" said a voice; and then added, "You needn't shout so loud. I heard you quite well the first time."

"Bother!" said Pooh. "Isn't there anybody here at all?"

"Nobody."

Winnie-the-Pooh took his head out of

"Pooh Goes Visiting and Gets Into a Tight Place." From *Winnie-the-Pooh* by A. A. Milne, published and copyright, 1926, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. By permission also of Methuen & Co., Ltd., London.

the hole, and thought for a little, and he thought to himself, "There must be somebody there, because somebody must have *said* 'Nobody.' " So he put his head back in the hole, and said:

"Hallo, Rabbit, isn't that you?"

"No," said Rabbit, in a different sort of voice this time.

"But isn't that Rabbit's voice?"

"I don't *think* so," said Rabbit. "It isn't *meant* to be."

"Oh!" said Pooh.

He took his head out of the hole, and had another think, and then he put it back, and said, "Well, could you very kindly tell me where Rabbit is?"

"He has gone to see his friend Pooh Bear, who is a great friend of his."

"But this *is* Me!" said Bear, very much surprised.

"What sort of Me?"

"Pooh Bear."

"Are you sure?" said Rabbit, still more surprised.

"Quite, quite sure," said Pooh.

"Oh, well, then, come in."

So Pooh pushed and pushed and pushed his way through the hole, and at last he got in.

"You were quite right," said Rabbit, looking at him all over. "It *is* you. Glad to see you."

"Who did you think it was?"

"Well, I wasn't sure. You know how it is in the Forest. One can't have *anybody* coming into one's house. One has to be *careful*. What about a mouthful of something?"

Pooh always liked a little something at eleven o'clock in the morning, and he was very glad to see Rabbit getting out the plates and mugs; and when Rabbit said, "Honey or condensed milk with your bread?" he was so excited that he said, "Both," and then, so as not to seem greedy, he added, "But don't bother about the bread, please." And for a long time after that he said nothing . . . until at last, humming to himself in a rather sticky voice, he got up, shook Rabbit lovingly by the paw, and said that he must be going on.

"Must you?" said Rabbit politely.

"Well," said Pooh, "I could stay a little longer if it—if you—" and he tried very hard to look in the direction of the larder.

"As a matter of fact," said Rabbit, "I was going out myself directly."

"Oh, well, then, I'll be going on. Good-bye."

"Well, good-bye, if you're sure you won't have any more."

"*Is* there any more?" asked Pooh quickly.

Rabbit took the covers off the dishes, and said, "No, there wasn't."

"I thought not," said Pooh, nodding to himself. "Well, good-bye. I must be going on."

So he started to climb out of the hole. He pulled with his front paws, and pushed with his back paws, and in a little while his nose was out in the open again . . . and then his ears . . . and then his front paws . . . and then his shoulders . . . and then——

"Oh, help!" said Pooh. "I'd better go back."

"Oh, bother!" said Pooh. "I shall have to go on."

"I can't do either!" said Pooh. "Oh, help *and* bother!"

Now by this time Rabbit wanted to go for a walk too, and finding the front door full, he went out by the back door, and came round to Pooh, and looked at him.

"Hallo, are you stuck?" he asked.

"N-no," said Pooh carelessly. "Just resting and thinking and humming to myself."

"Here, give us a paw."

Pooh Bear stretched out a paw, and Rabbit pulled and pulled and pulled. . . .

"*Ow!*" cried Pooh. "You're hurting!"

"The fact is," said Rabbit, "you're stuck."

"It all comes," said Pooh crossly, "of not having front doors big enough."

"It all comes," said Rabbit sternly, "of eating too much. I thought at the time," said Rabbit, "only I don't like to say anything," said Rabbit, "that one of us was eating too much," said Rabbit, "and I knew it wasn't *me*," he said. "Well, well, I shall go and fetch Christopher Robin."

Christopher Robin lived at the other end of the Forest, and when he came back with Rabbit, and saw the front half of Pooh, he said, "Silly old Bear," in such a loving voice that everybody felt quite hopeful again.

"I was just beginning to think," said Bear, sniffing slightly, "that Rabbit might never be able to use his front door again. And I should *hate* that," he said.

"So should I," said Rabbit.

"Use his front door again?" said Christopher Robin. "Of course he'll use his front door again."

"Good," said Rabbit.

"If we can't pull you out, Pooh, we might push you back."

Rabbit scratched his whiskers thoughtfully, and pointed out that, when once Pooh was pushed back, he was back, and of course nobody was more glad to see Pooh than *he* was, still there it was, some lived in trees and some lived underground, and——

"You mean I'd *never* get out?" said Pooh.

"I mean," said Rabbit, "that having got *so* far, it seems a pity to waste it."

Christopher Robin nodded. "Then there's only one thing to be done," he said.

"We shall have to wait for you to get thin again."

"How long does getting thin take?" asked Pooh anxiously.

"About a week, I should think."

"But I can't stay here for a *week!*"

"You can *stay* here all right, silly old Bear. It's getting you out which is so difficult."

"We'll read to you," said Rabbit cheerfully. "And I hope it won't snow," he added. "And I say, old fellow, you're taking up a good deal of room in my house—*do* you mind if I use your back legs as a towel-horse? Because, I mean, there they are—doing nothing—and it would be very convenient just to hang the towels on them."

"A week!" said Pooh gloomily. "*What about meals?*"

"I'm afraid no meals," said Christopher Robin, "because of getting thin quicker. But we *will* read to you."

Bear began to sigh, and then found he couldn't because he was so tightly stuck; and a tear rolled down his eye, as he said, "Then would you read a Sustaining Book, such as would help and comfort a Wedged Bear in Great Tightness?"

So for a week Christopher Robin read that sort of book at the North end of Pooh, and Rabbit hung his washing on the South end . . . and in between Bear felt himself getting slenderer and slenderer. And at the end of the week Christopher Robin said, "*Now!*"

So he took hold of Pooh's front paws and Rabbit took hold of Christopher Robin, and all Rabbit's friends and relations took hold of Rabbit, and they all pulled together. . . .

And for a long time Pooh only said "*Ow!*" . . . And "*Oh!*" . . .

And then, all of a sudden, he said "*Pop!*" just as if a cork were coming out of a bottle.

And Christopher Robin and Rabbit and all Rabbit's friends and relations went head-over-heels backwards . . . and on the top of them came Winnie-the-Pooh—free!

So, with a nod of thanks to his friends, he went on with his walk through the forest, humming proudly to himself. But Christopher Robin looked after him lovingly and said to himself, "Silly old Bear!"

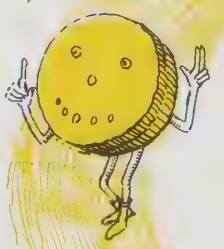
Past History

By Edward Lear

A was once an apple-pie,
Pidy,
Widy,
Tidy,
Pidy,
Nice insidy,
Apple-pie!

B was once a little bear,
Beary,
Wary,
Hairy,
Beary,
Take cary,
Little bear!

C was once a little cake,
Caky,
Baky,
Maky,
Caky,
Taky caky,
Little cake!



D was once a little doll,
Dolly,
Molly,
Polly,
Nolly,
Nursy dolly,
Little doll!

E was once a little eel,
Eely,
Weely,
Peely,
Eely,
Twirly, tweely,
Little eel!

F was once a little fish,
Fishy,
Wishy,
Squishy,
Fishy,
In a dishy,
Little fish!

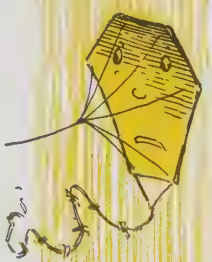
G was once a little goose,
Goosey,
Moosey,
Boosey,
Goosey,
Waddly-woosey,
Little goose!

H was once a little hen,
Henny,
Chenny,
Tenny,
Henny,
Eggsy-any,
Little hen?

I was once a bottle of ink,
Inky,
Dinky,
Thinky,
Inky,
Blacky minky,
Bottle of ink!

J was once a jar of jam,
Jammy,
Mammy,
Clammy,
Jammy,
Sweety, swammy,
Jar of jam!

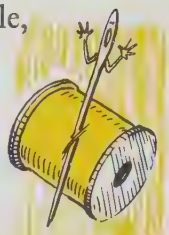
K was once a little kite,
Kity,
Whity,
Flighty,
Kity,
Out of sighty,
Little kite!



L was once a little lark,
Larky,
Marky,
Harky,
Larky,
In the parky,
Little lark!

M was once a little mouse,
Mousy,
Bousy,
Sousy,
Mousy,
In the housy,
Little mouse!

N was once a little needle,
Needly,
Tweedly,
Threedly,
Needly,
Wisky, wheedly,
Little needle!



O was once a little owl,
Owly,
Prowly,
Howly,
Owly,
Browny fowly,
Little owl!

P was once a little pump,
Pumpy,
Slumpy,
Flumpy,
Pumpy,
Dumpy, thumpy,
Little pump!

Q was once a little quail,
Quaily,
Faily,
Daily,
Quaily,
Stumpy-taily,
Little quail!

R was once a little rose,
Rosy,
Posy,
Nosy,
Rosy,
Blows-y, grows-y,
Little rose!

S was once a little shrimp,
Shrimpy,
Nimpy,
Flimpy,
Shrimpy,
Jumpy, jimpy,
Little shrimp!

T was once a little thrush,
Thrushy,
Hushy,
Bushy,
Thrushy,
Flitty, flushy,
Little thrush!

U was once a little urn,
Urny,
Burny,
Turny,
Urny,
Bubbly, burny,
Little urn!

V was once a little vine,
Viny,
Winy,
Twiny,
Viny,
Twisty-twiny,
Little vine!

W was once a whale,
Whaly,
Scaly,
Shaly,
Whaly,
Tumbly-taily,
Mighty whale!

X was once a great king Xerxes,
Xerxy,
Perxy,
Turxy,
Xerxy,
Linxy, lurxy,
Great King Xerxes!

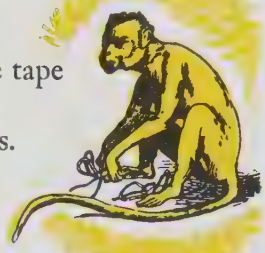
Y was once a little yew,
Yewdy,
Fewdy,
Crudy,
Yewdy,
Growdy, grewdy,
Little yew!

Z was once a piece of zinc,
Tinky,
Winky,
Blinky,
Tinky,
Tinkly minky,
Piece of zinc!

A Nonsense Alphabet

Written and Illustrated by Edward Lear

A was an Ape,
Who stole some white tape
And tied up his toes
In four beautiful bows.
a!
Funny old ape!

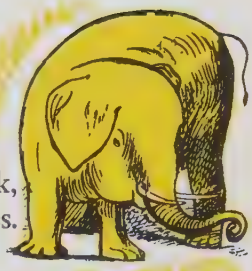


B was a Bat
Who slept all the day,
And fluttered about
When the sun went away.
b!
Brown little bat!

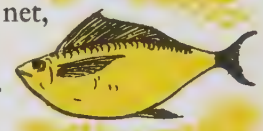
C was a Camel,
You rode on his hump,
And if you fell off
You came down with a bump!
c!
What a high camel!

D was a Duck
With spots on his back
Who lived in the water
And always said, "Quack!"
d!
Dear little duck!

E was an Elephant,
Stately and wise;
He had tusks and a trunk,
And two queer little eyes.
e!
O what funny small eyes!

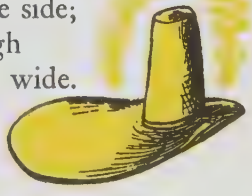


F was a Fish,
Who was caught in a net,
But he got out again
And is quite alive yet.
f!
Lively young fish!



G was a Goat
Who was spotted with brown;
When he did not lie still
He walked up and down.
g!
Good little goat!

H was a Hat
Which was all on one side;
Its crown was too high
And its brim was too wide.
h!
O! what a hat!

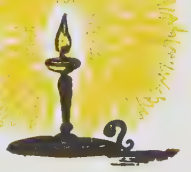


I was some Ice-cream
Such lovely white Ice-cream,
Which nobody tasted,
And so it was wasted.
i!
All that good ice-cream!

J was a Jack-daw
Who hopped up and down
In the principal street
Of a neighboring town.
j!
All through the town!

K was a Kite
Which flew out of sight
Above houses so high
Quite into the sky.
k!
Fly away, kite!

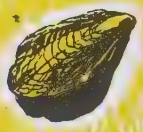
L was a Light
Which burned all the night
And lighted the gloom
Of a very dark room.
l!
Useful nice light!



M was a Man
Who walked round and round,
And he wore a long coat
That came down to the ground.
m!
Funny old man!

N was a Net
Which was thrown in the sea
To catch fish for dinner
For you and for me.
n!
Nice little net!

O was an Oyster
Who lived in his shell;
If you let him alone
He felt perfectly well.
o!
Open-mouth'd oyster!



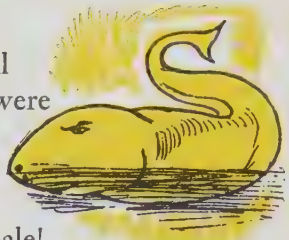
P was a Pig
Who was not very big,
But his tail was too curly
And that made him surly.
p!
Cross little pig!

Q was a Quail,
With a very short tail,
And he fed upon corn
In the evening and morn.
q!
Quaint little quail!

R was a Rabbit
Who had a bad habit
Of eating the flowers
In gardens and bowers.
r!
Naughty fat rabbit!

S was a Screw
To screw down a box
And then it was fastened
Without any locks.
s!
Valuable screw!

W was a Whale
With a very long tail
Whose movements were frantic
Across the Atlantic.
w!
Monstrous old whale!



T was a Tortoise
All yellow and black;
He walked away slowly
And never came back.
t!
Torty never came back!

X was King Xerxes
Who wore on his head
A mighty large turban,
Green, yellow, and red.
x!
Look at King Xerxes!

U was an Urn
All polished and bright
And full of hot water
At noon and at night.
u!
Useful old urn!

Y was a Yak
From the land of Tibet,
Except his white tail
He was all black as jet.
y!
Look at the yak!

V was a Villa
Which stood on a hill
By the side of a river
And close to a mill.
v!
Nice little villa!

Z was a Zebra
All striped white and black,
And if he were tame
You might ride on his back.
z!
Pretty striped zebra!

The Elephant's Child

Written and Illustrated by Rudyard Kipling

In the High and Far-Off Times the Elephant, O Best Beloved, had no trunk. He had only a blackish, bulgy nose, as big as a boot, that he could wriggle about from side to side; but he couldn't pick up things with it. But there was one Elephant—a new Elephant—an Elephant's Child—who was full of 'satiable curiosity, and that means he asked ever so many questions.

And he lived in Africa, and he filled all Africa with his 'satiable curiosities. He asked his tall aunt, the Ostrich, why her tail-feathers grew just so, and his tall aunt the Ostrich spanked him with her hard, hard claw. He asked his tall uncle, the Giraffe, what made his skin spotty, and his tall uncle, the Giraffe, spanked him with his hard, hard hoof. And still he was full of 'satiable curiosity!

He asked his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, why her eyes were red, and his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, spanked him with her broad, broad hoof; and he asked his hairy uncle, the Baboon, why melons tasted just so, and his hairy uncle, the Baboon, spanked him with his hairy, hairy paw. And *still* he was full of 'satiable curiosity! He asked questions about everything that he saw, or heard, or felt, or smelt, or touched, and all his uncles and his aunts spanked him. And still he was full of 'satiable curiosity!

One fine morning in the middle of the Precession of the Equinoxes this 'satiable Elephant's Child asked a new fine question that he had never asked before. He asked, 'What does the Crocodile have for dinner?' Then everybody said, 'H U S H' in a loud and dreadful tone, and they spanked him immediately and directly, without stopping, for a long time.

By and by, when that was finished, he came upon Kolokolo Bird sitting in the middle of a wait-a-bit thorn-bush, and he said, 'My father has spanked me, and my mother has spanked me; all my aunts and uncles have spanked me for my 'satiable curiosity; and *still* I want to know what the Crocodile has for dinner!'

Then Kolokolo Bird said, with a mournful cry, 'Go to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, and find out.'

That very next morning, when there was nothing left of the Equinoxes, because the Precession had preceded according to precedent, this 'satiable Elephant's Child took a hundred pounds of bananas (the little short red kind), and a hundred pounds of sugar-cane (the long purple kind), and seventeen melons (the greeny-crackly kind), and said to all his dear families, 'Good-bye. I am going to the

great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to find out what the Crocodile has for dinner.' And they all spanked him once more for luck, though he asked them most politely to stop.

Then he went away, a little warm, but not at all astonished, eating melons, and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up.

He went from Graham's Town to Kimberley, and from Kimberley to Khama's Country, and from Khama's Country he went east by north, eating melons all the time, till at last he came to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, precisely as Kolokolo Bird had said.

Now you must know and understand, O Best Beloved, that till that very week, and day, and hour, and minute, this 'satiable Elephant's Child had never seen a Crocodile, and did not know what one was like. It was all his 'satiable curiosity.

The first thing that he found was a Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake curled round a rock.

' 'Scuse me,' said the Elephant's Child most politely, 'but have you seen such a thing as a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?'

'*Have* I seen a Crocodile?' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, in a voice of dreadful scorn. 'What will you ask me next?'

' 'Scuse me,' said the Elephant's Child, 'but could you kindly tell me what he has for dinner?'

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake uncoiled himself very quickly from the rock, and spanked the Elephant's Child with his scalesome, flailsome tail.

'That is odd,' said the Elephant's Child, 'because my father and my mother, and my uncle and my aunt, not to mention my other aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my other uncle, the Baboon, have all spanked me for my 'satiable curiosity—and I suppose this is the same thing.'

So he said good-bye very politely to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, and helped to coil him up on the rock again, and went on, a little warm, but not at all astonished, eating melons, and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up, till he trod on what he thought was a log of wood at the very edge of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees.

But it was really the Crocodile, O Best Beloved, and the Crocodile winked one eye—like this!

' 'Scuse me,' said the Elephant's Child most politely, 'but do you happen to have seen a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?'

Then the Crocodile winked the other eye, and lifted half his tail out of the mud; and the Elephant's Child stepped back most politely, because he did not wish to be spanked again.

'Come hither, Little One,' said the Crocodile. 'Why do you ask such things?'

' 'Scuse me,' said the Elephant's Child most politely, 'but my father has spanked me, my mother has spanked me, not to mention my tall aunt, the Ostrich, and my tall uncle, the Giraffe, who can kick ever so hard, as well as my broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my hairy uncle, the Baboon, *and* including the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, with the scalesome, flailsome tail, just up the bank, who spanks harder than any of them; and *so*, if it's quite all the same to you, I don't want to be spanked any more.'

'Come hither, Little One,' said the Crocodile, 'for I am the Crocodile,' and he wept crocodile-tears to show it was quite true.

Then the Elephant's Child grew all breathless, and panted, and kneeled down on the bank and said, 'You are the very person I have been looking for all these long days. Will you please tell me what you have for dinner?'

'Come hither, Little One,' said the Crocodile, 'and I'll whisper.'

Then the Elephant's Child put his head down close to the Crocodile's musky, tusky mouth, and the Crocodile caught him by his little nose, which up to that very week, day, hour, and minute, had been no bigger than a boot, though much more useful.

'I think,' said the Crocodile—and he said it between his teeth, like this—'I think to-day I will begin with Elephant's Child!'

At this, O Best Beloved, the Elephant's Child was much annoyed, and he said, speaking through his nose, like this, 'Led go! You are hurtig be!'

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake scuffled down from the bank and said, 'My young friend, if you do not now, immediately and instantly, pull as hard as ever you can, it is my opinion that your acquaintance in the large-pattern leather ulster' (and by this he meant the Crocodile) 'will jerk you into yonder limpid stream before you can say Jack Robinson.'

This is the way Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

Then the Elephant's Child sat back on his little haunches, and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose began to stretch. And the Crocodile floundered into the water, making it all creamy with great sweeps of his tail, and *he* pulled, and pulled, and pulled.

And the Elephant's Child's nose kept on stretching; and the Elephant's Child spread all his little four legs and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose kept on stretching; and the Crocodile threshed his tail like an oar, and *he* pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and at each pull the Elephant's Child's nose grew longer and longer—and it hurt him hijjus!

Then the Elephant's Child felt his legs slipping, and he said through his nose, which was now nearly five feet long, 'This is too buch for be!'

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake came down from the bank, and knotted himself in a double-clove-hitch round the Elephant's Child's hind legs, and said, 'Rash and inexperienced traveller, we will now seriously devote our-

selves to a little high tension, because if we do not, it is my impression that yonder self-propelling man-of-war with the armour-plated upper deck' (and by this, O Best Beloved, he meant the Crocodile), 'will permanently vitiate your future career.'

That is the way all Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

So he pulled, and the Elephant's Child pulled, and the Crocodile pulled; but the Elephant's Child and the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake pulled hardest; and at last the Crocodile let go of the Elephant's Child's nose with a plop that you could hear all up and down the Limpopo.

Then the Elephant's Child sat down most hard and sudden; but first he was careful to say 'Thank you' to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake; and next he was kind to his poor pulled nose, and

wrapped it all up in cool banana leaves, and hung it in the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo to cool.

'What are you doing that for?' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

' 'Scuse me,' said the Elephant's Child, 'but my nose is badly out of shape, and I am waiting for it to shrink.'

'Then you will have to wait a long time,' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. 'Some people do not know what is good for them.'

The Elephant's Child sat there for three days waiting for his nose to shrink. But it never grew any shorter, and, besides, it made him squint. For, O Best Beloved, you will see and understand that the Crocodile had pulled it out into a really truly trunk same as all Elephants have to-day.

At the end of the third day a fly came and stung him on the shoulder, and before he knew what he was doing he lifted up his trunk and hit that fly dead with the end of it.

' 'Vantage number one!' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. 'You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Try and eat a little now.'

Before he thought what he was doing the Elephant's Child put out his trunk and plucked a large bundle of grass, dusted it clean against his fore-legs, and stuffed it into his own mouth.

' 'Vantage number two!' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. 'You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Don't you think the sun is very hot here?'

'It is,' said the Elephant's Child, and before he thought what he was doing he schlooped up a schloop of mud from the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo, and slapped it on his head, where it made a cool schloopy-sloshy mud-cap all trickly behind his ears.

' 'Vantage number three!' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. 'You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Now how do you feel about being spanked again?'

' 'Scuse me,' said the Elephant's Child, 'but I should not like it at all.'

'How would you like to spank somebody?' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

'I should like it very much indeed,' said the Elephant's Child.

'Well,' said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, 'you will find that new nose of yours very useful to spank people with.'

'Thank you,' said the Elephant's Child, 'I'll remember that; and now I think I'll go home to all my dear families and try.'

So the Elephant's Child went home across Africa frisking and whisking his trunk. When he wanted fruit to eat he pulled fruit down from a tree, instead of waiting for it to fall as he used to do. When he wanted grass he plucked grass up from the ground, instead of going on his knees as he used to do. When the flies bit him he broke off the branch of a tree and used it as a fly-whisk; and he made himself a new, cool, slushy-squshy mud-cap whenever the sun was hot. When he felt lonely walking through

Africa he sang to himself down his trunk, and the noise was louder than several brass bands. He went especially out of his way to find a broad Hippopotamus (she was no relation of his), and he spanked her very hard, to make sure that the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake had spoken the truth about his new trunk. The rest of the time he picked up the melon rinds that he had dropped on his way to the Limpopo—for he was a Tidy Pachyderm.

One dark evening he came back to all his dear families, and he coiled up his trunk and said, 'How do you do?' They were very glad to see him, and immediately said, 'Come here and be spanked for your 'satiable curiosity.'

'Pooh,' said the Elephant's Child. 'I don't think you peoples know anything about spanking; but *I* do, and I'll show you.'

Then he uncurled his trunk and knocked two of his dear brothers head over heels.

'O Bananas!' said they, 'where did you learn that trick, and what have you done to your nose?'

'I got a new one from the Crocodile on the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River,' said the Elephant's Child. 'I asked him what he had for dinner, and he gave me this to keep.'

'It looks very ugly,' said his hairy uncle, the Baboon.

'It does,' said the Elephant's Child. 'But it's very useful,' and he picked up his hairy uncle, the Baboon, by one hairy leg, and hove him into a hornet's nest.

Then that bad Elephant's Child spanked all his dear families for a long time, till they were very warm and greatly astonished. He pulled out his tall Ostrich aunt's tail-feathers; and he caught his tall uncle, the Giraffe, by the hind-leg, and dragged him through a thorn-bush; and he shouted at his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and blew bubbles into her ear when she was sleeping in the water after meals; but he never let any one touch Kolokolo Bird.

At last things grew so exciting that his dear families went off one by one in a hurry to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to borrow new noses from the Crocodile. When they came back nobody spanked anybody any more; and ever since that day, O Best Beloved, all the Elephants you will ever see, besides all those that you won't, have trunks precisely like the trunk of the 'satiable Elephant's Child.

Elephant in the Sky

I ASKED my mother for fifty cents
To see the elephant jump the fence.
He jumped so high
He touched the sky
And never came back till the Fourth of July.

Mrs. Goose's Rubbers

By Miriam Clark Potter

ONE DAY Mrs. Goose could not find her rubbers. She looked in the same old place in the dark hall closet, and she looked under the bed, and she looked on the back porch; but she could not see them. So she went to Mrs. Pig's house and knocked at the door. When Mrs. Pig came to see who was knocking, Mrs. Goose said: "Have you seen my rubbers?"

"Of course I haven't seen your rubbers, Mrs. Goose," Mrs. Pig told her. "They wouldn't be over here at my house, would they?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Goose. "I just thought they might be."

Then she went to Mrs. Squirrel's house and knocked at the door. When Mrs. Squirrel came to let her in, Mrs. Goose said, "I just came to see if you had seen my rubbers."

Mrs. Squirrel was making a nut-patty

pudding. "No, indeed, I haven't seen your rubbers," she said. "Did you think they were *here?*"

"I didn't know," sighed Mrs. Goose. "I just thought they might be."

Then Mrs. Goose went home. She

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looked under the stove, she looked behind the door, she looked up on the clock shelf, she looked in the waste paper basket, she looked in the ice-box, but she could not find her rubbers.

Just then Mrs. Sheep went by.

"Oh, Mrs. Sheep," called Mrs. Goose, "have you seen my rubbers?"

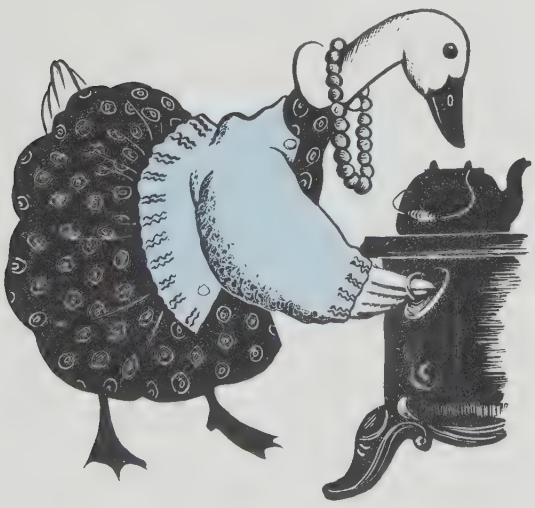
Mrs. Sheep stopped by the fence. "Why, no, I haven't seen your rubbers," she said. "Where do you usually keep them?"

"In their same old place in the dark hall closet," said Mrs. Goose. "But they are not there."

Mrs. Sheep thought for a minute, and then she said, "Why do you want your rubbers, anyway, Mrs. Goose? The sun is shining."

"Well, it might rain tomorrow," Mrs. Goose replied, "and then I'd want them."

"That's right," said Mrs. Sheep. "Come to think of it, I don't know where *my* rubbers are, either. I'd better go home and look them up." And she hurried on.



Still Mrs. Goose could *not* find her rubbers. She looked in the teakettle, she looked on the back stairs, she looked in the bread box, she looked under her pillow, and then she got a ladder and climbed up on the roof and stared all around; but her black eyes did not spy them anywhere.

"Dear me, dear me," she sighed, "where can my rubbers *be?*"

Then she ate her supper and went to bed. Next morning when she woke up, rain was coming down—*drip, drip, drip,* on the roof. "Oh, it *is* raining today," said Mrs. Goose, "and I've got to go to market, and I haven't found my rubbers, and I'll get my poor feet all wet!"

She got up and made her bed and ate her breakfast. She dusted her house; and then she just *had* to go to market. The rain was coming down in big bursts and splashes and there were puddles all over the sidewalk.

"I *must* find my rubbers!" thought Mrs. Goose. And she looked and looked in all the same places, but they did not turn up. "Well," she sighed, "I shall have to go without them. That's *what!*" And she put on her coat and bonnet, took her big green umbrella from its place in the dark hall closet, and started out. She shut the door behind her, locked it with the tiny key, and stepped out on her porch. Then she put her big green umbrella up.

"Plop! Plop!" Two big somethings hit her on the head and almost knocked her bonnet off. They fell down on the porch

behind her. "What can they be?" thought Mrs. Goose. She turned around and looked at them. They were her rubbers!

"I must have put them inside my umbrella," said Mrs. Goose. "Oh, now I remember! I put them there so they would not be lost. But it would have been a good deal better if I had put them back in their same place, in the dark hall closet."

Then she put her rubbers on, and went splashing along through the puddles on her way to market.

Mrs. Goose's Bicycle Trip

By Miriam Clark Potter

I HAVE some very important news," said Mrs. Goose to Mrs. Squirrel, one clear September morning.

"And what is that?" asked Mrs. Squirrel, looking Mrs. Goose up and down with a smart brown eye.

"I am going on a bicycle trip. It is such nice warm weather—crisp and cool. The daisies are yellow, and the leaves are beginning to turn."

Mrs. Squirrel went on knitting. Then she asked, "But how *can* you go on a bicycle trip? You haven't any bicycle."

Mrs. Goose gulped and looked surprised. After a minute she said: "But I don't think that's important, really I don't. I can rent one. They have some at the Hardware Shop."

"That's so," agreed Mrs. Squirrel, thinking that Mrs. Goose had a very bright idea, for once. "Well, what are you going to wear?" she asked her then. "Your skirts are too long and dangly for riding."

"I know that," Mrs. Goose told her quickly. "But I have thought it all out. I shall get some slacks—red ones. Mr. Gobbler sells them in his General Store."

"Oh," said Mrs. Squirrel, trying not to think how funny Mrs. Goose would look in red slacks. "Where shall you ride on your trip?" she asked. "Just around and around, on those little toe-paths in the Wild Woods?"

"No, indeed," Mrs. Goose told her snappily. "I am going to take the Animal-town train. We'll both get on—my bicycle and I, and go as far as High Hill. Then we'll get off, and come back. It will be mostly down hill all the way."

"I see," said Mrs. Squirrel. She was quite flabbergasted, for Mrs. Goose had made great plans about her bicycle trip, indeed she had. She seemed to have thought it all out very carefully, now that

she had got out of the little difficulty about not having any bicycle.

After her friend had gone home, Mrs.

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Squirrel put away her knitting and went to market. She didn't do much buying, but she did a lot of talking—and it was all about Mrs. Goose's bicycle trip.

"Why, she has it all planned out," she told Three-Ducks. "You'd be surprised! She is going to buy some red slacks, rent a bicycle, put it on the train, get on herself—and ride away. When she gets to High Hill, she is going to get off—and there will be lots of easy coasting on the way back to Animaltown."

"That sounds almost too good for her," said Three-Ducks.

"It *sounds* all right," mewed Black Cat. "But there will be some hitch to it; just wait and see. I know Mrs. Goose!"

"We all know Mrs. Goose," Mrs. Squirrel insisted. "But this time I do believe she is going to carry out her plans, and not have a hitch, either."

"We almost wish we were going too," sighed Three-Ducks.

"It might be rather fun," said Mr. Pig.

"It's good for *reducing*," said Three-Ducks, staring straight at him. He quickly put his hoofy hands over his stomach, and laughed and looked the other way. But he knew what Three-Ducks meant; of course he did.

Now all this time Mrs. Goose was in Mr. Gobbler's General Store, in the ready-made clothes department, fussing about red slacks.

Mr. Gobbler selected a pair. Mrs. Goose put them on, over her green cotton dress.

"They don't seem to fit," she told him, turning this way and that, before the mirror.

"No," he said. "I wouldn't call them a good fit. The trousers part will have to be much shorter—and the upper part, well, very much—ah—rounder—Mrs. Goose."

"Yes," she said. "That's what."

"But we can have them altered, we can.

"And that," Mrs. Goose said, "will be fine. But I start day after tomorrow, on the ten o'clock train! Will there be time?"

"They'll be ready for you."

Mrs. Goose gulped and fluttered. "I am very worried," she said. "What if I get ready to start, lunch put up, ticket bought ahead of time—and then—they aren't done?"

"Oh, but they will be," Mr. Gobbler told her. "I will guarantee it. Stop by, on your way to the train. And—don't worry!"

"Well, I'll try not to," Mrs. Goose murmured, hurrying away.

But, the next day, she was a good deal of trouble to Mr. Gobbler. She kept bursting into the Grocery to ask about the slacks, and sighing, and shaking her head, when she was told that they were still working on them. "But they will be finished in time," Mr. Gobbler insisted.

"I know it's silly," Mrs. Goose told him, "but I am very nervous. I just can't think of anything else!"

"Go and pack your lunch," he advised her, "and buy your ticket. Then you will be ready."

"That's a good idea," she decided, and

away she bustled.

The next day was bright and sunny. Mrs. Goose's friends collected in a little group on the station platform, waiting to see her off on her trip. But they were getting worried, for it was almost time for the train to come, and she was not there.

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Pig, taking out his big watch. "What's the matter with her, I wonder?"

"She was making an awful fuss about having her new slacks altered," said Three-Ducks. "She was afraid they would not be done."

"Well, here she comes now, red slacks and all," said Mrs. Squirrel.

"And here comes the train, too," quacked Three-Ducks. "Oh, we are so relieved! Hello, Mrs. Goose, how fine you look!"

"Yes, these fit now," Mrs. Goose told them, turning around for all to see.

"She looks like a big red cabbage, that's what," thought Mrs. Squirrel. "She ought to know enough not to wear slacks." (But she didn't *say* this.)

"Here's the train," grunted Mr. Pig. "Get on, quick!"

Mrs. Goose hopped on, very pleased.

"Well, why doesn't it start?" she asked, after a few seconds.

"They are taking on mail and baggage," explained Mrs. Squirrel. "And I suppose that some of the baggage is your bicycle, isn't it, Mrs. Goose?"

Mrs. Goose stood there, on the train step. She shut her eyes, her bill flew wide open, and she looked just about sick. "Why, what's the matter?" they all asked.

"Oh, I was so worried about my slacks —that I couldn't think of anything else—"

"Yes?"

"And I forgot—"

"I know," said Mrs. Squirrel, talking fast. "You forgot your bicycle. Now didn't you, Mrs. Goose?"

"I just knew there would be some hitch," said Mr. Pig, "but this is even more than I expected. She was going on a bicycle trip—and she forgot her bicycle. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The train began to move, very slowly.

"Get off, get off," quacked Three-Ducks all excited.

"But I have my lunch and my ticket—" Mrs. Goose cried.

"But you *haven't* got your bicycle," they told her, dragging her off by the

wing; "you can go on the same train tomorrow," and they hurried her away to the Hardware Shop. They wanted to be very sure that she remembered, this time.

So Mrs. Goose took the train the next day, and she was glad that she had made the mistake, really she was. For Mr. Pig decided to go along with her, on a bicycle with a gear shift, and Three-Ducks joined them on a cute one built for three. They all went whizzing along happily, down the road that led to the railroad station.

The Zigzag Boy

I KNOW a little zigzag boy,
Who goes this way and that;
He never knows just where he puts
His coat or shoes or hat.

If you are not a zigzag child,
You'll have no cause to say
That you forgot, for you will know
Where things are put away.

A FARMER'S BOY

THEY strolled down the lane together,
The sky was studded with stars.
They reached the gate in silence,
And he lifted down the bars.
She neither smiled nor thanked him
Because she knew not how;
For he was just a farmer's boy
And she was a Jersey cow!

MR. NOBODY

I KNOW a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house!
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears out books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar;
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the door
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade;
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying 'round you see
Are not our boots; they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

900 Buckets of Paint

By Edna Becker

Once there was an Old Woman who lived in a little red house that stood beside a laughing brook, right in the middle of a field of clover. With her lived her two cats, Pansy and Violet, and her donkey, whose name was Arthur, and her cow, Bossy.

The Old Woman's house had once been a very bright red. But the sun and wind and rain had beaten against it until it was faded and worn. One day the Old Woman decided that it looked too shabby to live in any longer. So she decided to move.

She began packing early the next morning. By noon she had all her belongings loaded into the donkey's cart. All, that is, but her alarm clock. She set this inside the cupboard with glass doors until it was time to start. Then she brought the cats down from the attic.

The Old Woman hitched the donkey to the cart and tied the cow behind. Then she climbed up onto the seat of the donkey cart.

She put Pansy on one side of her and Violet on the other. And off she drove, forgetting all about her clock.

When the Old Woman reached the first corner, she turned to the right. Then she kept on going straight ahead until at last, far down the road, she spied a little yellow house all freshly painted.

"I think I'd like to live here," she said to herself as she drove into the yard.

She tied Arthur to a post and went to see if anybody lived there. Nobody did, so she set about at once unpacking her belongings. By evening she was nicely settled.

The next morning the Old Woman overslept dreadfully, not having her alarm clock. Just the same, when she woke she felt very well satisfied with herself.

"How do you like it here?" she asked Pansy and Violet.

The cats waved their long tails. "Meow," they said. "Fine. There are plenty of mice in the attic."

After breakfast the Old Woman went out to milk the cow.

"How do you like it here, Bossy?" she asked.

Bossy rolled her big brown eyes. "Moo!" she said. "Very much indeed. The clover is sweet and tender, and there is plenty of it."

The Old Woman, feeling very happy, went to give the donkey a bucket of water.

"How do you like it here, Arthur?" she asked.

"Hee, haw!" brayed Arthur. "I think it is terrible!"

"Why, Arthur!" cried the Old Woman. "What is wrong?"

"I won't drink out of a bucket, so there!" said Arthur. And he stamped his foot.

"Why, what is the matter with a nice clean bucket?" asked the Old Woman.

"I want to drink out of a laughing brook," stormed Arthur. And he would not drink out of the bucket.

All the next day Arthur grumbled and complained.

At last the Old Woman packed up her belongings and set out to find a house that had a laughing brook for the donkey to drink from.

When she reached the first corner, she turned to the right. Then she kept on going straight ahead until at last, far down the road, she spied a little bright green house.

A laughing brook ran close by.

"I think I'd like to live here," she said to herself. Nobody lived in the house, so the Old Woman set about at once unpacking her belongings. She found the house very comfortable.

The next morning Pansy and Violet were merrily running around in the attic, catching mice. Arthur was down at the brook, drinking. The Old Woman, feeling very happy, went to milk the cow. But Bossy would not give her any milk.

"Why, Bossy!" scolded the Old Woman. "What is the matter?"

"Mmm," moaned Bossy. "I don't like it here. There isn't enough clover."

"I will get you some hay," the Old Woman promised.

"I don't want hay. I want clover," grumbled Bossy.

"What shall I do?" sighed the Old Woman. "I'll just have to move again."

The next morning the Old Woman packed up and set out to find a house that had a brook and a clover field, too. She sighed as she drove away, for she liked the little green house.

When the Old Woman reached the first corner she turned to the right. Then she kept on going straight ahead until at last, far down the road, she spied a little low-roofed house. She didn't like the house very well, but there was a laughing brook beside it and a field of clover around it. Nobody lived there, so the Old Woman set about at once unpacking her belongings.

The next morning after breakfast the Old Woman went out to milk the cow. Bossy was nibbling contentedly at the clover. Arthur was down by the brook.

The Old Woman carried back to the house the brimming bucketful of milk Bossy had given her and poured out a big saucerful for Pansy and Violet.

"Here, kitties!" she called.

"Here, kitties!"

But Pansy and Violet did not come. At last the Old Woman found the cats, sulking in a corner.

"For gracious' sake," she said. "What is the matter?"

"Meow, meow!" whined Pansy and Violet. "There isn't any attic in this house and we can't find any mice. We won't live here."

The Old Woman rushed from one room to the other, trying to find a way to the attic. But the cats were right. There

wasn't any attic.

There was nothing for her to do but to pack up and move once more.

She started out the next morning. When she reached the first corner, the Old Woman turned to the right. Then she kept on going straight ahead for a long, long way. At last, far down the road, the Old Woman spied a little white house. There was a clover field around it, and it looked high enough to have an attic.

"Now if there is only a brook," the Old Woman said to herself.

Just then the wheels of her cart rumbled over a bridge, and there was the brook.

"This is the very place for us!" she thought as she drove into the yard.

As she was getting out of the cart, a man came around the corner of the house with a paint bucket in his hand. The Old Woman's heart sank.

"Do you live here?" she asked.

"Oh, no," replied the man cheerfully. "I've just been painting the house. You see, a man gave me nine hundred buckets of paint. I wasn't very busy, so I thought I'd paint all the houses around here that looked shabby. It will make things look much better."

"That is certainly kind of you," replied the Old Woman. "Will it be all right for me to move in here with my two cats, my donkey, and my cow?"

"Certainly, certainly," said the painter. "Move right in. I'll finish the fence, then I'll be leaving."

The Old Woman began unpacking. As she put some plates into the cupboard with glass doors, she saw something that surprised her. It was an alarm clock.

"Well, I declare," she said at last. "I do believe this is my own clock. I remember now that I forgot it when I moved the first time. I wonder . . ."

The Old Woman went to the door.

"Oh, Mr. Painter!" she called out. "Do you happen to remember what color this house was before you painted it white?"

"It was red," the painter shouted back. "But it was very old and faded. That's why I painted it."

"Well, I declare!" said the Old Woman again. "Well, it was a nice vacation!"

WET
PAINT

The Lost Key

By Mabel Guinnip La Rue

One sunny day, Mrs. Toosey and the seven little Tooseys came straggling down the hot dusty road toward home. They had been for a swim back in Mud Pond, a long walk away.

In the water and when they hopped out, mother and children looked as cool as the frogs. But now the whole family were very red-faced and dragging their feet as if ready to drop.

Near the gate, the little Tooseys seemed to take on new life. Their eyes brightened, and they stepped along faster.

"Now we can eat!" they said. "Supper on the porch. Sandwiches and lemonade, just like at a picnic. And cookies all covered with pink-sugar frosting!

"Lemonade and *cook*-ies! Lemonade and *cook*-ies! Lemonade and *cook*-ies!" The children kept up the sing-song in

tired, squeaky voices all the way up the path and while climbing the steps.

Standing before the door, Mrs. Toosey thrust a hand into the bag that hung from her arm.

"Goodness gracious sakes alive!" she cried. "I've lost the key. Now we're in a pickle. How are we going to get into the house?—that's what I'd like to know!"

"Oh, de-e-e-ear!" whimpered the children. "What'll we do? We're hungry. And we want a drink of lemonade. We *must* get into the house!"

For a time, all eight simply stood and looked at the door. At last Tommy spoke.

"The key-ee is *some*where," he said. "Can't we find it?"

"Of course, the key is somewhere," agreed his mother, her frown disappearing. "We'll go back and find it."

"We're too hot! We're too tired to walk!" grumbled the children. But they wanted the key so that they could get that cold lemonade standing in the refrigerator, and bite into those pink-frosted cookies left on the kitchen table to cool.

So walk the Tooseys did, to Mud Pond and back, every step of the way. Tiny ploughed through the dust in the middle of the road and looked straight at the ground. Beside him, to the right and the left, scuffed his brothers and sisters. Mrs. Toosey trailed along behind, glancing here, there, and everywhere. She wanted a glass of lemonade too.

But the key wasn't found.

"The earth must have opened up and swallowed it," declared Mrs. Toosey. "Mercy sakes! My bag is wet! I must have forgotten to take it off my arm before I went into the water. The key has tumbled out. Yes, sir; the key is on the bottom of Mud Pond—that's where it is! Oh, shucks! Well, we'll just have to find a way to get into the house without a key."

Mother and children squatted down on the steps to rest a minute. Big drops of perspiration came out on their foreheads and trickled down over their red dusty faces, leaving them as streaked as chipmunks.

"I'm hungry!" said Tim.

"I'm hungry, too!" Jim swallowed, as if eating. "And I want lemonade."

With that, the whole seven began to chant in a mournful tone, "We want lemonade! And we want cookies! Lemonade and *cook*-ies! Lemonade and *cook*-ies! Lemonade and *cook*-ies! . . . Ma! Ma-a-a! Tell us. Tell us how we can get into the house."

Suddenly Charlie jumped to his feet.

"I know! I know what to do!" he cried. "Raise a window and crawl inside."

In almost no time, the children were up on boxes and benches, pushing and grunting at the windows. They pushed alone, and they pushed together—two and three at a time—hard enough to burst their buttons. Their mother pushed, too—pushed till she ripped a sleeve almost out of her dress.

Not a window would budge. All were locked.

"Windows shouldn't have locks," scolded the little Tooseys, dropping down on the steps again. "Maybe we'll never get into the house—never get in."

"It does look as if we may have to sleep with the cow tonight," Mrs. Toosey sighed. "But I do hope we won't have to build a new house! Let me think—how are we going to get inside when we are outside with no key?"

"Santa Claus," began Julie, "Santa Claus goes down the chim——"

pulling on the other children, trying to hold them back.

All Charlie could hear were yips and yells. He scrambled up the rose trellis as if he were a cat, and hopped off on the flat roof over the kitchen. He leaned over and peered down into the chimney to see if there were rods to hold him, or places

Up bobbed Charlie like a jumping-jack. And off he dashed around the corner of the house, shoe strings a-flying.

"I can do that!" he cried. "I can go down the chimney. I'm a climber, I am."

"Charlie! Charlie! You'll fall," called his mother racing behind. "Wait a minute! Wa-ait!" At the same time she was

where he could dig in with his toes.

Whip! Into the chimney he fell, head first. And there he stuck. From below, his family could see his legs sticking straight up, kicking.

"I'm coming! I'm coming, Charlie dear!" called his mother, hurrying up to the roof. Behind her scrambled the other

six children as fast as they could.

"Go back!" Mrs. Toosey called to them. "You'll get hurt. Oh! Oh! These briers. They'll scratch your eyes out!"

As she hurried along, Mrs. Toosey muttered to herself, "If that child ever falls head first down the chimney and bangs the floor, his head will be pushed up clear into his stomach." And then she hurried still faster.

Charlie's belt was caught on the chimney. His mother loosened it. Then she pulled. And out came Charlie in a cloud of soot!

"You won't try that again, I guess," panted Mrs. Toosey. "Come, all of you! Let's get down from here before somebody tumbles off the roof and breaks his neck. . . . Mercy sakes! I told you, Julie, not to fall on that trellis. Did you

hurt yourself much?"

On the ground again, the children straggled back toward the steps. There were holes in their stockings, and their scratches were "hurting awful," they said. "And, Mummy, your dress is torn all down the back!"

"Mew! Mew! Mew!" The cry came from inside the house.

Mrs. Toosey stopped in her tracks.

"Mercy sakes!" she said. "Did I go away and leave a cat in the house?—and with all those cookies on the table!"

"Oh-h-h-h-h, Ma-a-a-a!" howled Julie. "Do you think the cat ate them?"

"Here's a board off the house. Will you let us tear off a few more and make a hole big enough to crawl through?" asked Tiny. "Please, Ma."

Mrs. Toosey smiled at her youngest.

"Tiny Toosey!" she cried. "You *are* bright. Only so big and to have such an idea. . . . Hurry, children! Get the hammer and chisel from the woodshed. We are outside now; but we'll soon be inside eating supper."

Fat Mrs. Koon had seen the Tooseys on the roof. She came puffing over in a red plaid dress to see what was the matter.

"My days! What are you doing?" she asked. "Tearing the house down, I do believe!"

"It's Tiny's idea." Mrs. Toosey spoke proudly. "You see, I lost the key to the door. It fell out of my bag into the pond, and—"

Bum—bump! sounded from the front porch. Mrs. Toosey jumped and looked toward the house.

Tiny, pulling on a board, had tumbled backward off the railing. Heels over head, he rolled against the door—bang!—and it flew wide open!

By the time his mother reached him, Tiny was sitting on the kitchen floor just inside the doorway, his eyes round as saucers. He called out, "Ma! The door wasn't locked. Look! The key's up there—hanging on the nail."

"Just like me!" sputtered Mrs. Toosey. "I get so flustered. I must have left home without locking the door. Think of all the trouble we've had because I forgot. Well, as I always say, my name should be *Goosey*."

"You're a good Mummy—that's what you are," purred Lucy, hugging her mother. "You aren't a goose. You don't look like a goose."

"No," chuckled Mrs. Koon, "just now you look more like a crow. Take a peep at yourself when you have the time."

Mrs. Toosey ran to her mirror. She saw that her face was black with soot from the chimney. But she was too happy to care. She laughed with the others.

"Nothing matters," she said, smiling, "so long as we are not outside the house thinking we may never be able to get inside. Now for a bath and a smacking good supper!"

"Goody, goody!" cried the children, hustling upstairs to clean up. "We're going to eat. Aren't we glad that Snowball didn't get the cookies! Lemonade and *cook*-ies! Lemonade and *cook*-ies! Lemonade and *cook*-ies!"

Tales of Animals that Talk

The Banyan Deer

By Ellen C. Babbitt

THERE was once a Deer the color of gold. His eyes were like round jewels, his horns were white as silver, his mouth was red like a flower, his hoofs were bright and hard. He had a large body and a fine tail.

He lived in a forest and was king of a herd of five hundred Banyan Deer. Near by lived another herd of Deer, called the Monkey Deer. They, too, had a king.

The king of that country was fond of hunting the Deer and eating Deer meat. He did not like to go alone so he called the people of his town to go with him, day after day.

The townspeople did not like this for while they were gone no one did their work. So they decided to make a park and drive the Deer into it. Then the king could go into the park and hunt and they could go on with their daily work.

They made a park, planted grass in it and provided water for the Deer, built a fence all around it and drove the Deer into it.

Then they shut the gate and went to the king to tell him that in the park near by he could find all the Deer he wanted.

The king went at once to look at the Deer. First he saw there the two Deer kings, and granted them their lives. Then he looked at their great herds.

Some days the king would go to hunt the Deer, sometimes his cook would go. As soon as any of the Deer saw them they would shake with fear and run. But when they had been hit once or twice they would drop down dead.

The King of the Banyan Deer sent for the King of the Monkey Deer and said, "Friend, many of the Deer are being killed. Many are wounded besides those who are killed. After this suppose one from my herd goes up to be killed one day, and the next day let one from your herd go up. Fewer Deer will be lost this way."

The Monkey Deer agreed. Each day the Deer whose turn it was would go and lie down, placing its head on the block. The cook would come and carry off the one he found lying there.

One day the lot fell to a mother Deer who had a young baby. She went to her king and said, "O King of the Monkey Deer, let the turn pass me by until my baby is old enough to get along without

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me. Then I will go and put my head on the block."

But the king did not help her. He told her that if the lot had fallen to her she must die.

Then she went to the King of the Banyan Deer and asked him to save her.

"Go back to your herd. I will go in your place," said he.

The next day the cook found the King of the Banyan Deer lying with his head on the block. The cook went to the king, who came himself to find out about this.

"King of the Banyan Deer! did I not grant you your life? Why are you lying here?"

"O great King!" said the King of the Banyan Deer, "a mother came with her young baby and told me that the lot had fallen to her. I could not ask any one else to take her place, so I came myself."

"King of the Banyan Deer! I never saw such kindness and mercy. Rise up. I grant your life and hers. Nor will I hunt any more the Deer in either park or forest."

The Lion and the Mosquitoes

By Mary Hayes Davis and Chow-Leung

ONCE in the summer time the lion was very thirsty. But the sun had taken all the water near the lion's home, and he went to many places seeking for it. In time he found an old well, but the water was not fresh. As the lion was very thirsty he said, "I must drink even though the water is stale."

But when he reached down into the old well, he found that it was the home of all the mosquitoes of the wilderness.

The mosquitoes said to the lion, "Go away, we do not want you. This is our home and we are happy. We do not wish the lion, the fox, or the bear to come here. You are not our friend. Why do you come?"

The lion roared and said, "Weak and foolish things! I am the lion. It is you that should go away, for I have come to drink. This is my wilderness, and I am king. Do you know, weak things, that when I come out from my place and send forth my voice, all the creatures of the wilderness shake like leaves and bow their heads to me? What are you that you should have a place you call your home and tell me that I may or I may not?"

Then the mosquitoes answered, "You are only one. You speak as if you were many. Our people had this old well for a home before your roar was heard in the wilderness. And many generations of us have been born here. This home is ours, and we are they that say who shall come or go. And yet you come and tell us to go out of our own door. If you do not leave us, we will call our people, and you shall know trouble."

But the lion held his head high with pride and anger and said, "What are you, oh, small of the small? I will kill every one of your useless people. When I drink, I will open my mouth only a little wider, and you shall be swallowed like the water. And tomorrow, I shall forget that I drank today."

"Boastful one," said the mosquitoes, "we do not believe that you have the power to destroy all our people. If you wish battle, we shall see. We know your name is great and that all animals bow their heads before you; but our people can kill you."

The lion jumped high in his rage and said, "No other creature in the wilderness has dared to say these things to me—the king. Have I come to the vile well of the silly mosquitoes for wisdom?" And he held his head high, and gave the mighty roar of battle, and made ready to kill all the mosquitoes.

Then the mosquitoes, big and little, flew around him. Many went into his ears, and the smallest ones went into his nose, and the big ones went into his mouth

to sting. A thousand and a thousand hung in the air, just over his head, and made a great noise, and the lion soon knew that he could not conquer.

He roared and jumped, and two of his front feet went down into the well. The well was narrow and deep and he could not get out, for his two hind feet were in the air and his head hung downward. And as he died, he said:

"My pride and anger have brought me this fate. Had I used gentle words, the mosquitoes might have given me water for my thirst. I was wise and strong in the wilderness, and even the greatest of the animals feared my power. But I fought with the mosquitoes and I die—not because I have not strength to overcome, but because of the foolishness of anger."

Ee-Sze (meaning): The wise can conquer the foolish. Power is nothing, strength is nothing. The wise, gentle, and careful can always win.

The Bear, the Fox, and the Butter Jar

By George and Helen Papashvily

THERE was, there was, and yet there was not, there was once a fox who went out walking.

As he walked he chanced to pass a deserted house set back from the road in an overgrown garden.

"Perhaps," said the fox to himself when he saw this, "perhaps some small piece of bacon or cheese has been left in there."

He went up the path, pushed open the door with his nose and stepped inside. To his surprise, who was sitting in a chair by the kitchen table but a bear.

The fox bowed politely. "Be victorious, Bear," he said. "And if I may ask a personal question, how do you happen to be in here?"

"For the same reason you are," an-

swered the bear. "To see what I can find."

The fox sat down on the other side of the table and they talked over their situation. Finally they agreed to live there in the house and make a home together.

"After all," the bear said, "why should we quarrel about who came first? Neither of us put any of our labor into the house which we must fight to protect. Let us enjoy it in peace."

One day not long after this, when the bear was tidying up the store room, he found a big clay jar full of melted butter under a shelf.

He was so happy he could hardly wait for the fox to come home that he might share the good news. "But remember," he said when he finished telling him, "we mustn't have one taste until Easter Day."

To this the fox didn't say yes and he didn't say no. He just licked his chops.

That night when they were both sitting at the table after a slim supper of dry bread and a pawful of green berries the fox suddenly pricked up his ears. "I hear someone calling me," he said.

The bear looked up from his work, put his head on one side and listened, too. "I don't hear anything," he said.

The fox ran out on the porch and leaped up on the shed roof. "Yes?" he barked at the top of his voice. "Yes! What? I'll be there."

He jumped down and went back in the house. "A friend of mine," he told the bear, "christens his child tonight and he wants me for a godfather. Don't wait up. I'll be home about eleven."

He shook his fur all in place and gave his paws a few licks to brighten them up and out he went.

He ran a short distance up the road where he lay down under some blackberry bushes, and waited until the bear's light went out. Then he crept home and, slipping into the pantry as quietly as a feather falls, he found the butter jar.

He licked and licked and licked with his long pink tongue until the skin over his stomach was tighter than a drum head. Then he went to bed.

The next day, as always happens with those who stay home, the bear wanted to hear all the details of the party. "What," he asked, "did your friend name his child?"

"Topsi," said the fox.

"Topsi! I never heard such a name in my life."

The next evening after supper the same thing happened. The fox heard someone calling and he went out on the roof. "Another christening," he said when he came in. "And, of course, I'm invited. You know it's a dreadful thing to be too popular. Sometimes I could almost wish people didn't love me so much."

That night he finished more than half the jar of butter before he went to bed.

"What was this child called?" asked the bear next day.

"Middlanna," said the fox.

"What kind of name is that to saddle a child with?"

"It's a family name."

The third evening the fox went to another christening and the child was

named Enda. After that he was not invited to any more parties.

On Easter morning the bear woke up very early, cleaned the house, and put some grass bouquets here and there to make the rooms look happy.

"And now," he said, clacking his claws together with joy, "I will set out our feast and call the fox."

He went to the pantry and opened the crock. It was empty.

"Well," he cried. "Well, now I know why they say, Never trust a fox. Topsi, Middlanna, Enda! Why was I so stupid?"

He ran through the kitchen and started up the stairs to the fox's room. The fox heard him coming and jumped out the window and ran down the road.

The bear went after him and slowly, tree by tree, stone by stone, he began to gain.

The fox saw this. When he turned the next corner, he came to a shepherd wrapped in his cloak watching his sheep.

"Hide me, please," the fox implored. "A bear is chasing me to kill me."

"Why?" asked the shepherd.

"For no reason at all except I am a helpless little fox and he is an enormous bear."

"In that case," said the shepherd,

"creep under my cloak."

Tied to his belt in a pouch the shepherd had his lunch of ham and cheese, and a big chunk of black bread. While the fox should have been feeling guilty and making up his mind to live respectably in the future, he gnawed a hole in the pouch and ate the lunch up, every crumb.

Meantime the bear came by. "Has a fox passed this way?" he asked.

The shepherd didn't like to lie so he pointed toward the woods with his crook.

The bear hurried on.

As soon as the fox knew the danger was past he slipped from his hiding place and, without a thank-you, raced away.

The bear plunged into the forest with such haste he didn't watch where he was going and before he knew it he was caught fast in the crotch of a tree. He pulled with his head; he pushed with his hind legs; he squeezed with his ribs—he couldn't get free.

Just then the fox passed by and when he saw this he laughed until his back teeth showed.

"Nobody can ever get the best of us foxes," he said, prancing around on his hind legs and swishing his brush. "Nobody! Because we are the cleverest animals in the whole wide world."

He snapped the bear's nose and pulled his tail and trotted off very pleased.

The bear tugged and wriggled until his sides ached. Finally he heard a man walking on the road , and he called to him.

"Please chop down this tree and let me out."

The man, by good luck, was a woodchopper, and with two swings of his ax he set the bear free.

"Thank you," the bear said as he picked up the fox's scent and started off. "Hope to return the favor."

The fox, thinking he was safe, had not hurried and the bear caught him on the side of a hill. He was lying in the sun with the chimney of the house below for a wind-break.

When he saw the bear he called down this chimney, "Save me! Save me! A bear is killing me!"

A man in the house below heard him and ran out with a stick to drive the bear away.

"Save me. I am a helpless little fox!"

But when the man heard this instead of striking the bear he gave the fox a good smack and chased him away. It was the shepherd.

So, whenever you eat melted butter, remember it's easy to be smarter than anybody once. But not twice.

The Lambikin

By Joseph Jacobs

ONCE upon a time there was a wee, wee Lambikin, who frolicked about on his little tottery legs, and enjoyed himself amazingly. Now one day he set off to visit his Granny, and was jumping with joy to think of all the good things he should get from her, when whom should he meet but a Jackal, who looked at the tender young morsel and said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'LL EAT YOU!"

But Lambikin only gave a little frisk, and said:

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

The Jackal thought this reasonable, and let Lambikin pass.

By and by he met a Vulture, and the Vulture, looking hungrily at the tender morsel before him, said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'LL EAT YOU!"

But the Lambikin only gave a little frisk, and said:

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

The Vulture thought this reasonable and let Lambikin pass.

And by and by he met a Tiger, and then a Wolf, and a Dog, and an Eagle; and all these, when they saw the tender little morsel, said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'LL EAT YOU!"

But to all of them Lambikin replied, with a little frisk:

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

At last he reached his Granny's house, and said, all in a great hurry, "Granny

dear, I've promised to get very fat; so, as people ought to keep their promises, please put me into the corn-bin at once."

So his Granny said he was a good boy, and put him into the corn-bin, and there the greedy little Lambikin stayed for seven days, and ate, and ate, and ate, until he could scarcely waddle, and his Granny

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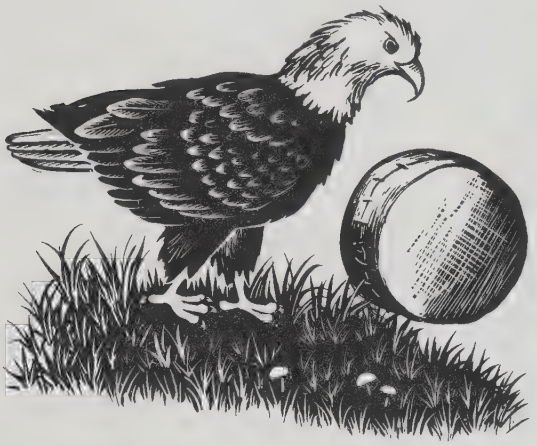
said he was fat enough for anything, and must go home. But cunning little Lambikin said that would never do, for some animal would be sure to eat him on the way back, he was so plump and tender.

"I'll tell you what you must do," said Master Lambikin; "you must make a little drumikin out of the skin of my little brother who died, and then I can sit inside and trundle along nicely, for I'm as tight as a drum myself."



So his Granny made a nice little drumikin out of his brother's skin, with the wool inside, and Lambikin curled himself up snug and warm in the middle, and trundled away gayly. Soon he met with the Eagle, who called out:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And Mr. Lambikin, curled up in his soft, warm nest, replied:

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you,
On little Drumikin! Tum-pa, tum-too!"

"How very annoying!" sighed the Eagle, thinking regretfully of the tender morsel he had let slip.

Meanwhile Lambikin trundled along, laughing to himself, and singing:

"Tum-pa, tum-too;
Tum-pa, tum-too!"

Every animal and bird he met asked him the same question:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And to each of them the little slyboots replied:

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you,
On little Drumikin! Tum-pa, tum-too;
Tum-pa, tum-too; Tum-pa, tum-too!"

Then they all sighed to think of the tender little morsel they had let slip.

At last the Jackal came limping along, for all his sorry looks as sharp as a needle, and he, too, called out:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And Lambikin, curled up in his snug little nest, replied gayly:

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you,
On little Drumikin! Tum-pa——"

But he never got any farther, for the Jackal recognized his voice at once, and cried: "Hullo! you've turned yourself inside out, have you? Just you come out o that!"

Whereupon he tore open Drumiki and gobbled up Lambikin.

The Tongue-Cut Sparrow

A JAPANESE FOLK TALE

In Japan, long ago, there lived a good kind man and his wife who was a scolding grumbling crosspatch.

The man worked hard all day long in the rice-fields and he would have been sad indeed when he returned home but for his pet sparrow, a charming little bird whom he loved dearly. It was his pleasure, in the evenings, to caress his pet and to teach her little tricks. He always saved her tidbits to eat from his own dinner, and he and she were great friends.

One day, when he was out in the fields working as usual, his wife was in a particularly bad mood. It was washday and she grumbled at having to wash the clothes. Her temper became even worse when she saw that the starch, which she had set out in a bowl the night before, was gone.

"I'm sure that nasty old bird stole it," she raged.

The sparrow flew down to the woman at these words, bowing her pretty feath-

ered head, and spoke saying, "Yes, it was indeed I who took the starch. I ate it thinking it was food you had put out for me. If I was wrong, please forgive me."

As you see, the sparrow was a polite and truthful bird. The woman should certainly have forgiven her. But she hated the sparrow. So she was only too glad of this excuse to punish her.

It would have been bad enough if she had slapped or scolded the poor little creature, but she was a really cruel woman and her punishment was beyond the imagination of decent people. She got out her sharpest scissors and cut off the sparrow's tongue!

"There!" she yelled. "That's the tongue you ate my starch with. Now see what it's like to go without it!" and she shoved the bird out of the window.

In the evening, returning home from work, the husband wondered where his little pet was. She always came flying to meet him, chirping as she came to rest on his shoulder. But tonight he heard no sound, saw not even her shadow.

He ran up the veranda steps, hastily stepped out of his straw sandals, and called out to his wife, "Where is my sparrow? Tell me the truth!"

At first the mean woman pretended she knew nothing about the sparrow. But her husband's eyes seemed to be seeing through her; so she answered, "Your nasty old bird stole my starch, and to punish her, I cut her tongue off."

Her husband, unable to understand how anyone could be so cruel, spent a sleepless and tearful night, and early the next morning he set out to find his little pet. He stopped at every clump of bamboos, knowing them to be the favorite haunts of sparrows, and he looked behind them and all around, realizing that without her tongue his pet couldn't speak to let him know where she was.

At last his search was rewarded, for there at the edge of a large bamboo grove he saw her and ran to her with joy. The sparrow, for her part, was so happy to see her old friend that she began doing all the little tricks he had taught her. But more than that, she suddenly began chirping and twittering and speaking to him just as she had always done!

"But I thought my wife had cut out your tongue, my poor little pet!" exclaimed the man.

But the sparrow opened her beak and showed him that a new little tongue had grown in place of the old one. And then the man knew that his little sparrow was some kind of magic bird.

Perfectly well and happy again, the bird invited her friend to follow her, and to his astonishment she led him to a tiny but exquisite house hidden behind the bamboo grove. It was built of snow-white wood and decorated inside with creamy mats and hangings of gold-embroidered silk.

The sparrow led her friend to the place of honor and, with many polite bows, thanked him for his many kindnesses to her over the years. Knowing how far he had come seeking her, she begged him to stay and rest for awhile; but the man said he would have to return to his wife who

would be angry as it was at his having stayed away so long.

When the sparrow saw that she couldn't persuade her friend to stay, she gave a magic command and two sparrow servants came in bearing two jewelled boxes, one large and one small. "Choose one, my friend," she said to the man, "whichever you prefer."

"How forgiving and how kind you are!" exclaimed the man. "If you insist upon giving me a gift, I shall choose the smaller box since I am not young and strong any more and would find the large one heavy to carry."

The sparrow helped him put the smaller box on his back and bade him farewell. She felt sorry for his having to put up with so mean a wife. He for his part knew he would miss his pet sadly, but he was happy to know she had so fine and beautiful a home.

When he reached his own door he found his wife crosser than ever. "Where have you been all this time?" she demanded in her meanest tone.

Excited by the strangeness of his adventure, he told her all about it. But she cared nothing for any of that. All she wanted was to know what was in the box and to see whether there was anything of value in it for her.

To their amazement, the box contained incredible amounts of gold and silver and precious jewels.

"Fancy my little sparrow being able to give me all these riches! My little pet!" the man kept saying in wonder and awe.

But the greedy woman, after her first shock of surprise and satisfaction, began to think of how much more the larger box, which her husband had left behind, must contain. "You fool!" she scolded him. "It is just like you to take the small box. Go now and get the large one!"

The man was horrified at his wife's greed, and refused to do her bidding.

"Then I'll go myself!" she stormed. And she ran out into the woods to seek the sparrow's home in the bamboo grove, never even considering that she would be an unwelcome guest.

When she arrived at the sparrow's home, without bothering to be polite, much less to ask for forgiveness, she came right out with what she had come for. "You needn't trouble to entertain me as you did my old man," she told the sparrow. "I have come to get the large box which he so stupidly left behind."

If her husband had been there, he would have been amazed to see the sparrow graciously consent. At her request the two sparrow servants brought in the large box and laid it before the woman who, without so much as saying "thank you," picked it up and staggered with the heavy load down the path through the woods toward home.

Soon, however, she was so consumed with curiosity that she decided to open the box then and there, right in the woods, without waiting to get home. "Maybe I can keep some of the silver and gold for myself and not share it with my husband," she thought. And her eyes glittered with selfishness and greed.

Putting the box down on a stone and

prying open the lid, what was her astonishment to see bouncing out of it not silver and gold or precious jewels but a group of demons frightful and frightening beyond description. All of them were hideously ugly, and uttering cries shriller than anything she had ever heard, they danced around her as though to kill her.

"This must be a nightmare," she screamed in terror. But it was not. The demons finally lifted her up by their fangs and claws, carried her far away, and dropped her into a lake of fire.

As for her husband, he finally went to visit the sparrow again to see what had happened to his wicked wife. The sparrow told him and again asked him to stay at her home with her. This time he agreed, and with the sparrow again as his pet he lived happily ever after.

A Little Fish Story

By Enos B. Comstock

THERE are a great many million fish in the seas, but this story is about just one of them, and a very small one at that.

Now this little fish had everything in the seas to make him contented, but he was not happy. You will laugh when I tell you why he was not. He was unhappy because he was so very small.

"It is very hard to be such a little mite of a fish!" he would say, over and over again. "If I were only larger, how much happier I could be." And he said it so many times that I think he believed it.

One day he was swimming along with the rest of his school and thinking, no doubt, how much more the larger fish had to be thankful for than he, when suddenly, with no warning, they found themselves in the meshes of a great net.

There was much floundering and splashing as the net was drawn up out of the water into the sunlight, and just as its haul was being emptied into the boat, the smallest fish in the school wriggled through the mesh and slipped back into the cool clear water. How good it felt!

He swam here and there and everywhere, and some of the fish who knew him well all the rest of his life, said that they never again heard him say that he wished to be anything but a *little* fish.

Why Cats Always Wash Themselves After Eating

Retold by Rose Dobbs

ONCE upon a time a hungry cat went out to look for something special to eat. She did not want a little mouse and she did not want a saucer of milk and she did not want a juicy fishhead. She wanted something special, something different. All of a sudden she saw in front of her a little bird.

"Aha!" thought the cat. "That's exactly what I want. What a delicious meal that bird will make."

So she approached softly, crouched very low, and slunk along the ground until she came close to the bird. The bird, too, was looking for something to eat, and it was so busy digging for worms that it didn't hear the cat. (Alas, that's the way things go in this world! Cats eat birds and birds eat worms and worms—but let us get on with the story.)

Suddenly the cat leaped forward and in the twinkling of an eye the bird was held fast between her paws. The poor little bird was so frightened that it was scarcely able to breathe. The cat's whiskers twitched happily as she thought of the fine meal she would soon have. But first she wanted a little fun. So she teased the bird, pushing it this way and that, pretending to let it go and snatching it back again. In the meantime, the little bird began to recover its breath and its wits.

Just as the cat opened her mouth to eat it, the bird spoke up:

"Are you going to eat me now?" it asked politely.

"Certainly," said the cat, "and it won't do you any good to object."

"Oh, I'm not objecting," said the bird. "I'm merely disappointed. It's bad enough

to be eaten by a cat but it's positively humiliating to be eaten by a cat of no manners."

"No manners," cried the cat in a huff, "who says I have no manners?"

"I have spent much time flying about," said the bird, "and I've been everywhere from the humblest cottage to the king's palace itself. Nowhere have I ever seen a cat—not even a brand-new kitten—ever begin a meal without washing first. It's out of the question in polite society."

The cat sat up proudly. "I know as well as any cat in the land," she said haughtily, "that one must wash before one eats. Now you just wait a moment." She let go of the bird and began to wash herself. Of course the bird, the moment it felt itself free, flew to safety to a near-by tree. The cat looked after it hungrily. "I deserve no better," she said to herself, "for believing everything I hear."

And since that time, cats always eat first and wash afterwards.

Why the Bear Has a Stumpy Tail

ONE WINTER'S DAY the bear met the fox, who came slinking along with a string of fish he had stolen.

"Hi! stop a minute! where did you get those from?" demanded the bear.

"Oh, I've been out fishing and caught them," said the fox.

So the bear had a mind to learn to fish, too, and bade the fox tell him how he was to set about it.

"Oh, it is quite easy," answered the fox, "and soon learned. You've only got to go upon the ice, and cut a hole and stick your tail down through it, and hold it there as long as you can. You're not to mind if it smarts a little; that's when the fish bite. The longer you hold it there, the more fish you'll get; and then all at once out with it, with a cross pull sideways and a strong pull, too."

Well, the bear did as the fox said, and though he felt very cold, and his tail smarted very much, he kept it a long, long time down in the hole, till at last it was frozen in, though of course he did not know that. Then he pulled it out with a strong pull, and it snapped short off, and maybe that's why the bear goes about with a stumpy tail to this day!

The Fox and the Little Red Hen

ONCE upon a time there was a little red hen. She lived in a little white house and she had a little green garden.

Near her home lived a family of foxes. One day Mamma Fox said to Papa Fox, "I want a fat hen to eat." There was nothing in the pantry for the baby foxes, so Papa Fox started out to find something.

He ran down the road until he came to the woods. "Surely I will find something there," he said, but he found nothing to eat in the woods. As he came near the little green garden he said, "Oh, I smell fresh cake! Oh, I smell a little red hen!"

Sure enough, there was the Little Red Hen eating her cake.

Papa Fox stole up softly behind her and grabbed her and put her into the bag on his back; then he ran quickly off down the hill toward his home.

The Little Red Hen was so frightened that she could only whisper, "Oh, dear!"

Just then she had to sneeze, and when she put her claw into her pocket for her handkerchief, she felt her little scissors. Quick as a flash she took them out and cut a little hole in the bag. Peeping out she saw a great hill just ahead, all covered with stones. As Papa Fox stopped to rest on his way up the hill, with his back turned toward her, she cut a big hole in the bag, jumped out and quickly put a big stone in the bag in her place.

As Papa Fox kept on up the hill, he thought the bag was pretty heavy, but he said, "Never mind, she is nice and fat."

Mamma Fox met him at the front door with all the baby foxes.

"The water is boiling," said she.

"What have you in your bag?" asked the Baby Foxes.

"A fat little red hen," said Papa Fox.

As he held the bag over the pot, he said to Mamma Fox, "When I drop her in, you clap on the lid." So he opened the bag. Splash! went the boiling water. It spilled all over Papa Fox and Mamma Fox and the Baby Foxes. Never again did they try to catch the Little Red Hen.

The Talkative Tortoise

A TALKING tortoise lived, many years ago, high up on a slope of the Himalaya Mountains.

Two wild ducks occasionally came there to feed and they became very friendly with the tortoise.

One day they told him about their home—a golden cave in a far country. "It's a beautiful place," they said. "Why don't you come with us next time we fly back?"

"I should love to," replied the tortoise. "But how could I get there? I can't fly."

"We'll take you between us," said the ducks. "But you must keep your mouth shut."

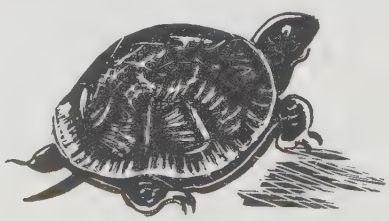
The tortoise said he would. So the ducks gave him a stick to hold on to by his teeth. Then they themselves took hold of the stick by their beaks, one at each end, and away they flew high up in the air, with the tortoise between them.

Some villagers, seeing the strange sight, called out, "Look! Two wild ducks are flying overhead carrying a tortoise on a stick!"

The tortoise wanted to say "What's so funny about that?" But he remembered, just in time, that the ducks had told him to keep his mouth shut.

But pretty soon, as they were flying over a small town, a little boy called to his sister, "Look at those ducks carrying a tortoise on a stick!" And both children laughed rudely.

This made the tortoise so angry that he forgot all about what the ducks had told him. He opened his mouth to talk back to the children, and *Splash!* Down he fell right into a big lake miles below. So he never did get to see the golden cave which was the home of his friends, the ducks.



The Holes and the Cheese

By Enos B. Comstock

ONCE upon a time there were three little mice and a cheese. The mice were very hungry, and the cheese was about to be eaten.

When the three little mice nibbled into the cheese they discovered that there were holes in it. You have probably noticed that too. Some of the holes were large and some of them were small, and, altogether, I should say that about one-third of the cheese was holes.

Now these three foolish little mice instead of eating the cheese, as any sensible mice would have done, got into an argument as to whether or not the holes were a part of the cheese.

"I say that at least one-third of the cheese is holes," said one little mouse, "and, therefore, the holes are one-third of the cheese." And I think he believed it.

"No," said the other two, "holes are holes, and cheese is cheese, and you have no right to call the holes part of the cheese simply because they are in the cheese." And I think they believed that too.

So they argued and argued but could not agree. Finally the first little mouse said: "Since I cannot convince you that the holes are part of the cheese, I will go and ask Old Mr. Nibbletooth his opinion. He is far wiser than we, and what he says is sure to be right."

Mr. Nibbletooth was an old gray mouse who lived in a corner back of the flour barrel, and was known by all the mice in the neighborhood, and respected for his wisdom. He scratched his head and thought very hard for a long time before he made any answer.

Now I don't know that it makes any particular difference what Old Mr. Nibbletooth said to the young mouse, as that has very little to do with the story. The thing that is of far more importance is this: When the little mouse returned to the place where he had left his two brothers and the cheese, there was no cheese to be seen.

"Why, what does this mean?" said he.

"Well," answered one of his brothers, as he rubbed his mouth with the back of his paw, "it means that, after you had gone, we decided that perhaps you were right after all; so we divided the cheese into thirds, and your third happened to be the holes."

Hungry Spider and the Turtle

By Harold Courlander and George Herzog

SPIDER was a hungry one, he always wanted to eat. Everybody in Ashanti knew about his appetite. He was greedy, too, and always wanted more than his share of things. So people steered clear of Spider.

But one day a stranger came to Spider's habitation out in the back country. His

name was Turtle. Turtle was a long way from his home. He had been walking all day in the hot sun, and he was tired and hungry. So Spider had to invite Turtle into his house and offer him something to eat. He hated to do it, but if he didn't extend hospitality to a tired traveler it would get around the countryside and people would soon be talking about Spider behind his back.

So he said to Turtle:

"There is water at the spring for you to wash your feet in. Follow the trail and you'll get there. I'll get the dinner ready."

Turtle turned and waddled down to the spring with a gourd bowl as fast as he could. He dipped some water from the spring and carefully washed his feet in it. Then he waddled back up the trail to the house. But the trail was dusty. By the time Turtle got back to the house his feet were covered with dirt again.

Spider had the food all set out. It was steaming, and the smell of it made Turtle's mouth water. He hadn't eaten since sunrise. Spider looked disapprovingly at Turtle's feet.

"Your feet are awfully dirty," he said.

"Don't you think you ought to wash them before you start to eat?"

Turtle looked at his feet. He was ashamed, they were so dirty. So he turned around and waddled as fast as he could down to the spring again. He dipped some water out of the spring with the gourd bowl and carefully washed himself. Then he scurried as fast as he could back to the house. But it takes a turtle a while to get anywhere. When he came into the house Spider was already eating.

"Excellent meal, isn't it?" Spider said. He looked at Turtle's feet with disapproval. "Hm, aren't you going to wash yourself?"

Turtle looked down at his feet. In his hurry to get back he had stirred up a lot of dust, and his feet were covered with it again.

"I washed them," he said. "I washed them twice. It's your dusty trail that does it."

"Oh," Spider said, "so you are abusing my house now!" He took a big mouthful of food and chewed it up, looking very hurt.

"No," Turtle said, sniffing the food, "I was just explaining."

"Well, run along and wash up so we can get on with the eating," Spider said.

Turtle looked. The food was already half gone and Spider was eating as fast as he could. Turtle spun around and hurried down to the spring. He dipped up some water in the gourd bowl and splashed it over his feet. Then he scrambled back to the house. This time he didn't go on the trail, though, but on the grass and through the bushes. It took him a little longer, but he didn't get dust all over his feet. When he got to the house he found Spider licking his lips.

"Ah, what a fine meal we had!" Spider said.

Turtle looked in the dish. Everything was gone. Even the smell was gone. Turtle was very hungry. But he said nothing. He smiled.

"Yes, it was very good," he said. "You are certainly good to travelers in your village. If you are ever in my country you may be assured of a welcome."

"It's nothing," Spider said. "Nothing at all."

Turtle went away. He didn't tell other people about the affair at Spider's house. He was very quiet about his experience there.

But one day many months later Spider was a long distance from home and he found himself in Turtle's country. He found Turtle on the shore of the lake getting a sunbath.

"Ah, friend Spider, you are far from your village," Turtle said. "Will you have something to eat with me?"

"Yes, that is the way it is when a person is far from home—generosity merits generosity," Spider said hungrily.

"Wait here on the shore and I'll go below and prepare the food," Turtle said. He slipped into the water and went down to the bottom of the lake. When he got there he set out the food to eat. Then he came to the top of the water and said to the Spider, who was sitting impatiently on the shore, "All right, everything is

ready. Let's go down and eat." He put his head under water and swam down.

Spider was famished. He jumped into the water to follow Turtle. But Spider was very light. He floated. He splashed and splashed, kicked and kicked, but he stayed right there on top of the water. For a long time he tried to get down where Turtle was eating, but nothing happened.

After a while Turtle came up, licking his lips.

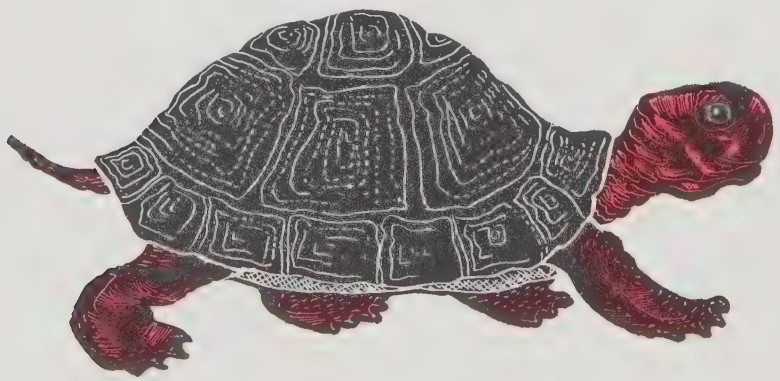
"What's the matter, aren't you hungry?" he said. "The food is very good. Better hurry." And he went down again.

Spider made one more desperate try, but he just floated. Then he had an idea. He went back to the shore, picked up pebbles and put them in the pockets of his jacket. He put so many pebbles in his pockets that he became very heavy. He was so heavy he could hardly walk. Then he jumped into the water again, and this time he sank to the bottom, where Turtle was eating. The food was half gone. Spider was very hungry. He was just reaching for the food when Turtle said politely:

"Excuse me, my friend. In my country we never eat with our jackets on. Take off your jacket so that we can get down to business."

Turtle took a great mouthful of food and started chewing. In a few minutes there wouldn't be anything left. Spider was aching all over with hunger. Turtle took another mouthful. So Spider wriggled out of his coat and grabbed at the food. But without the pebbles he was so light again that he popped right up to the top of the water.

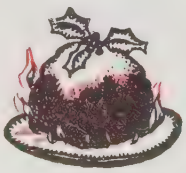
People always say that one good meal deserves another.



Merry Christmas

An Alphabet of Christmas

A for the ANIMALS guarding the manger.
B for the BABE they are keeping from danger.
C CHRISTMAS CAROLS so blithesome and gay.
D for DECEMBER, the twenty-fifth day.
E for the EVE when we're all so excited.
F is the FIRE our Yule log has lighted.
G for the GREETINGS we send by the score.
H for the HOLLY we hang on the door.
I is the ICE that lies cold on the earth.
J is for JESUS and JESUS' birth.
K is the KINDNESS that goes with this feast.
L is the LIGHT shining far in the East.
M is for MISTLETOE—high let it hang!
N the NOEL that the angels first sang.
O for the OXEN who knelt to adore Him.
P for the PRESENTS Wise Men laid before Him.
Q for the QUIETNESS out on the snow.
R for REJOICING wherever we go.
S for the STOCKINGS that SANTA CLAUS fills.
T for the TOYS he brings—TOYS, TREATS, and THRILLS.
U is for US—all our family together.
V for our VISITORS, here in all weather.
W WAITS who sing carols in chorus.
X, Y, and Z —all the letters before us
Bring, to you all, Christmas joy and good cheer
And every good wish for a Happy New Year.

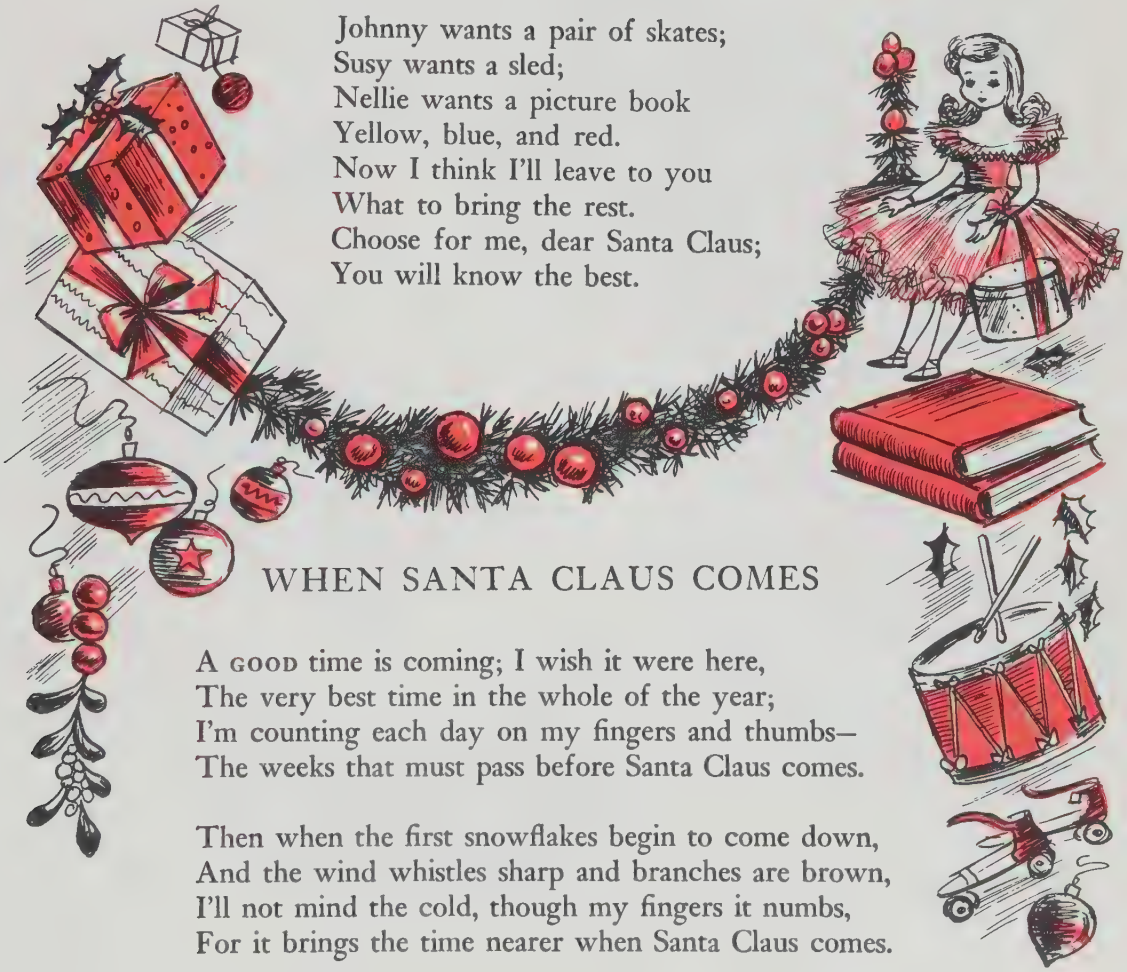


Jolly Old Saint Nicholas

Jolly old Saint Nicholas,
Lean your ear this way.
Don't you tell a single soul
What I'm going to say.
Christmas Eve is coming soon;
Now you dear old man,
Whisper what you're going to bring,
Tell me if you can.

When the clock is striking twelve,
When I'm fast asleep,
Down the chimney broad and black
With your pack you'll creep.
All the stockings you will find
Hanging in a row;
Mine will be the shortest one,
You'll be sure to know.

Johnny wants a pair of skates;
Susy wants a sled;
Nellie wants a picture book
Yellow, blue, and red.
Now I think I'll leave to you
What to bring the rest.
Choose for me, dear Santa Claus;
You will know the best.



WHEN SANTA CLAUS COMES

A good time is coming; I wish it were here,
The very best time in the whole of the year;
I'm counting each day on my fingers and thumbs—
The weeks that must pass before Santa Claus comes.

Then when the first snowflakes begin to come down,
And the wind whistles sharp and branches are brown,
I'll not mind the cold, though my fingers it numbs,
For it brings the time nearer when Santa Claus comes.

Why Holly Berries Are Red

By Florence Page Jaques

"Ho hum," said the holly berries. It was the day before Christmas; all the air was soft with big white flakes. The afternoon looked so gay and fresh that the holly berries were hopping on their branches like sparrows instead of sitting still like proper berries.

At that time holly berries were white instead of red, and of course when they hopped up and down on their twigs they looked like very small popcorn popping. The dark green holly leaves were smooth and flat instead of prickly—holly looks different now from the way it did then.

"Ho hum!" said the holly berries again.

At last Hop-the-Most-High, the hoppiest berry of all, said, "Ho Hum! We *can't* be expected to stay still when it's snowing. I'm going to Santa Claus!"

"Hoppy! You wouldn't dare! Why?" said the other berries.

"I would dare. About a holiday. A holiday for us," said Hoppy.

"You can't do that," cried the others. "Santa Claus is too busy to be bothered on the day before Christmas. Besides, everybody *needs* us for Christmas!"

"For Christmas, yes," said Hoppy. "For the day before Christmas, no. We never have had a holiday and it's high time we did." And off he went to Santa Claus.

But when he got there, he felt so embarrassed that his voice sounded queer and gruff. "Santa Claus!" he began severely. "Sir! We need a holiday."

Santa looked down at the very small berry standing by his foot and chuckled. "Don't be so stern," he said. "Don't holly berries always have holly days?"

Hoppy scowled, and that made Santa Claus laugh again. "Tomorrow is Christmas," he said, "and that's the very best holiday of all."

"Sir," said Hoppy, "we have to sit still then. But today we could run in the snow. Please, Santa Claus."

Santa Claus hesitated. "What will people do without holly?" he said.

"They're too busy to notice we're gone, on the day before Christmas. Shopping and wrapping things up and all. Please, let us go, Santa," said Hoppy, hopping about and quite astonished because Santa Claus was actually listening to him.

"All right," said Santa Claus suddenly. "You've always been good little hollies, and you may have your holly day. Scat!"

"Oh, *Santa!*" cried Hoppy, trying to hug him, which was hard to do, and practically impossible for a holly berry.

"Just for the afternoon, mind," said Santa. "Be back by Christmas Eve."

"Of course!" shouted Hoppy. "They couldn't have Christmas Eve without us. May we take our holly leaves with us?"

"Yes," said Santa. "And I'll give you all a Christmas present, too." He turned to a sparkling Christmas fairy he had just put on the top of a Christmas tree. "A wish for the holly berries, Gloriana."

"For each of us?" cried Hoppy.

"Jumping reindeer, no!" said Santa, shaking with chuckles again. "That would be far too many wishes, even for Christmas. One wish for the lot of you. Catch!"

"Thank you," said Hoppy joyfully. He put the wish in his pocket and fled.

"Don't forget to be back for Christmas Eve," Santa shouted.

When Hoppy told the rest of the holly berries what had happened, they cheered loudly, once for Santa, once for the Christmas Fairy, and once for Hoppy. Then they started off, dragging their leaves behind them. For what they had always longed to do, more than anything else in the world, was to slide down hill; and now they could.

Without any trouble, they found a long, smooth hill, and soon they were coasting down it on their flat green leaves. Only, as they had never coasted before, they kept running into things that stuck up through the snow. Soon the leaves weren't nearly as smooth as they had been. Hoppy felt a little worried, because he had not told Santa why they wanted the leaves, but he was not worried enough to stop sliding.

"Whee!" cried Hoppy blissfully.

"Whee—whee," cried all the other berries. Their voices sounded like tiny sleigh bells. Down on the road below, they could hear real sleigh bells, and children were singing carols somewhere.

They slid and slid and were as happy and noisy as small berries could be. Then suddenly Hoppy said, "Listen."

They stood still and listened. They heard a small sniffle and then a large choke. Someone somewhere was crying.

"It's behind the hill," said Hoppy. Leaving their sleds they ran to the top of the hill and peeped over the other side.

There was a large oak tree, and close to its trunk a tiny boy with a big red muffler was huddled up, crying.

"Boy, why are you crying?" asked Hoppy. But the little boy didn't hear him.

"All together now," said Hoppy. And the berries shouted together, "Little boy! Why are you crying?"

The little boy looked out from his muffler. "Who are you?" he said.

"Holly berries," said the berries. "The first holly berries that ever went sliding down hill. Why are you crying?"

"No Christmas presents," said the little boy. "Mother said Santa couldn't bring us any this year. I came out to see if I could find something for Mark and Tom and Christabel (I'm Timothy) and for Mother and Aunt Maud and Great-aunt Miranda, and Great-grandfather, and Cousin Bartholomew. But the snow is too deep. I can't find a thing." And he began to cry again.

Hoppy looked sad, too. He stood still thinking. Then he brightened. "Follow me," he said to the other berries, and they all marched behind the oak tree. In two minutes they all came marching out again.

"Little boy," said Hoppy, "or rather,

Timothy. Santa Claus gave us a wish this morning. But all we ever wanted was to slide down hill. So we want you to have the wish for a Christmas present." He slipped the wish into the little boy's hand.

"Splendid!" cried Timothy, all aglow. Then he shook his head. "This would only be for me, not for Mark and Tom and Christabel."

"Wish for something you can all play with," said Hoppy.

"But there's Aunt Maud and Great-aunt Miranda and Great-grandfather and Cousin Bartholomew," said the little boy.

"You're a nice little boy," said Hoppy, "but you aren't very good at thinking."

He shook his head and beckoned the other berries to march behind the tree again. In two minutes, out they came beaming.

"We *have* had a good idea," said Hoppy proudly. "Cheer up, Timothy, and wish for a shop. A shop full of Christmas presents."

"Oh, bright, brilliant, beautiful berries!" cried Timothy. "I do! I wish for a shop full of Christmas presents!"

Immediately there before them in the snow stood a delicious little shop, scalloped in red and green and white, with wreaths in its tiny windows, and over the door a sign, "The Christmas Shop of Timothy."

Inside they caught entrancing glimpses of miniature locomotives, ruffled dolls, red balls, sleds and games, shawls and teapots for aunts, large books for grandfathers, candy canes and Christmas tree ornaments, scarlet candles and every Christmas thing you can think of.

"Hurray!" cried the little boy. He jumped on the step of the shop and it coasted away (for it was on runners), down the hill until it landed just in front of a small gray house. The berries saw Mark and Tom and Christabel, and Timothy's mother and Aunt Maud and Great-aunt Miranda, and Great-grandfather and Cousin Bartholomew all rush out. They heard the little boy shout "Not to be opened till Christmas!" and then he turned to wave to the berries. "Merry Christmas!" he called.

The berries shook hands all around. But then Hoppy cried out, "Look! It's almost dark! We must run!"

It was quite dark before they were halfway home, though they hurried as fast as they could. It had stopped snowing and the Christmas star was shining brightly above black trees. They couldn't help feeling happy on Christmas Eve. They scurried along, singing "God rest you merry, gentlemen," which they had heard that afternoon, and coming out very loud on "Let nothing you dismay" when they thought how late they were.

But they felt ashamed when they saw Santa Claus waiting for them. "You're late," he said sternly. "You promised to be back in time for Christmas Eve."

"Sorry," the berries murmured meekly.

"And *look* at your leaves!" said Santa Claus. "All twisted and prickly from running into things! And look at *you!* All red and rosy instead of white!"

"We *are* red, aren't we? Now, that must be from running and sliding down

hill. We gave our wish to Timothy." They told Santa Claus all about Timothy.

"Oh," said Santa when they had finished, and they could see that he wasn't angry any more. "Well, you were late, and you did break your promise, and because of that your leaves shall always stay twisted and prickly. *But*, you were kind to Timothy, and for that you shall always stay rosy and red as you are now. You're really very much prettier this way."

"Yes, we are, aren't we? Thank you, Santa Claus," said the berries joyfully.

"Now hurry along," said Santa.

"But Santa," said Hoppy, "won't you ever let us slide down hill again?"

"Well, after all, you gave your Christmas wish away," said Santa. "So whenever it snows big flakes on the day before Christmas, you shall have a chance to slide down hill. Only be sure to go when no one is looking."

So that is why holly berries are red and that is why holly leaves are twisted.

And if it snows big flakes on the day before Christmas you might look out and see if you can see any holly berries sliding down hill. But they're difficult to catch.

The Puppy Who Wanted a Boy

By Catherine Woolley

ONE day Petey, who was a puppy, said to his mother, "I'd like a boy for Christmas."

His mother, who was a dog, said she guessed he could have a boy if he was a very good puppy.

So the day before Christmas, Petey's mother asked, "Have you been a very good puppy?"

"Oh yes!" said Petey. "I didn't frighten the cat."

"You *didn't?*" asked Petey's mother.

"Well-a-I just frightened her a *little*," said Petey. "And I didn't chew any shoes."

"Not *any?*" said his mother.

"Just a teeny-weeny chew," said Petey. "And I remembered—well, practically always—to bark when I wanted to go out."

"All right," said his mother. "I guess you've been good. Anyway, you're awfully little. I shall go out and get you a boy for Christmas."

But when Petey's mother came back, she looked very much worried.

"How would you like a soft, white rabbit with pink ears for Christmas?" she said to Petey.

"No thanks," said Petey.

"Don't you want a lovely canary?"

"No, I just wanted a boy."

"How about some guppy fish? They're nice," said Petey's mother.

"I don't like fish," said Petey. "I'd like a boy."

"Petey," said his mother, "there are no boys to be had."

"No boys?" exclaimed Petey.

"Not one could I find. They're terribly short of boys this year."

Petey felt as if he couldn't stand it if he didn't have a boy.

Finally his mother said, "There, now, there must be a boy somewhere. Perhaps you could find some dog who would give his boy away."

"Do you think I could?" asked Petey.

"It wouldn't hurt to try."

So Petey hopefully started off.

It wasn't long before he saw a collie racing with a boy on a bicycle. Petey trembled with joy.

"If I had a boy on a bicycle," said

Petey, "I could run like everything! I'll take a little run right now," he thought, "and I'll ask the collie politely if he'll give his boy away." So Petey leaped after the bicycle. He called out to the collie, "Excuse me. Do you want to give your boy away?"

But the collie said *no,* he definitely *didn't,* in a dreadful tone of voice.

Petey sat down. He watched the collie and his boy on a bicycle until they were out of his sight.

"I didn't really want a boy on a bicycle anyway," said Petey.

After a while he saw a red setter playing ball with a boy. Petey was just delighted. "If I had a boy to play ball with," said Petey, "I'd catch the ball smack in my mouth. I'd like to catch the ball now!" he thought.

But he remembered how cross the collie had been. So he sat down on the sidewalk and called out politely, "Excuse me. Do you want to give your boy away?"

But the setter said *no,* he definitely *didn't,* in a terrifying tone of voice!

"Oh, well," said Petey, trotting off, "I don't think playing ball is much."

Soon Petey came to a bulldog, sitting in a car with a boy. Petey was pleased, for he was getting a little tired from so much walking.

"If I had a boy in a car," said Petey, "I'd laugh at walking dogs. I'd like a ride right now," he thought.

So he called out loudly, but very politely, "Excuse me. Do you want to give your boy away?"

But the bulldog said *no,* he definitely *didn't,* and he growled in Petey's face.

"Oh, dear!" said Petey. He ran off behind a house and stayed there until the bulldog and his boy drove away.

"Well, who wants to go riding in a car? Pff! Not me!" said Petey.

He thought he'd just rest a while, though. He had come a long way for such a little dog. He was limping a little when he started off again.

After a while he met a Scotty, walking with his boy and carrying a package in his mouth.

"Now that is a good kind of boy!" said Petey. "If I had a boy to take walks with and carry packages for, there might be some dog biscuit or cookies in the package. I'd like a cookie this minute!" he thought, for he hadn't had lunch.

But he remembered how cross the collie and the setter and the bulldog had been. So he stayed across the street and shouted at the top of his lungs, but polite as could be, "Excuse me. Do you want to give your boy away?"

The Scotty had his mouth full of package. But he managed to say *no,* he definitely *didn't,* and he showed his sharp teeth at Petey.

"I guess that wasn't the kind of boy I wanted either," said poor Petey. "But my goodness, where *will* I find a boy?"

Well, Petey went on and on. Up busy streets, dodging the cars and looking in stores and around corners. Down quiet lanes where dogs rushed to their fences and yelped at him.

He saw Irish terriers, Scotch terriers,

Skye terriers. He saw foxhounds, greyhounds, wolfhounds. He saw pointers, setters, spaniels, beagles, chows.

He asked every dog politely. But he couldn't find a single dog who would give his boy away.

Petey's ears began to droop. His tail grew limp. His legs were so tired. "My mother was right," he thought. "There isn't a boy to be had."

As it was getting dark, he came to a large building on the very edge of town. Petey was going by, very slowly because his paws hurt, when he saw a sign over the door. The sign said:

ORPHAN'S HOME

"I know what orphans are," Petey said to himself. "They're children who have no mother, and no dog to take care of them either. Maybe I could find a boy here!"

He padded slowly up the walk of the Orphan's Home. He was so tired he could hardly lift his little paws.

Then Petey stopped. He listened. He could hear music. He looked. Through the window he could see a lighted Christmas tree, and children singing carols.

Petey looked some more. On the front step of the Orphan's Home, all by himself, sat a boy! He was not a very big boy. He looked lonely.

Petey gave a glad little cry. He forgot about being tired. He leaped up the walk and landed in the boy's lap.

Sniff sniff went Petey's little nose. Wiggle wag went Petey's tail. He licked the boy with his warm, wet tongue.

How glad the boy was to see Petey! He put both his arms around the little dog and hugged him tight.

Then the front door opened. "Goodness, Dickie," a lady said, "what are you doing out here? Come on in to the Christmas tree."

Petey sat very still.

The boy looked up at the lady. Then he looked down at Petey. Petey began to tremble. Would the boy go in and leave him?

But the boy said, "I've got a puppy. Can he come too?"

"A puppy!" The lady came over and looked down at Petey. "Why," she said, "you're a nice dog. Wherever did you come from? Yes, bring him in."

"Come on, puppy," said the little boy, and in they scampered.

A crowd of boys was playing around the Christmas tree. They all rushed at Petey. They all wanted to pick him up. They all wanted to pet him.

Petey wagged his tail. He wagged his fat little body. He frisked about and kissed every boy who came near.

"Can he stay?" the boys asked.

"Yes," said the lady, "he may stay."

"Come on, puppy," Dickie said. "Get your supper."

"We'll fix you a nice warm bed!" cried another boy.

"We'll all play games with you," said a third.

Petey wriggled away from the hands that petted him. Dickie was the one he loved best!

"But who ever would think," said Petey to himself, "that I'd get *fifty* boys for Christmas!"

CRADLE HYMN

By Isaac Watts

HUSH, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Savior lay,
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the honest oxen fed;
—Peace, my darling! here's no danger!
Here's no ox a-near thy bed!

May'st thou live in joy to know Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise!

A Visit from Saint Nicholas

By Clement Clarke Moore

'TWAS THE night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a
mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney
with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be
there.
The children were nestled all snug in
their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in
their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my
cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long
winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a
clatter
I sprang out of my bed to see what was
the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the
sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen
snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should
appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny rein-
deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and
quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they
came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called
them by name.
"Now Dasher, now Dancer! now Prancer
and Vixen!
On Comet! on Cupid! on Donder and
Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the
wall;
Now dash away, dash away, dash away
all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hur-
ricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount
to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they
flew
With the sleigh full of toys—and St.
Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the
roof
The prancing and pawing of each little
hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning
around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came
with a bound.
He was dressed all in furs from his head
to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with
ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening
his pack;
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples
how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

The Lights on the Christmas Tree

By Florence Page Jaques

ONCE the Christmas Tree lights were not lights at all. They were the colors in the rainbow. Just a perfectly good rainbow—the kind you see in the sky after a rain! And when Santa Claus made the very first Christmas Tree, it was easy to see that he needed a rainbow for a decoration. Because all the decorations he had were white. He lived at the North Pole then, you know, as he does now, and when he had powdered the tree with snow and hung icicles all over it and tied snowballs on the ends of the branches, he looked at it and said,

"No—it's pretty, but it ought to have some color on it. It needs some red and green and blue and gold—"

"Oh, Santa Claus," said the Littlest White Bear. "Let's put a rainbow on it!"

"That's just what it needs," Santa Claus agreed. "I'll send the Biggest White Bear to get one."

"Oh," said the Littlest White Bear. He was so disappointed that the tears came to his eyes. "I was the one who thought of the rainbow. I think you might let me find it!"

"All right then," Santa Claus said kindly. "But you must be *very* careful. Rainbows are easy to break, you know, and really you are the clumsiest funny little bear."

"Oh, I will be careful," promised the Littlest Bear, and he ran and ran on his fat little legs till he found the most beautiful rainbow. Then he picked it, and hung it over his back and went home to Santa Claus, walking very carefully. He walked safely past the snow fields and safely past the slippery slides, and at last he came to Santa Claus' steps, and saw Santa Claus in the door, waiting for him.

"Hurray!" he laughed, waving his little front paws in triumph. "Here it is!"

And just then both his back feet slipped and—boom! He fell on his back, and the rainbow broke into a thousand pieces.

"Don't cry, don't cry," said Santa Claus, hurrying down the steps. "You aren't hurt!"

"No, but the rainbow is," sobbed the Littlest White Bear, "and I tried so hard to be careful."

"Never mind," said Santa Claus and patted him gently. "We'll put the pieces of the rainbow on the tree."

So they picked up a blue piece and put it here, and they picked up a red piece and put it there, and the Christmas Tree was prettier than if the rainbow had been all together.

"Oh," said the Littlest White Bear, "I'm glad I fell down!"

And ever since then we have had beautiful rainbow-colored lights on the Christmas Tree.

How Old Mr. Long-Tail Became a Santa Claus

By Harrison Cady

"No, sir-ree, you don't catch me giving anything to Christmas charity. No, sir-ree! It's all nonsense anyway," said old Mr. Long-Tail as he slammed his door shut with a great bang right in the face of a startled snowbird who had called to ask for a contribution for the Christmas fund for the poor and needy.

Then with a frown he turned, drawing his old dressing gown more closely about him, and hobbled over to his easy-chair before the fire. Seating himself among its cushions, he proceeded to pour out a steaming bowl of broth from a copper pot and to help himself to a bit of toast from a trivet before the fire.

"Ha, ha!" he squeaked, "This is pretty snug." And his lips curled into a satisfied smile as he glanced over to where the boisterous snowflakes were dashing against the window pane.

"Who-o-o! Who-o-o!" whistled the cold North Wind as it rattled the shutters.

"Crackety-crackety," answered the leaping flames in the grate, with a merry shower of sparks.

Mr. Long-Tail was very snug. His comfortable little house fairly glowed with warmth, and its pantry shelves sagged under their weight of good things. So, on this cold winter's day, the Day-Before-Christmas, he of all the many forest folk could afford to scoff and shoo away unwelcome callers. Why should he worry about the needy and the cold? His shelves were full and his fire was warm. Besides, did he not have many storehouses filled to overflowing?

But many in the great world were not as free from worry as Mr. Long-Tail. Many days of heavy storms and cruel winds had drifted the snow and covered fields and forests alike with a thick white mantle which, freezing, had made it almost impossible for many little creatures to reach their hidden stores or to find a stray berry.

For weeks they had been watching and waiting in the hope of better weather. Christmas was drawing near, and they had planned a celebration around a great fir tree which grew on a lofty knoll at the edge of the forest. They had planned to trim it with long garlands of holly, while myriads of blazing candles would glisten and sparkle upon boughs laden with presents.

Then one day came a great blizzard which howled and shrieked and added huge drifts of snow. The little forest people looked out from their windows to see the blizzard imps dancing in glee, and as

days went by they slowly gave up hope of the great Christmas celebration. Many tiny creatures watched their storehouses of provisions gradually disappear under the snow, and each day saw the list of the needy increase.

So the Day-Before-Christmas found every little eye carrying a look of worry, and every little voice sobbed, "We can do but little for this Christmas, and that only for the very poor." All but old Mr. Long-Tail. His eyes held no look of worry. He was in a class by himself, for, as sometimes happens, not any of his storehouses were buried and every snowflake that fell before his door seemed to be instantly whisked away by the North Wind.

So he sat by his fire and drank his broth and wheezed in his most disagreeable voice, "Christmas! I'll have none of it!"

To explain: Old Mr. Long-Tail was a rat, and a very miserly one at that. In fact, he belonged to the great family of Miser Rats who had a habit of gathering hoards of curious things and tucking them away in funny little storehouses where one could find everything from an old button to a bit of brightly colored glass, along with queer dried roots and vegetables. Old Mr. Long-Tail had lived a long time and, as he had inherited the family traits, his storehouses were many.

He sat all alone the Day-Before-Christmas, buried in his great armchair, and thought only of how very comfortable he was—he, the very richest creature in the great forest. But old Mr. Long-Tail was not happy, for with all his great riches there was one thing more he longed for—a certain kind of yellow corn that was hidden away in a certain corn bin in a certain old barn a goodly distance away.

"Ah! If I only had a little of that fine corn for my Christmas dinner," sighed old Mr. Long-Tail, for secretly he did intend to celebrate Christmas Day, but all by himself.

Finally he went to the window and peered out. "Whew! It's a pretty rough day, but I believe I might make it," he exclaimed as he drew on his big coat and wound his woolen scarf about his neck. Then he threw an empty sack over his shoulder and, buckling on a pair of snowshoes, headed for that distant barn.

Reaching it after a very long and difficult trip, he removed his snowshoes and crawled under the old building until he came to a convenient crack in the floor. Raising himself carefully he crept noiselessly within. Everything was silent and deserted except for the groaning of the wind about the eaves. Mr. Long-Tail lost no time in getting across the floor to a large wooden bin beside the wall, and he sped quickly along its side until he came to an opening, and then, with a hurried look over his shoulder, he stepped inside —not inside the bin, but right into a large box trap. The cover dropped with a thunderous clap, and old Mr. Long-Tail found himself a prisoner.

It was all so sudden and unexpected that it quite took his breath away. He tried to find a way of escape, but there was no escape for old Mr. Long-Tail. Exhausted, he crouched down and

moaned, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'm caught! I'm caught!" and his falling tears splashed on the floor of his prison.

Yes, he was caught, and caught so well that unless something unforeseen happened he was doomed to spend his Christmas Day in that box trap. Poor old Mr. Long-Tail, who had planned to celebrate all alone with a delicious feast!

One hour passed; then another; then many more followed, and Mr. Long-Tail commenced to feel cold and hungry—yes, hungry right in that terrible trap in that well-filled corn bin. He shivered and shivered until the old box trap fairly made the corn rattle.

"Hush! Hush! What's that?" whispered one little snowbird to another as they huddled under the eaves of the old barn. "I hear something."

Just then old Mr. Long-Tail gave a low moan.

"Whew! Someone is in distress," cried the little snowbirds together as they cocked their heads and listened.

Again came a moan.

"Whew! Some poor soul is in distress and we must help him."

Then those two little snowbirds spread their wings and went whirling down to a windowsill, and finding a broken pane they poked their heads in and listened until they heard the sob again.

Then they both peeped loudly, "Who's there?"

Faintly from the bin came a plaintive cry: "Help! Help! It's me, poor Mr. Long-Tail."

The two little snowbirds without hesitation flew right into the old barn and investigated.

"It's old Mr. Long-Tail all right," said one as he spied the tip of the rat's tail protruding from the end of the box. "Oh! so you are the crabbed old fellow who shooed us away from your door this morning," said the other.

Mr. Long-Tail sobbed, "Set me free, and anything I own is yours."

"We are going to set you free all right," cried the little birds, "but we don't want anything of yours. No, sir. We only accept presents from willing givers, and just to show you, we are going to return good for evil."

They began to dig those yellow ears of corn from under the old box trap until it fell on its side and the cover opened enough for Mr. Long-Tail to slip out. He didn't stop, and he didn't even thank those little snowbirds for saving his life! He only ran just as fast as his legs would carry him straight for his home.

"My! That was a narrow escape," he puffed as he bolted his heavy door. "You don't catch me leaving this snug little house again." And he stirred the fire and dropped into his big easy-chair.

For a long time he sat and looked into the crackling flames as they danced and leaped up the chimney. Then gradually old Mr. Long-Tail commenced to see strange shapes. Curious visions appeared; and along with them came troubling thoughts.

As the flames danced they shaped themselves into weird pictures of huddled creatures bent with cold and hunger drawing their thin coats about them. He could hear the roar of the winter tempest; he saw lines of empty stockings and heard plaintive calls for food.

Then he saw a score of rich storehouses filled to overflowing, with doors heavily barred, while before them walked a grotesque figure turning away groups of starving forest folk. And, last of all, he saw two tiny snowbirds helping someone out of a trap, someone who whined and whimpered and cried, "Help! Help! It's me, poor Mr. Long-Tail."

This was too much for him. He jumped suddenly to his feet and cried "That's me, a mean old miser, who does nothing for anyone but himself. The poor and needy I turn away, and I don't even thank those who save my life!"

Ashamed and humbled, he sat down again and remained motionless for a long time. Then, with a sudden cry of joy, he jumped to his feet and looked at the clock.

"Hurrah! There's yet time. There are still a few hours left," he cried as he drew on his coat and, gathering a pile of empty bags together, disappeared into the night.

The Night-Before-Christmas! That magic hour of all the year when Santa Claus, behind his team of reindeer steeds, rides from one chimney top to another. But on this particular night the little creatures of the great forest had given up all hope of any Christmas visitor and were huddled in their beds for warmth. They were fast asleep, dreaming their troubled dreams of empty shelves and stockings.

Outside, the great world lay covered with ice and snow, for the blizzard had gone on its way and a cold winter moon shone on the hanging icicles.

Then suddenly there came, at the exact hour of twelve, the ringing of a bell. The little people awoke with a start and cried "It's a Christmas bell! It's a Christmas bell!"

In a flash they were out of their beds, and, hurriedly dressing, they scampered toward the echoing bell. And what do you suppose they saw?

A smiling old long-tailed rat ringing the bell! Before him on the ground were spread thousands of wonderful Christmas gifts, and above them was the sign:

The Little Blue Dishes

ONCE upon a time there was a poor woodcutter who lived with his wife and three children in a little cabin in the forest. There was a big boy named John and a little boy named Peter, and a little girl named Gretchen.

"Gretchen," said Peter, "what do you like best?"

"Oh, that little box of blue dishes!" said Gretchen. "That is the best of all." She could not take her eyes off the cunning teapot, the sugar bowl and cream

Christmas was coming, and the children went to the village toy shop to look at all the toys. There were tops and balls and blocks. There were woolly bears and other toys. There were all kinds of dolls, and there was furniture for dolls' houses . . . and many other things.

pitcher, and the two little cups and saucers.

On Christmas Eve the children hung up their stockings, although their mother had told them they must not expect much this year.

After supper John ran out to play with

the big boys. Gretchen and Peter sat by the fire talking about the toys they had seen.

"I wish I had those little blue dishes," said Gretchen. But soon she became sleepy and went off to bed.

Peter ran to look at his bank. He found only one nickel, but he took it and ran to the toy shop.

"What can I buy for a nickel?" he asked the toy man.

"You can buy a little candy heart with a picture on it," said the man.

"But I want that set of blue dishes," said Peter.

"Oh, those cost twenty-five cents," said the man.

"Well, then I'll take the candy heart," said Peter. He took it home and put it in the toe of Gretchen's stocking and then he went to bed.

Pretty soon John came home. He was cold and hungry. While he was warming himself by the fire, he noticed the lump in Gretchen's stocking. He put in his hand and drew out the candy heart.

"Oh," said John, "how good this smells!" and before he thought about what he was doing, he ate the candy heart.

"Oh, dear," he thought, "that was for Gretchen for Christmas. I must run and buy something else for her."

He ran to get his bank and he found he had twenty-five pennies. Quickly he ran to the toy shop. The man was just ready to close up.

"What have you for twenty-five cents?" he asked the storekeeper.

"Well, I'm almost sold out," said the toy man, "but here is a little set of blue dishes."

"I will take them," said John, and he ran home and put them in Gretchen's stocking. Then he went to bed.

Early Christmas morning the children jumped out of bed and came running to look at their stockings.

"Oh," cried Gretchen, "look at my stocking!" She had found the blue dishes and she was dancing for joy. John knew how the dishes had come there, but Peter could never understand how his candy heart changed into a box of blue dishes!

—Author Unknown

The Cherry Tree

AN OLD ENGLISH MIRACLE

One cold winter's day, hundreds of years ago, Joseph and Mary were journeying toward Jerusalem, eager to reach the city before nightfall.

Mary, weary and faint, stopped for breath and said gently to her husband, "Is that not a cherry tree I see on yonder hillside?"

"It is indeed a cherry tree, dear Mary," replied Joseph, "and if there were fruit on it, you might have some to stay your hunger. But trees do not bear fruit in winter."

"But see!" exclaimed Mary, her eyes aglow at the vision of the tree shiny with fresh green leaves and ripe red cherries.

"A lovely sight, my sweet Mary," replied Joseph. "But we must hurry on or we shall not reach the city gates before nightfall."

Then Mary, meek and mild, beseeched him, "For my sake, my good Joseph, will you not pluck some of the cherries for me? I fear I shall not otherwise be able to travel farther."

"Gladly would I do so, dear Mary," answered Joseph, "but the tree is so tall and the cherries are at the top too high for me to reach."

Mary closed her eyes and whispered a little prayer. "Kind Father," she prayed, "if it be Thy will, may I be given of the cherries?"

And lo! a wonderful thing happened. The cherry tree, rising green and red with leaf and fruit from the snow-blanketed winter earth, bent down its laden branches to Mary. And Mary stretched forth her hands and plucked the luscious cherries which were now within her reach.

A star was shining brighter than the rest in the sky, and though it shone for miles on glistening snow, the little circle of earth around the cherry tree where Mary and Joseph stood blossomed suddenly with tender grass and little star-eyed flowers, even as the cherry tree itself bloomed in the frozen snow.

Joseph fell on his knees in wonder at the miracle Mary's prayer had wrought. Humbly he kissed the hem of her gown.

"Forgive me, Mary," he murmured. And as he did so there seemed to be a holy light around her head, and angels could be heard like stars singing together: "On this night, blessed Mary, will be born unto you a Holy Child."

And so it came to pass. And of the many miracles attending the birth of Christ, this one has been known ever since as the miracle of the cherry tree.

Barbara Cooney

The Christmas Tree in the Woods

By Susan Smith

IT HAD begun to snow the very first day of the holidays. Mark and Margot, sitting in the train with their father and mother, on the way up to their farmhouse in Maine, jumped up and down with joy. The white smoke blew out over the frosty fields as the train made its way through dark, quiet woods of pine and hemlock and fir, and past frozen streams where brown oak leaves whirled along the dge of the shore in the snow eddies.

"Now we can slide on the long hill," said Mark.

"Mr. Simpson will meet us with the red sleigh," said Margot, "and the sleigh bells will make that nice cold noise."

Mr. Simpson ran the farm for the family in the summer and took care of all the farm animals for them in the winter. He knew how to do all sorts of wonderful things, like transplanting big apple trees, with the earth frozen hard around their roots so that they never knew they had been moved.

There he was at the station, with the red sleigh and the two big black farm

horses. Mark and Margot got in and sat beside him on the front seat; their father and mother sat behind. The two dogs, Miranda, a very old Airedale, and Sailor, a very curly sheep dog, ran along beside the sleigh and fell into the snow drifts.

"We'll have snow for the Christmas tree," said Mark to Mr. Simpson.

"Looks like it," said Mr. Simpson. "We've got a lot of brush to burn before then."

"We'll help you," said the children.

When they drove up to their house, which stood on the top of a high hill, it was just getting dark. The snow was blowing past the lighted window panes, and all the fields where Mr. Simpson and the other men had cut the hay and oats and wheat and barley in summer were now drifted smooth and white. The path to the house, that had been shovelled only an hour before, was blurred with fresh snow. Indoors, a big birch log fire was burning in the living room; the flames were clear and bright because the wood had been cut the year before and dried in the shed.

All night it snowed, and the wind piled the drifts over the fields like big white waves. But in the morning the sun was bright in a blue sky, and a chickadee sang in the whitened twigs of the bare lilac bush at the kitchen door. Mr. Simpson was shovelling the path again and Mark and Margot got their shovels from the woodshed and helped him.

They shovelled a path from the house to the barn and then they rested awhile and sat in a sunny patch on the barn floor with the dogs Miranda and Sailor. The barn smelled very good of hay and animals. Jim and Nellie, the two black farm horses, were eating their breakfast. In the next stalls, Star and Bright, the big red and white oxen, were whiffling and munching. Caesar, the goat, and Major, the little gray donkey with the black cross on his back, came clattering through the barn doorway when they heard the children talking. Caesar stood up on his hind legs and butted them with his curly horns to show how glad he was to see them, and Major poked his little black wet nose into their hands.

"Get your skis on now," said Mr. Simpson. "We're going to the woods."

He walked ahead with an axe over his shoulder, Mark and Margot came next, on their skis, and Caesar and Major followed on behind them. Sailor thought they might find a rabbit. Miranda, although she knew perfectly well they wouldn't, ran ahead with him, just to show him that she wasn't so old after all.

"I picked out the best tree this year that we've ever had," said Mr. Simpson. "It's straight as a mast, and every branch is even all around."

Mark and Margot stood looking at the tree, while Mr. Simpson began clearing away the small dead trees and the fallen branches near it. It was so tall and straight and beautiful that they could hardly wait for Christmas Eve to see it covered with shining gold and silver balls and lighted candles.

Mr. Simpson had a huge fire going now, and Mark and Margot dragged dead

branches from everywhere and piled them on it. The hot yellow flames shot up crackling, and the smoke was pale blue against the dark tree tops. The snow melted around the edges of the fire, and Sailor dug a deep hole in the wet pine needles there. He put his nose into it and blew and puffed so much that he made Miranda believe he had found a woodchuck, though of course he had not.

It was noon before they knew it, and time for Mr. Simpson to go home to dinner. The children stayed by the fire for their mother had promised them a snow picnic. Soon they heard her coming along the path, and Miranda and Sailor rushed out to meet her and fell over her skis and nearly tripped her up they were so glad to see her.

It was a wonderful picnic—sausages and fried apples cooked in an iron skillet over the fire, and hot chocolate and jam sandwiches made with some of Mrs. Simpson's delicious plum jam, and a dog biscuit apiece for Sailor and Miranda.

Every day of the week before Christmas the children went out on their skis and helped. The big tree stood at last in the center of a cleared circle and its long even branches swept the ground.

The day before Christmas was mild and sunny and the snow melted just enough to show the little green spikes of princess pine and the gray moss with red blossoms.

Mark and Margot worked all the afternoon, helping trim the great tree. Their mother stood on a tall farm ladder, and hung the shining balls and stars on the

tree. But Mr. Simpson was the only one who was tall enough to put the big blue-and-silver star on the very tip top.

In the depths of the woods, where the snow had not melted, the fir trees, their branches heavy with white fans of snow, stood like great white birds sleeping with their heads under their wings. But the fires had melted all the snow from the beautiful green branches of the Christmas tree in the center of the circle. Mr. Simpson had dragged out the great pine roots that had been drying all summer in a new field he had ploughed, and now he threw them on top of the blazing pine and hemlock branches, so that the fires would burn for hours.

All the way out to the woods and along the path through them, the children had hung Chinese lanterns. When it was really dark, at five o'clock, and the first stars were coming out, they lighted the lanterns. Some were pink, some yellow, and some green, and there were some beautiful white melon-shaped ones. Then the children and their father and mother walked in from the woods to the barn, where the guests were beginning to arrive. The barn smelled richly sweet of hay and animals, and the light of the stable lanterns hanging from the beams shone on the fragrant golden hay that brimmed over from the filled lofts above.

When all the guests were there, everyone started out for the tree. Mark and Margot came last of all with the two dogs and the donkey and Margot's pet lamb, who had grown very big since summer but who followed her just as he used to when he was tiny.

In the circle around the tree the seven great fires were blazing, and the smoke, which had looked so blue against the trees in the daylight, was pink and orange now, with gold sparks that shot up to the sky like fireworks. The flames were reflected in the silver balls on the Christmas tree and on the glittering tinsel stars. Lighted candles burned on every branch and in the open space of sky above the tree, a bright star shone.

Everyone stood in the bright warm circle of firelight around the tree and sang carols. They began with "Good King Wenceslaus:"

> "Good King Wenceslaus looked out,
> On the eve of Stephen,
> When the snow lay all about,
> Deep and crisp and even."

After singing all the stanzas of that they sang "We Three Kings of Orient Are" and "Silent Night!"

> "Silent night, holy night,
> All is still, all is bright."

As they were singing, there was a sound of something coming slowly through the woods. The branches of the trees along the wide path shook and parted, and a yoke of oxen swayed into the circle. They were pulling a big sledge covered with green branches and red berries, and the sledge was piled high with packages in bright-colored papers. The beautiful red and white oxen looked like fairy cattle. Their yoke was silver, and the big ring that hung down from it was silver too. Between their broad shining silver

horns glittered big star-shaped tinsel flowers, shining like magic against the dark trees. Good St. Nicholas with his long white beard walked beside them, his red cloak trimmed with white fur.

"Gee hish," said St. Nicholas, sounding very much like Mr. Simpson who had been at the party a moment before but now was nowhere to be seen. The big oxen stood quietly in the firelight looking about with their gentle dark eyes and nudging each other with their moist pale pink noses.

"Let's sing one more carol before we open the presents," said the children's mother. They all stood near the tree, facing the shining oxen. But suddenly, before they began another song, they saw a guest who had come last of all.

"It's the baby from the next farm!" cried the children.

On the farm next to theirs a family had settled the year before, a man and his wife and a tiny little boy. No one knew where they came from; they were shy and kept to themselves, for they spoke very little English. When they were asked to come to the Christmas tree, they only smiled and shook their heads.

But when Mr. Simpson had run back to hitch up his silver-horned oxen, he had found the little boy, with his father, waiting at the barn to speak to him. He had picked up the baby and put him on the sledge to drive out and see the tree, and just as they got there, the child climbed down to walk beside him. Now, at the sound of singing, he came out of the shadows and stood in front of the oxen, his blue eyes laughing and his curly rumpled hair like a light around his head in the warm golden firelight with the black trees and the shining dark-eyed cattle behind him. In the sky overhead hung the bright steady star.

The lamb and the donkey came and stood by the child and he put a hand on each of them.

"What's your name, little boy?" asked Margot's mother, as people always ask children. She smiled at him, but he did not answer, and Margot's father, lifting him up onto the sledge, said:

"We are callèd by His name,
Thou a child, and I a lamb."

"We must find him some presents," cried the children. They brought him peppermint sticks and colored balls and a white woolly lamb that he liked so much that he laughed out loud when he saw it. And a music box that made a lovely tinkly sound like icicles. The oxen were unhooked from the sledge and stood behind him, their breath white in the frosty air, and the donkey and the lamb nuzzled against him. The baby sat smiling in the sledge while they all brought him their gifts.

They sang a carol just for him—the Christmas hymn that Martin Luther wrote so long ago for his own children:

"Away in a manger,
No crib for His bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down His sweet head.

The cattle are lowing,
The poor Baby wakes,

CAROLS
URSULA KOERING

But little Lord Jesus
No crying he makes.

I love Thee, Lord Jesus,
Look down where I lie,
And stay by my cradle,
To watch lullaby."

Then everyone had a cup of hot soup from the big kettle that was steaming over one of the fires, and they hooked the oxen to the sledge again and drove back to the house. At the big barn the little boy's father was waiting for him. The moon had risen over the long white hills now and hung huge and golden in the blue night sky.

"Let's drive him back to his house," said the children. Then with St. Nicholas guiding the oxen, they walked along the white road, singing:

"The first Noël the angels did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay,
In fields where they lay, keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël—Born is the King of Israel."

So they took the child home to his mother, who was waiting at the door of their little house. Candles were lighted in all the little square window panes, and smoke rose straight up from the big chimney in the middle. Above the wild bare branches of the elm tree by the door stood the bright steady star.

They wished their neighbors a Merry Christmas and left all the baby's presents for him in a big basket wound with ribbons. He sat in the crook of his mother's arm, with his father standing beside them in the brightly lighted door, and watched them as they went home down the snowy road. As they walked behind the silver-horned oxen in the soft moonlight they sang the gay old Christmas carol that sounded like sleigh bells:

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Savior
Was born on Christmas Day.

The moon was very bright now, and the sky so blue that only the star over the little house was still golden. As they turned into their own dooryard from the road, the last words welled joyously from their hearts:

"O tidings of comfort and joy—
Tidings of comfort and joy."

Under the Little Fir

By Elizabeth Yates

A LITTLE fir tree stood on the edge of the woods. It was trimmed—not with tapers and tinsel, but with coconut shells and lumps of suet, while under it were not toys but grain and nuts, greens and crumbs. All day the children had been trimming it, running back and forth between the tree and the house.

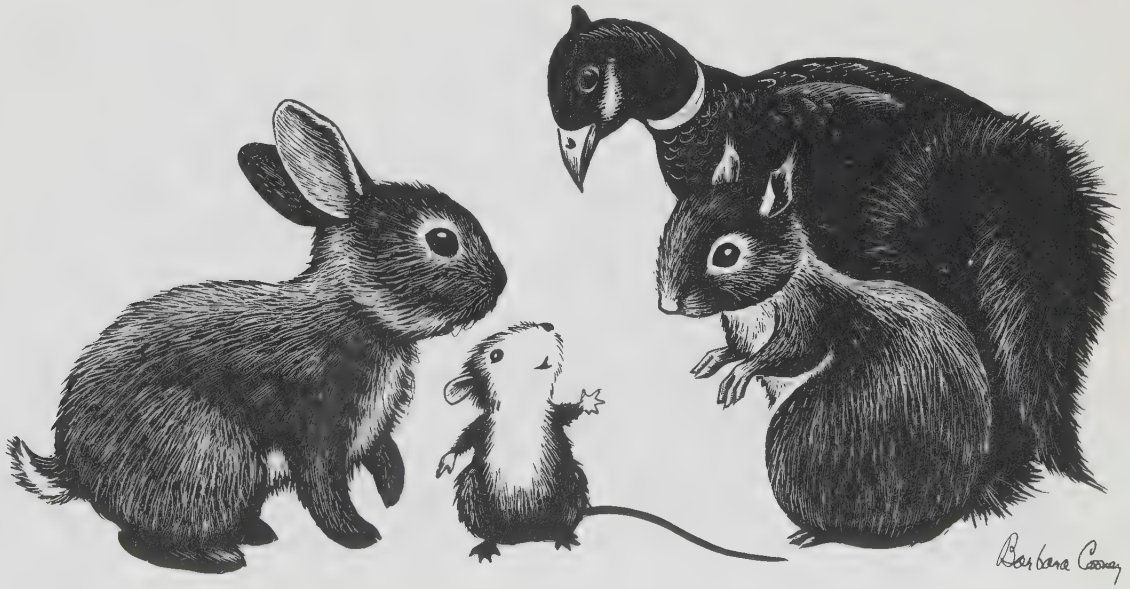
Chatting together, they put fingers on their lips for silence as a rustling at the edge of the woods told of furry creatures that might be watching. But perhaps it was only the wind, they whispered, and with a last laughing look ran home across the meadow.

No one came to the little tree until the kind cloak of twilight fell over the world. Then there was a stirring in the bushes. Shy animals, whose tiny movements were muffled by the light snow, stole from their secret places and came hastening to the dark shelter of the little fir.

The rabbit was the first to arrive. Hopping over the snow, he sat on his haunches under the tree and looked around him, whiskers twitching as he saw a long carrot hanging from a branch and a bundle of crisp green spinach.

"Hello," he said quickly, as a squirrel leaped over the snow to chuckle with delight at a pile of nuts. Then a stately pheasant approached the grain. A sound of small twigs snapping caused the creatures to look up, interested but not alarmed.

"Is there anything for me?" the deer



asked, wide eyes peering from the screen of brush.

"Some hay," the squirrel said, jumping from a low branch into the sweet prickly mound.

Gracefully the deer stepped out of the wood and thrust her nose into the hay, giving the squirrel a playful toss.

Munching and stamping, chuckling and clucking, the animals feasted while the stars came out in the sky and shone through the branches of the little fir tree.

Then the wind brought a sudden scent.

The deer shot her nose into the air and stood quivering, tiptoe to run. The squirrel darted higher up the tree. The pheasant rustled his wings for flight. The little rabbit sat with ears and nose trembling—while a dark low form moved out of the forest, crouching low to the ground. Nearer and nearer the fox came to the tree while the little creatures' hearts beat fast with fear.

Scurrying over the snow from the house came the mouse. "I'm sorry to be late," he cried in a high voice quite out of breath, "but the children were telling stories by the fire and I crept from my hole to listen—why, what's the matter?"

"It's Fox," the rabbit whispered. "She wants to join us, but if she comes any nearer we must run."

The mouse looked startled, then he smiled, showing his little fine white teeth. "I'm not afraid—nor need any of you be."

"But, Mouse," the squirrel chattered from safety at the top of the fir, "we've always run from Fox. Our fathers and grandfathers did, too," he added a bit proudly.

"Oh, but not on Christmas Eve," the mouse answered quickly, flicking his ears and his wiry tail.

"What's Christmas Eve?" the creatures cried.

"A time when everyone loves and no one fears," the mouse replied, while Fox crept closer and closer, her long tail dragging over the snow.

"Tonight we should wish each other good cheer and show each other our love. For, on this same night long ago, a baby was born in a stable—" Mouse spoke very slowly,—"a baby who was the King of Love. A great ox stood near, warming the air with his breath, and a little gray ass who had carried the mother all that day, while high in the rafters white doves cooed softly." The mouse hesitated. No sound came from the group around him but eyes grown big with wonder were fast upon him.

"Out on the hillside," he went on, "there were shepherds watching over their sheep. Far away, three kings rode on their camels through the night. They had seen a star in the east, a star that had come to rest over a stable. Following it, they knew they would find one who was a King of kings. From the starry sky angels sang their joyous song. 'Fear not,' they said, while men and animals trusted one another.

"The shepherds came to the stable and knelt before the babe. And the kings came, kneeling before him and spreading

the rich gifts they had brought upon the yellow straw. The ox and the ass bowed their heads, while out in the dark the gray sheep clustered together, dropping on their knees as had the camels on theirs.

"Then a little boy came to the stable. In his arms he carried a tiny lamb. Creeping close to the babe, he laid the lamb in the straw beside him. The baby smiled and put forth his hand, stroking the wrinkled face of the little lamb. More than all the gifts the kings had brought, he loved the small creature who was gentle and harmless as himself."

"Why was the baby a King?" the squirrel questioned.

Mouse looked puzzled. "I don't quite know." Then he smiled, "But I think it must have been because he brought love to the world, and shepherds and kings and all creatures knew that one day Love would rule the world. So they bowed to the child. And on that night when he was born, no living thing knew fear."

"Never have I heard such a story. How did you come to know it, Mouse?" the deer asked softly.

"It is the Christmas story," the mouse answered simply. "I peeped from my hole and heard them tell it in the house, and if it is true for children around a fire, it must also be true for animals under the stars."

Heads began to nod and small paws flutter in cheerful agreement, when a low, lonely voice quite close by said, "And if it is true on one night, can't it be true every night?"

"Oh, Fox!" the creatures cried, love and sympathy for the sad, hunted animal suddenly welling up in their eager hearts. Quickly they made an opening in their circle that the dark one might slip in among them.

Deer made the first move. Thrusting

her nose into the tree, she nibbled free the lump of suet and tossed it to the fox. Squirrel dashed down the trunk and sat watching Fox eat. Pheasant walked around Fox, admiring her lovely red coat, while Rabbit hopped over and drew Fox into conversation, and Mouse sat under the tree nibbling one crumb, then another.

Chattering and crunching, the animals took their fill, then Fox said suddenly, "I shall make a mark in the snow to tell the children how grateful I am for all this night has meant."

"So shall I," the others cried, "so shall I."

Forming a circle with Fox leading, the animals made their marks on the snow—marks of paw and claw and hoof and sweep of a bushy tail, while Mouse ran about them, tying them together with the lacy imprint of his tiny feet.

Off in the house across the meadow, the children looked from their window and wondered if the forest creatures had come to the tree for their Christmas. Under the low-hanging branches they thought they almost saw dark forms moving. But perhaps it was only the wind.

The children drew the curtain and ran off to bed, while over the snow the animals raced to burrow and forest brush and secret hole. And the stars shone through the fir on the little marks in the snow under its dark branches.

The Golden Cobwebs

AN OLD GERMAN FOLK TALE

THE Christmas tree was all trimmed and ready. It stood safely out of sight in a locked room so the children would not see it before it was time.

Just the same many eyes had seen it, standing there all a-glitter. The great green eyes of the black cat had seen it. The blue eyes of the white kitten had seen it. The brown eyes of the brown dog had seen it. And the bright eyes of the canary had seen it.

But all around the house, in the warm corners of the attic, and the dark cool corners of the cellar, and behind the basket of wood near the fireplace, and under the leaf of the plant on the window-sill, and in a crack in the floor behind the umbrella-stand in the hallway—were many, many eyes that had not seen the Christmas tree.

They were the eyes of the little gray spiders, and the little black spiders, and the medium-size brown spiders, and one large orange-and-black spider—a friendly fellow who had gotten into the house by mistake one day last summer and liked it so well he decided to spend the winter.

For a long time now, the spiders had been looking forward to seeing the Christmas tree. But suddenly a great cleaning-up had started all over the house. The big hard broom came flying into the corners. The dustcloth flicked furiously everywhere. The scrub-brush went in wet circles across the floor, dripping water into all the cracks. The house was being made clean and shining for the birthday of the Christ Child. And the spiders had to run for their very lives!

The spiders huddled together behind a rafter to talk the whole thing over. Now spiders, as you know, like to see everything, and know just exactly what is going on. Most especially they wanted to see the beautiful Christmas tree.

Suddenly the little black spider had an idea:

"Let's ask the Christ Child to help us," he said.

"Do you think . . . ?" said the little gray spider.

"Might it be . . . ?" said the medium-sized brown spider.

"But of course He will," said the big orange-and-black spider who knew more about the outside world than the others did.

So the spiders went together to see the Christ Child.

"Dear Christ Child," they said, the little voices and the big voices speaking all at once, "You have seen our webs. You know we love beautiful things. More than anything in the world we want to see the Christmas tree. But we dare not go into the room. The broom and the mop

and the dustcloth would be after us if we went anywhere near."

The Christ Child felt sorry for the spiders. So when the family was all away on the day before Christmas, He called to them and told them to go in and look and look and look as long as they liked.

Down the stairway from the attic they came creeping. Up the stairway from the cellar they came creeping. Out of the cracks in the floors, and from under the leaves of the plants, and from behind the woodbasket near the fireplace, and along the walls, and down the halls, they came creeping.

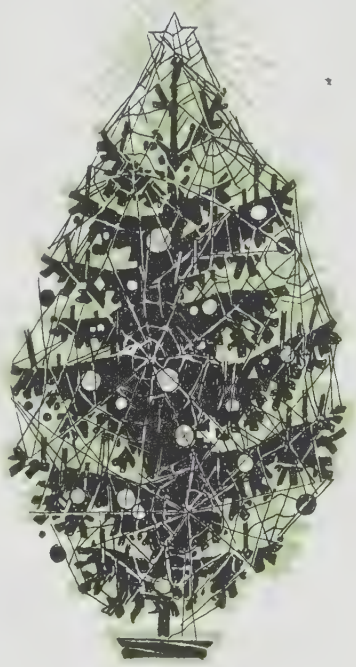
Ever so quietly they came—the little gray spiders, and the little black spiders, and the medium-size brown spiders. (The big orange-and-black spider had to roll around in some soot in the cellar before he could join the procession, for the other spiders were afraid he was so big and so bright someone might see him coming or going.)

When all the spiders came to the Christmas tree, they stood around it in a circle and looked and looked and looked. They had never seen anything half so lovely. Then, altogether they went toward it. They had to see every single bit, every green branch, every tiny, sparkling twig, every decoration.

Up and down, in and out, the spiders crept. From trunk to starry tip they went, looking, looking, so that as long as they lived they would never forget. They stayed until they had seen all there was to see, you may be sure.

Then, quietly, happily, they went away —back to all their little hiding places.

In the still darkness just before the dawn of Christmas day the Christ Child came to bless the tree for the children. But when He looked at it—WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE? It was covered from its highest branch to its lowest twig with COBWEBS! The silken threads were



everywhere, looped in and out and all over the Christmas tree.

What could the Christ Child do? He knew that the mother of the house would be very unhappy to see the Christmas tree covered with cobwebs. So He lifted His hand . . . . and turned the cobwebs to gold. Though it was still dark outside it was as if a thousand sunbeams glittered among the branches. And that is the way the Christmas tree came to have golden cobwebs on it.

Little Prayers and Graces

Morning Song

FATHER, we thank Thee for the night
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care
And all that makes our life so fair.

Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do and all we say
To grow more loving every day.

MORNING PRAYER

NOW I wake and see the light.
Thy love was with me through the night;
To Thee I speak again and pray
That Thou wilt lead me all the day.

EVENING SONG

I HEAR no voices, I feel no touch,
I see no glory bright;
But yet I know that God is near
In darkness as in light.

He watches ever by my side,
And hears my whispered prayer
That Father for His little child
Both day and night shall care.

EVENING PRAYER

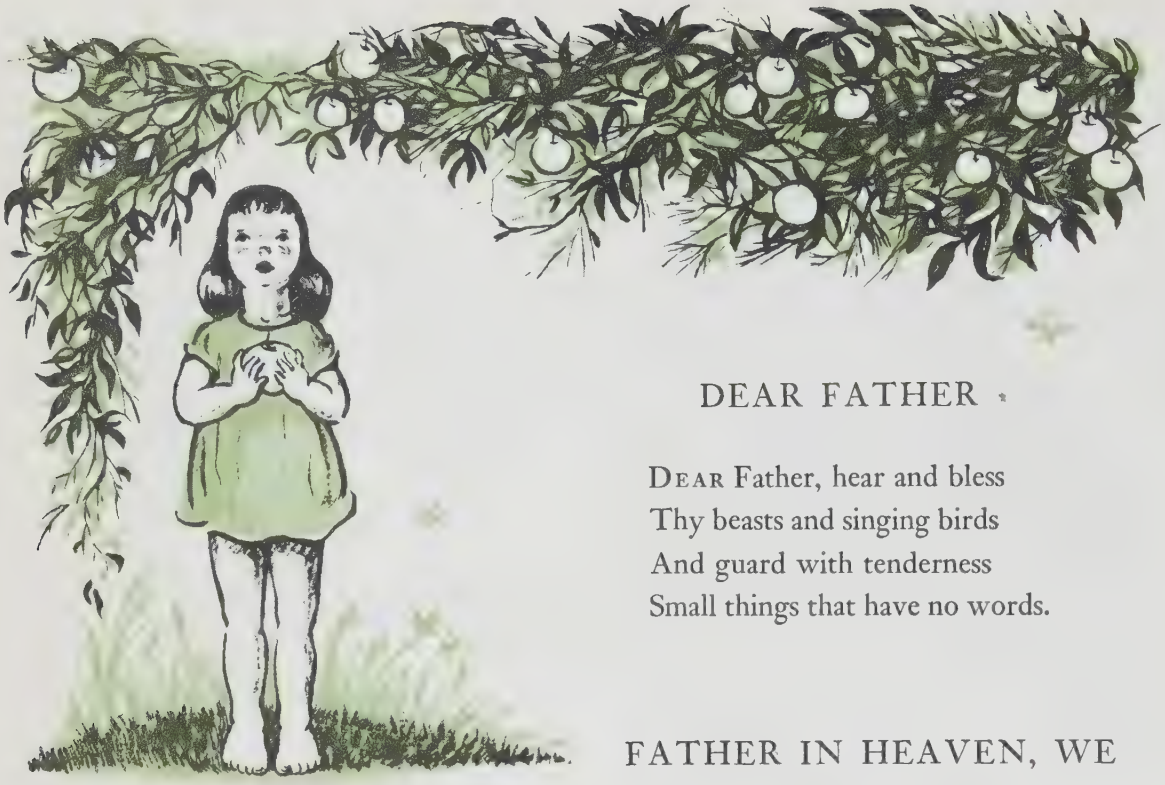
NOW I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
Thy love stay with me through the night
And wake me with the morning light.

Child's Grace

By Frances Frost

I GIVE thanks for the lovely-colored year,
For the marigold sun and slanting silver rain,
For feathery snow across the hemlock hills,
For the sailing moon twelve times grown full again.

I give thanks for my family: Father, Mother,
And all the happy things we do together;
For understanding, laughter, and for love,
Strong and warm in any kind of weather.



DEAR FATHER

DEAR Father, hear and bless
Thy beasts and singing birds
And guard with tenderness
Small things that have no words.

TO GOD, THE GIVER OF ALL THINGS

By Eleanor Reiman

BECAUSE You made the lovely earth,
The sun, the rain, the snow,
The birds in trees,
The fish in seas,
The spring when flowers grow,
The silver moon that lights the sky,
The golden stars that glow,
My family,
My friends, and me—
O God, I love you so!

FATHER IN HEAVEN, WE THANK THEE

FOR this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blossoming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh and sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything Thy goodness sends,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

A CHILD'S LETTER TO GOD

Dear God: Sometimes
The whole day long—
I don't know why—
I do things wrong.

My mother calls
And I don't heed;
I turn my back
On friends in need.

I don't do work
I ought to do;
I even fail
To think of You.

I'm sorry, God,
For days like these
And hope You will
Forgive me please.

And grant me, God,
A chance, I pray,
To do my best
Another day.

FOR THINGS THAT GROW

Grass and flowers,
Leaves and trees,
Birds in bushes,
Honey-bees,
Say good morning
When they spy
Happy children
Passing by—
Children happy
For they know
God made all
The things that grow.

HEAVENLY FATHER, HEAR OUR PRAYER

Heavenly Father, hear our prayer,
Keep us in Thy loving care.
Guard us through the livelong day
In our work and in our play.
Keep us pure and sweet and true
In everything we say or do.

GOD'S HELPERS

You have so many helpers, God,
Who give us love and care:
Our parents, teachers, doctors, friends
Of children everywhere.

They guide our feet and keep us well
And teach us to be good
And show us how to live in love
As little children should.

I'm glad You have their help, dear God—
You have so much to do—
And when you bless Your little lambs,
Please bless Your helpers too.

PRAYER FOR CHILDREN EVERYWHERE

By Corinna Marsh

I have so much—my books and toys,
My home and all those in it,
My food, my happy life, my friends—
I'm thankful every minute!

I want to share my blessings, God,
With all those many others—
Poor children hungry, sick, and cold:
My sisters and my brothers.

LET OUR HOME BE A FRIENDLY HOME

God, let our home be friendly
With open doors to all
Who come for food and shelter
Or just to pay a call.

And give us grace in sharing
Our best with every guest
That each may feel the comfort
Of warmth Thy love has blest.

GOD BLESS

God bless all those that I love;
God bless all those that love me;
God bless all those that love those that I love
And all those that love those that love me.

ALL GOD'S CHILDREN

Dear God, I am thankful
For father and mother,
For home and my dear ones
Who love one another.

But let me remember
You keep in Your care
Not only *my* people
But those everywhere.

No matter how different
From us they may be,
I know You must love them
Just as You love me.

Oh, help me, dear Father,
To feel as You do
And love all Your children
And pray for them too.

HELP ME, GOD

Help me, dear God,
Today to see
Some worthy work
That waits for me.

Help me to think
Of words to say
To cheer and comfort
Someone's day.

Help me, dear God,
Each day to do
Some kindly deed
For love of You.

GOD IS GREAT AND GOD IS GOOD

God is great and God is good
And we thank Him for our food.
By His hand we must be fed;
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

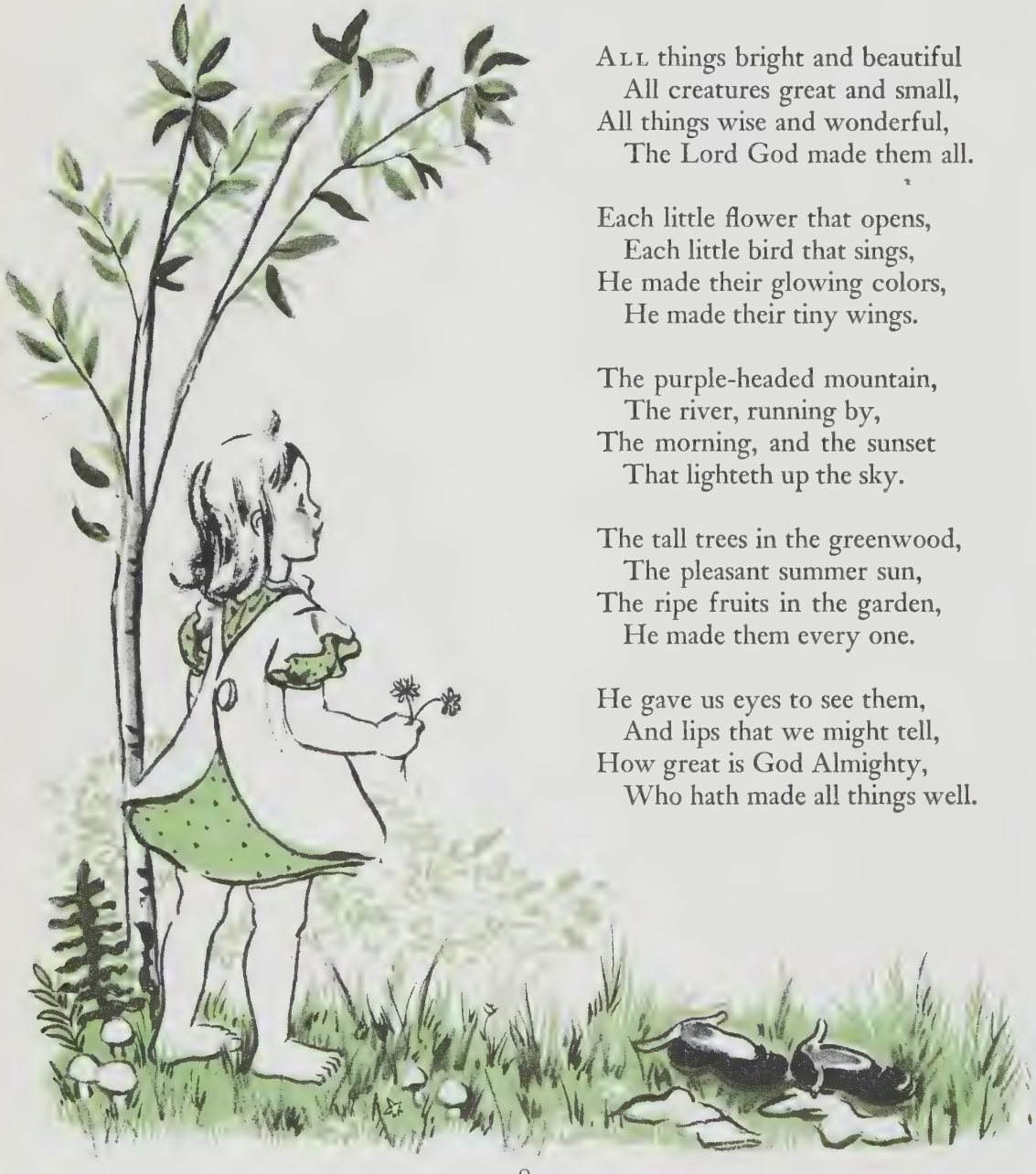
A CHILD'S GRACE

By Mrs. E. R. Leatham

Thank you for the world so sweet,
Thank you for the food we eat,
Thank you for the birds that sing,
Thank you, God, for everything.

All Things Bright and Beautiful

By Cecil F. Alexander



All things bright and beautiful
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river, running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

HE PRAYETH WELL WHO LOVETH WELL

By Samuel Taylor Coleridge

He prayeth well
    Who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best
    Who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God
    Who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—From *The Ancient Mariner*

A CHILD'S PRAYER

By M. Betham Edwards

God, make my life a little light
    Within the world to glow,
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
    Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower
    That bringeth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower
    Although its place be small.

God, make my life a little song
    That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong
    And makes the singer glad.

THE GOLDEN RULE

To do to others as I would
  That they should do to me,
Will make me gentle, kind, and good,
  As children ought to be.

Do You Know How Many Stars?

Do you know how many stars
There are shining in the sky?
Do you know how many clouds
Every day go floating by?
God in heaven has counted all;
He would miss one should it fall.

Do you know how many children
Go to little beds at night,
And without a care or sorrow,
Wake up in the morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell,
Loves you, too, and loves you well.